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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DYNASTY STAR
JOAN COLLINS
UNCOVERED

THE ABC OF
AUSSIE SEX

ESCORT AGENCIES:
DO THEY DELIVER?

ORSON WELLES:
NEGLECTED GENIUS

ANTON CHEKHOV:
CHOOSING A WIFE

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PLAYBILL

SEX symbols come and go but few have remained as beautifully durable as *Dynasty* star Joan Collins. The lady's appearance in PLAYBOY marks one of the most eagerly awaited pictorials of all. In this edition we take exquisite pleasure in unwrapping the delectable Ms Collins via the revealing photography of **Mario Casilli** who worked in tandem with the legendary **Hurrell.**

The Law Reform Commission is one of the greatest forces for change in our society and as its chairman, Mr Justice Michael Kirby has been grandly instrumental in involving the community in the process of reform. PLAYBOY's senior interviewer, **Russell Deiley,** met the justice in his chambers for a candid conversation about the challenge of reform. The domain governs almost everything including privacy, sexual values, drugs use, compensation and legal rip-offs.

Recent history has hardly been one of change for genius movie-maker Orson Welles. As profiled by **Barbara Leaming,** the man who made *Citizen Kane* finds himself trapped in an era of commercial priorities where the greatest artistic licence is reserved for filling in the cheque stubs. The artwork was crafted by **Sandra Hendler**.

In Rapture Of The Deep, our Adelaide correspondent **Paul Mann** goes diving with near-legendary abalone man John McGovern to discover that there are plenty of ways of killing yourself above and below the surface. The illustration came from **Frants Kantor.**

PLAYBOY writer **Phil Jarratt** takes us back to school to learn about his hilarious *ABC Of Sex,* a non-quiche dictionary of arsehole to breakfast-time humor. With cartoons by **Neil Curtis,** the ABC comes as an outrageous excerpt from the upcoming Macmillan's book, *Sex: The Dictionary*.

The right companionship can often be as valuable as your briefcase when you're a long way from home and trying to clinch a business deal. In most telephone directories that sort of company comes under the heading of "Escort Agencies" — usually a euphemism for a service above and beyond the call of dinner duty. Intrepid contributor **Paul Munro** put his credit card and virtue on the line when, in the interest of research, he went in search of an escort. Guess Who's Coming To Dinner is Munro's time and motion study of escort girls and what they offer.

There are no shortcomings with our girls this month. From Argentina comes alluring Playmate Veronica Gamba, shown in her best light by photographer **Arny Freytag**. It was down on the vast expanses of Victoria's beautiful coastline that international photographer **Paul von Stroheim** found and captured Ursula Martens. Our World Of Playboy girl is delectable Terry Nihan.

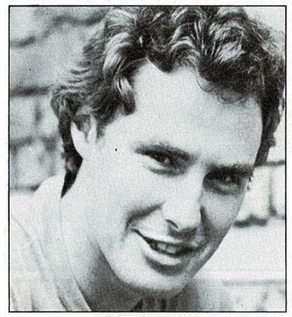
Ever been taken in by some slick television advertising? Then you'll recognise the outrageous characters in Super Sellers. Ace photographer **Jim Sheldon,** in league with **Rennie Ellis,** shot the pictures and linked them to mini-profiles of seven of Australia's top retailers who've used whacko advertising techniques as their route to fortune and fame.

One of the most important decisions a guy might make comes with choosing a wife. Or so **Anton Chekhov** believed. The great Russian playwright and author's views on what constitutes a good partner make enlightening reading in these days of the emancipated woman, 80 years after his death. **Patrick Nagle,** whose wife has been the model for so many of PLAYBOY's illustrations, did the artwork.

Last month, we took a look at Silicon Valley, computer capital of the world and the place where the corporations' brightest boys are making big bucks. Now we peruse the basic product and what computers can do for you, as related by **Peter A. McWilliams.**

Some guys fall in love with cars like others do women. If you hear her praised for her curvaceous body and unique sex appeal, be sure that the subject is vehicular rather than feminine. One model that fits the bill is the exotic Jaguar D-Type and in this issue, motoring editor **Rob Luck** reviews the car's fabulous history and gets behind the wheel of Australia's first D-Type reproduction.

Neil Murray is a white man playing rock'n'roll in an Aboriginal band. In Turning Up The Stars Full Blast, we go on the road with Murray and his mates as they confront the raw response that comes with putting your culture and talent on the line. There's more travel value to be found in Kashmir as **Susan Kurosawa** exorcises her wanderlust on a houseboat holiday.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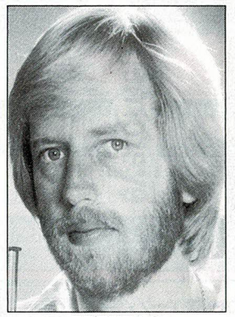
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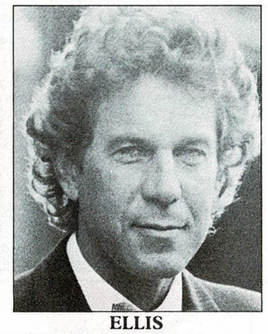
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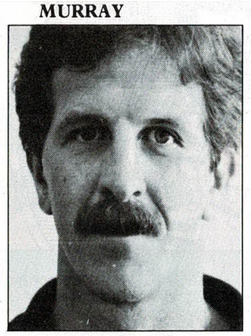
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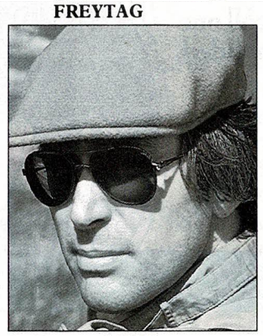
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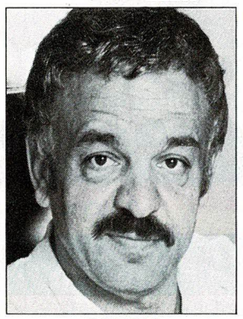
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WHITE OX SUPERIOR DARK CIGARETTE TOBACCO READY RUBBED

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evergreen MENTHOLATED MILD READY RUBBED CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Mild cool menthol

Go one better– roll one handed.

A luxury that's an economy.

MORE SATISFYING

010 P008

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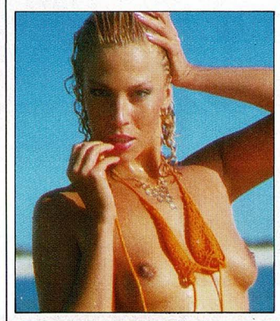

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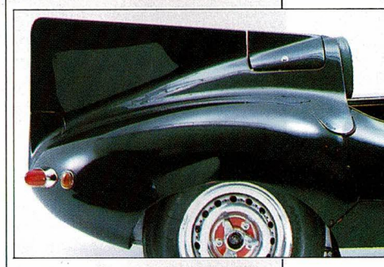
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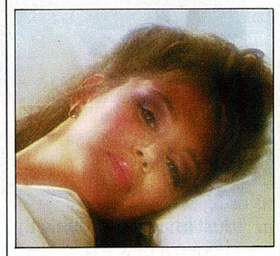
Trim and taut Terry Nihan takes time out for a World of Playboy pictorial.

120
ALL THE RAJ
Susan Kurosawa rediscovers the regal houseboats of Kashmir's Lake Dal.

Our latest model will outperform your wildest fantasies.

Just imagine fondling the soft touch controls. Touch the right spot and open a new world of excitement. Loading is up front and she has clean picture search with forward and reverse at seven times normal speed and pause control of course if you can't keep up. You can even lay back and let her do all the work with a 12 function infra-red remote control unit.

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As they say in the ads she's not just a pretty face, she's the VTC 6500 Beta video cassette recorder from Sanyo.

But that's life.

SANYO That's Life!

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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Fashion pages 89-91: suit by Tony Barlow Menswear.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

JACKPOT

I've always believed that PLAYBOY delivers at least twice as much as any other men's magazine but, even so, you've really hit the jackpot with the inclusion of the Tassie twins in your September issue.

I think the cover is one of the most striking you've ever done and the contents certainly lived up to the standard promised by the cover shot.

Good one, PLAYBOY.

Chris Fuller,
Glen Innes, NSW.

FLAMING DESIRE

About time that you guys featured redheads in PLAYBOY! Your magazine feature in the November issue was way overdue but I must admit it was worth the wait as you certainly managed to assemble a collection of stunners.

I've always had a bit of a thing for ladies with flaming red hair and I'm sure that I'm not alone in this regard. Next step should be a red-headed centrefold, so how about it? Soon!

K.J.
Lilyfield, NSW.

I've never written in to a magazine before but I thought I'd better do it now as I've been waiting so long to see some sexy redheads in PLAYBOY and, having just bought the November issue, I'm speechless! Well, almost.

Thanks PLAYBOY.

Eric Jack,
Townsville, Qld.

SWEET SONYA

It was great to see Sonya Shepherd featured again in your pages (World of Playboy, October) but I'm surprised she hasn't been chosen as a Playmate as she has all the obvious attributes for such a role.

In particular, if I can put it this bluntly, she has one hell of a great arse, so if you ever decide to do a pictorial feature on this "angle", don't forget to include sweet Sonya.

L. McL.,
Adelaide, S.A.

PICKERING A WINNER

If you made a short list of Australian personalities whose latest exploits are always good for an article, I should think Larry Pickering's name would have to go near the top. And if I'm not mistaken, Russell Deiley, whose profile of Pickering appeared in your November issue, has written more than once about the king of cartoons.

If so, then that's to Deiley's advantage. His article certainly reflected the background knowledge of a writer who has studied his subject for more than a few days or weeks. But more important than the simple fact that I like Pickering the persona and enjoy reading about him, I think his theories about training and racing horses are nothing short of revolutionary. It's about time that someone realised what "horse sense" is all about, and turned the information into a winning formula.

Del Garland,
Broome, WA.

POWER TO THE MUSCLE

Your recent pictorials on girls who work out, exercise or lift weights have been a real turn-on. I thought pumping iron would turn women into Amazons, but if your girls are any indication, all it does is make them look fitter, sleeker and more sexy than ever.

J. Thompson,
Camperdown, NSW.

Here's an action replay of one athletic lady — Mignon Carrington spotted going through her routine with weights from Sydney Health Equipment of Killara. — Ed.

IN DEFENCE OF HACKWORTH

The anonymous criticism of the Hackworth interview (July) arouses my considerable ire. "Name and address withheld" (Dear Playboy, November) has himself a much more selective view of history than Hackworth.

Those who refer to "making Auschwitz look like a holiday resort" by definition have no idea what they're talking about, but this particular numbskull appears to have overlooked the fact that the psychotics of the Khmer Rouge were only able to take over Cambodia because Nixon and Kissinger's psychotics had already blasted a hitherto peaceful country back to Year Zero; nor does he seem to realise that these particular maniacs were driven out of Cambodia several years ago and their concentration camps demolished by the invading Vietnamese, who, by comparison, are like apostles of peace.

"Idiots" like the writer may think "our way of life is worth dying for" but they conveniently overlook the fact that "our way of life" involves dropping megatons of bombs on innocent South-East Asians so that they can do the dying for us — without being offered the choice — while we lie at home in our peaceful beds.

Hackworth may be a late convert but he's got the right idea!

Barry G.
Sutherland, NSW.

TOO TRUE

Paul Mann's short story titled All Quiet In Suburbia, in the October PLAYBOY, was almost too true to be fiction!

And wasn't Mann the same writer who penned an article for PLAYBOY about carnage in Adelaide — a piece that appeared just a few months prior to his short story? With reluctance, I must admit that Mann may have put his finger on the one drawback to life in this otherwise charming city.

J.M. Scott,
Adelaide, SA.

NEW HORIZONS

I certainly got some good laughs from Wally Deveraux's The Great Aussie Sports Quiz in October PLAYBOY but the effects didn't quite compare with what happened to me when I took a good long look at Miss October, Joan-Beatrice Tichy.

She's got amazingly beautiful blonde hair, just to mention one asset. She's one of the most alluring females you've ever published and now she's permanently featured on *my* horizon as I've glued her centrefold spread on the back of my bedroom door!

L. Flanagan,
North Sydney, NSW.

My birthday's in October so Joan-Beatrice Tichy was a sweet birthday gift. Don't bother to gift-wrap her next time, thanks. Just have her delivered to my front doorstep!

"Ginger",
Essendon, Vic.

Get into
Bonds Briefs
and get into
shape.

Buy Australian

BONDS
Hipster and
Dynamite
Briefs

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

FAT CHANCE

If by some terrible quirk of nature you're a trifle on the roly poly side, then here's some good news if you plan to do a bit of flying in Canada. A new government law in that country forces airlines to give a free extra seat to tubby travellers. No more shoe-horning into skinny seats or preventing embarrassing bulges escaping over the armrests.

The next logical move would be to introduce legislation giving extra legroom to those passengers who are built more like grasshoppers than hippos.

HIGH-TECH

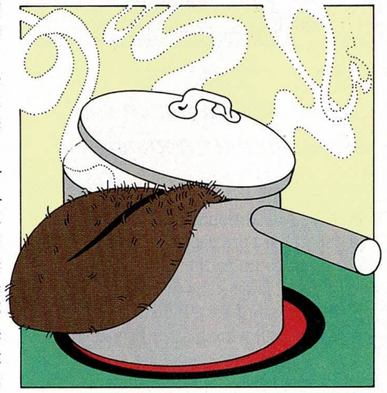
We like a computer programmer with a sense of humor. Recently, a friend was toiling away at Haunted House, one of those games for true technonerds that can take days — even weeks — to play. After 15 hours of frustration during which time the computer had foiled his every move, he got angry. "FUCK YOU," he typed into his Apple II. "YOUR PLACE OR MINE?" the machine shot back.

BUSTED

An 18-year-old woman was booked for forgery after she was identified from a picture taken of her at the bank where she tried to cash a stolen cheque. An interesting feature of the arrest was that the woman had not been correctly positioned in front of the camera, so only her breasts appeared in the picture. But while sitting in a squad car examining the photo, Detective D.D. Tester and the theft victim spotted a familiar-looking pair, ah, bouncing by. It must have been a case of arresting development.

CHINA DROLL

IT IS NEVER DREAM. DO NOT MISS THE OPPORTUNITY HERE. THE GREAT FUN HAVE A LONG WAIT FOR YOU. Staffer Susan Kurosawa and travelling companion Wendely Harvey thought all their Chinese New Years had come at once when they spotted this sign at Peking's Summer Palace. But, the People's Republic of China being the somewhat modest place that it is, the great fun was an opportunity to don Imperial look-alike robes for a commercial happy snap. Whatever turns you on, we say, but Susan is still trying to figure out where the demure Chengdu schoolgirl got hold of the T-shirt trumpeting: SLEEP WITH A TRUCKIE AND YOU'LL RIDE ALL NIGHT!



LEAVE IT TO BEAVER?

It's not too often that we get a chortle out of the newsletter material that we receive ad infinitum from tourism authorities and national tourist offices. And we're sorry to pick on Canada again, but the May/June 1983 issue of *Tourism Canada* did contain one item of particular amusement.

BAKED BEAVER A TREAT screamed the headline. TAKE A BEAVER TO LUNCH! squawked the subhead. "Beaver has become the focus of a new culinary idea for the country's hospitality industry," we were told. One restaurateur in Canada has proposed that roast beaver in a pastry case should become something of a national dish.

Having given the matter quite some thought, the gentleman concerned advises that beaver meat be cleaned and inspected, properly aged and trimmed of excess fat. Next, it needs to be seasoned and blanketed with leavened pastry or bread dough, and then it should be baked for two to three and a half hours. The dish would "present" itself as a golden dark brown crust, crispy outside, soft inside, with the meat well done.

Silly old us. Here we've been for all these years trying to eat it raw!

IN PRACTICE

John Crisman, 71, was arguing a malpractice case against two doctors when he was stricken by a heart attack and was resuscitated by the defendants. Said one of them, Dr Ala al-Mashat, "It's a good thing you sued good doctors."

Mr A.R. Bates of Maida Vale, Perth, is the winner of the Alpine "Supersystem" car audio competition featured in the August 1983 issue of Australian PLAYBOY. Bates is now the proud owner of the superb six-piece system valued at $1485 and is pictured here taking delivery of his prize. No, no, not the package in the blue T-shirt. . . look, please, at the deck and amplifiers on the table. The following 10 Australian PLAYBOY readers were runners-up and win 12-month subscriptions: A.F. Campbell-Baldwin, Guy Cooper, Michael Roe, Gregory Woon, Steve Morrison, Andrew Tee, Paul Colley, Damian Lory, Sandor Haberg and Marc Wakefield.

BOOZE

Summer is a season marked by casual drop-in guests, good cheer and high spirits in both the literal and figurative meanings of the words. Most of us stick to wine or beer but a great way to kick off any summer festivity is to bring out the punch bowl. Long neglected in our instant society, a good, well-placed punch makes any get-together a guaranteed knock-out.

According to *Larousse Gastronomique,* punch started life in 1552 as a simple English sailor's drink of cane spirit and sugar. But if the party recipe of Sir Edmund Kennel in 1599 is anything to go by, punch soon showed itself to be a drink of drive and terrifying ambition.

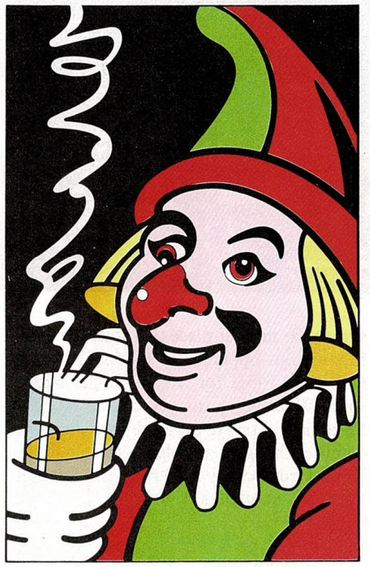
To serve 6000 guests, a monster punch was prepared in a vast marble basin. Into this concoction went 80 casks of brandy, nine of water, 25,000 limes, 80 pints of lemon juice, 1300 pounds of Lisbon sugar, five pounds of nutmeg, 300 biscuits and a great cask of Malaga.

A series of cabin boys rowed across this sea of alcohol in a small boat serving the guests, each lad being replaced after 15 minutes to avoid being overcome by the alcoholic fumes. Thankfully, punch has become a lot more refined since the heroic days of Good Queen Bess, but there's no disputing that it's still one of the best ways to entertain a crowd.

Cooling summer punches made from fresh, youthful white wines, light-bodied red wines and champagne are perfect for outdoor entertaining in the clear sunshine and hot weather that usher in the party season in Australia. More spirited but equally cooling versions are the order of the day for evening parties. Their simplicity and fruitiness refresh the palate and stimulate the appetite.

Really good wines should be reserved for grand occasions and should be drunk as is, so when it comes to concocting a punch, go for the economical end of the market. With flagons and casks of reds, roses and whites available along with inexpensive champagnes, the possibilities for building a personalised punch are almost endless. All wines are compatible with spices, fruit juices, mixers, brandy, many rums and liqueurs.

Classic wine and food combinations carry over into the punch bowl, and with sufficient leeway for improvisation. Champagne and strawberries are compatible and cheerful, as are red wine and spices and brandy. Pink champagne and roses are also fantastic additions to punches. Most champagnes, even those labelled dry, are slightly sweet, so if a recipe says "sweeten to taste," proceed with care. For added aromatics, a shot or two of a favorite liqueur works wonders.



a well-placed punch could make summer a knock-out

For the best effect, punch should be served in a traditional punch bowl. But if you don't own a priceless family heirloom or don't want to go to the expense of buying one, use any large glass or ceramic bowl or jug you have on hand. Punches are usually served in small wine glasses or punch cups but for champagne punches, sticklers for the proper way should impress with champagne flutes.

From the host's point of view, one of the best things about punch is that most of the ingredients can be combined in the serving bowl in advance and chilled or kept in a cool place. Soda water and champagne however, are added just before serving. You may substitute another sparkling wine for the champagne for a change. A good Italian spumante or German sekt can be a pleasant alternative and may also suggest a more exotic title for your punch.

An ice ring or large ice block is best for chilling punches because they melt more slowly than ice cubes and therefore do not dilute the punch as quickly. You can make your own ice block using any handy mould, even an empty milk carton. Fill the mould with water and freeze until solid. If you want clear ice, boil the water first and then allow it to cool before filling the mould. Just before serving, wrap a hot, wet towel around the mould and turn out.

The final garnishing of a punch is very individualistic but traditional additions include thin slices of orange and lemon, fresh sprigs of mint and spirals of orange, lemon, lime or even cucumber peels.

And a final piece of advice to champagne punch makers of a theatrical bent. When opening champagne, do *not* allow the cork to erupt from the bottle and fly across the room. Wrap the neck of the bottle in a napkin or towel and tilt the bottle 45 degrees. Grasp the cork in the other hand and slowly twist the cork out of the bottle. All you will hear is a barely audible sigh (similar to that made by a well-satisfied woman) accompanying the release of the cork. Admittedly not as spectacular an opening as the flying cork method, but then no wine or sparkle will escape and all those heady bubbles will go straight into your zesty punch where they rightfully belong.

Light Dragoons Punch: Place an ice ring in a large punch bowl. Combine 185g sugar, juice of 6 lemons, 1 litre of cold black tea, 1 litre brandy, 250ml dark rum, 60ml apricot brandy. Pour over ice ring. When chilled, add 250ml soda water and serve at once. Makes about 2½ litres.

Champagne Liqueur Punch: The night before, mix together 375ml brandy, 500ml dry white wine, 1 thinly sliced orange, 1 thinly sliced lemon, 50ml Grand Marnier, 50ml Cointreau and 80ml kirsch. Store in a cool place but not in the refrigerator. Just before serving, strain the liqueur mixture. Place an ice block in a large punch bowl and add the strained liqueur mixture and 3 x 750ml bottle of chilled champagne. Serve at once. Serves 15-20.

Orange and Red Punch: Place 300ml fresh orange juice and 185g sugar in a small saucepan. Bring to the boil over a low heat. Reduce heat and simmer for five minutes. Cool. Thinly slice two oranges and one small lemon, add to syrup and chill for 3-4 hours. Place an ice block in a punch bowl. Pour in the fruit, syrup and two bottles of chilled red wine, stir to blend. Makes 2 litres of punch.

Rose Glasses Punch: Peel one small pineapple and remove woody core. Cut pineapple flesh into small dice. Hull and wash one punnet of strawberries. Place prepared fruit in punch bowl with 2 bottles of chilled chablis. Chill for 2-3 hours. Just before serving, pour in 2 bottles of rose champagne. Serves 15-20.

Tea with a kick: Place 7 tspns tea leaves in large bowl. Pour one litre boiling water over the tea and allow to brew for 5 minutes. Strain tea and allow to cool. Pour tea into 2 or 3 ice cube trays and freeze until solid. Thinly slice 2 limes. Sprinkle with 2tbsps sugar and 5tbsps rum. Chill overnight. Just before serving, place tea, ice cubes and lime slices in very large punch bowl and pour in 5 bottles of chilled champagne. Serves 25.

— ELISABETH KING

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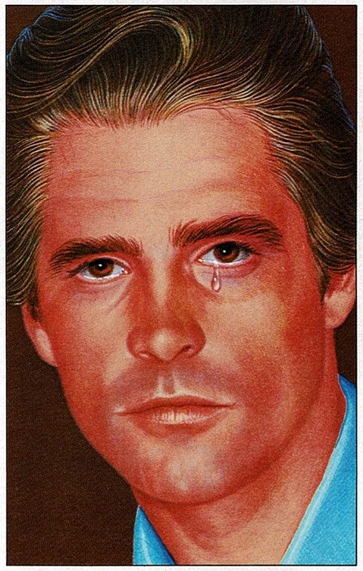
At a time when things Australian are vogue in America, our trend-setting neighbors to the East should glance this way instead of burrowing into their collective navel as they attempt to figure out what kind of guy is all right by women these days. And conversely, this country's penchant for apeing American habits (both good and bad) had best be avoided when it comes to tortured boy-girl analysis. Instead, Australians should build on whatever progress has resulted from the "personal identity" upheavals of recent years in the US without falling victim to that pseudo-psychology, the popularity of which has even outstripped fringe religion in the Kingdom of Fad.

The Australian struggle over the anti-discrimination bill is proof positive that men and women in this country are already rethinking traditional sexual roles and, of course, that's an excellent thing. The danger doesn't lie there. It lies in excess; more precisely, in the Aussie potential, learned from the Yankees, to turn the most unlikely of qualities (in this case, thoughtfulness) into a consumable quantity.

If Americans were, for once, to learn something from looking at the everyday ocker, they'd see a character who doesn't give a shit about self-analysis. They'd see a bloke who likes his beer, openly admits to an interest in sleeping with women, is fascinated by contests of skill and strength, and apparently is free of that pesky minder, that voice in the brain which chides, "But am I invading her personal space?".

Dazed by the erratic sweep of the media pendulum from super-macho to super-sensitive and back again, not knowing how to fuse the apparently opposite personas of deeply introspective individual with wild and crazy guy, today's American male wanders from one psychic extreme to the other, always half-proud and half-ashamed of whichever face he's wearing at the moment. Worst of all, this anxiety about "how to act right" is at the back of his mind too often. It's the dark side of a good thing, the defect that accompanied the birth of the women's liberation movement.

What already has gone down in the States will continue to affect society for decades. Feminists, both male and female, need not worry over a return to gross sexual inequality in the workplace, or any other manifestation of male chauvinism. To back pedal in that way is as unlikely in America as a return to "separate but equal" public facilities for whites and minorities. Don't forget, we're talking about an intensely self-critical society. We're talking about people who have made fault-finding a national pastime. They can afford to do this, it's a sign of national self-confidence, they're on top of the world and everybody's watching.



yanks' furrowed brow is something we don't need

So America continues to put on a brash exterior, dazzles everyone with the show of confidence — but underneath this veneer, the guy in the street is looking at too many crossroads and can't find the right map.

The popularity of the Woody Allen film character — a hopeless fuddler who nevertheless is usually a skilled or inventive person of stature in the community, someone who attempts to cloak his or her intense neuroses behind a facade of self-confidence — is neither coincidental nor accidental. It's something Americans identify with as closely as the image of a gun-toting, tough-talking septuagenarian President who mounts his horse from atop a wooden box. If that attitude sounds a bit schizo, as though the face behind the brassy mask of America were more an iodized green than a permanent bronze, well, that's what I believe. And I've lived there most of my life.

Upon arriving in Australia, I remember being stunned to discover that females are still referred to here as "girls", regardless of whether or not they're adolescent. Next, I learned that the men don't like to spend their pub time analysing anything more convoluted than who won the last game and why. Later, I saw that the vaunted stoicism of the Aussie male was a well-founded stereotype: at least in public, if not (from what more than one female dobber told me) in private. I confess that at first, all this depressed me.

Coming from a country where the trendiest ones are deeply in tune with every outrage ever perpetrated on women, children, men and puppies of every persuasion (whenever this doesn't reduce local real estate values), into a country where many people make a disconcerting habit of telling you exactly what they believe (which, among other things, is that they want to protect their investments, material and otherwise), I think I can be forgiven if my first thought was that this country is socially backward. The truth is not so simple.

It's easy for Australians to see themselves as lazy, hedonistic, even shallow, which are criticisms that I've heard from fifth-generation Aussies. It's closer to the truth to say Australians have more perspective than Americans, a more balanced view of what it means to pursue the "good life" in this golden age. Guilt, remorse, doubt, nostalgia and fear are all symptoms of a society that has outraced itself and now is barrelling into the future without any idea of what to feel or think. Myths have been exploded, new ones created, information is everywhere and the average Joe is buried underneath the avalanche of fact and opinion. That's the way I believe Americans are reacting to most issues nowadays, including love and sex. If by contrast, Australians are "backward", you could just as easily argue that they're classical, pristine, full of potential and as yet unpolluted by the over-sophistication of people who've almost forgotten how to appreciate life.

But just as Australians have the opportunity (for better or for worse) to develop their cities and natural resources selectively, learning from the mistakes of their American friends and re-creating their successes, certainly that filtering process could be used just as effectively in the social sphere.

In my experience, Australian women are not totally complimentary about their men. But American women complain for completely different reasons and in a much more powerful way about *their* men. American men aren't too happy, either. If you don't believe it, take a quick look at the *New York Times* best-seller list. How many of the top ten are self-help books? It's a mega-industry.

It's also a sign that all is not rosy in Camelot. What you have there is a bunch of very puzzled people, and a few who are too busy making a killing off it to care. What you have *here* is the perspective to call "bullshit". As far as most of this furrowed-brow, who am I? who is she? business is concerned, "bullshit" is spot on.

— STEVE BUNK

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MOVIES

Not since Ronald Reagan split from Bonzo has a career flourished in isolation as spectacularly as Dan Aykroyd's has since the tragic demise of John Belushi. Belushi and Aykroyd were dynamite together, but a rash of recent releases has proved that Aykroyd was much more than a mere fuse for Belushi's powder keg.

Indeed, in his latest two offerings, Aykroyd has virtually been his own co-star with a schizoid double role in *Doctor Detroit* and a comprehensive role reversal in *Trading Places*. *Trading Places* benefits from the empathy that exists between Aykroyd and director John Landis. Landis directed the cult classic, *The Blues Brothers,* in which Aykroyd starred with Belushi and which Aykroyd and Landis co-wrote. And Aykroyd, who has been all over the screen in a frenetic year's activity, also appeared in Landis's chapter of *Twilight Zone*. *Trading Places* is a breezy situation comedy which exploits an old sociological conundrum as a vehicle for again airing America's favorite subject, the identity crisis.

Brothers Randolph and Mortimer Duke, a pair of fabulously wealthy Wall Street brokers, have the means to indulge themselves in a high-stake bet about whether nature or nurture determines the character of the individual. The pawns in their game — apart from the entire international commodity market — are a black New York ghetto bum named Billy Ray Valentine (Eddie Murphy) and the priggish junior partner in their broking business, Louis Winthorpe III (Aykroyd).

Ill-equipped refugee from a sheltered, privileged lifestyle that he is, Winthorpe warms to the role reversal when he flips over a cheap hooker named Ophelia, played by Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis's daughter, Jamie Lee Curtis. Veterans Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche play the Duke brothers and Denholm Elliott plays Winthorpe's butler — very much the John Gielgud role in *Arthur*.

Prince and pauper role reversals aren't exactly an original device, but the *Trading Places* script crackles with class distinction gags that rip and jab and eventually produce a sort of perforated tear-along-the-dotted-line plot direction. Films built on small moments need to make every moment count, and Aykroyd and Murphy soon develop an easy rhythm that suggests that here, maybe, is the new team that the old directors must have prayed for.

●

Michael Pressman's *Doctor Detroit* is tailor-made for Aykroyd, being the classic Jekyll and Hyde situation of a gormless college professor who moonlights in the evenings as a Chicago mobster. It's a challenge that defies overacting and the more madcap the momentum becomes, the more the film becomes a showcase for Aykroyd's irrepressible energy.

Wishy-washy college professor (Dan Aykroyd) lands in hot water in Doctor Detroit.

Louis Winthorpe III (Dan Aykroyd) caught with his pants down in Trading Places.

dan aykroyd goes berserk; david puttnam gets modest

As Cliff Skridlow, Aykroyd plays a coy, wide-eyed professor specialising in Chivalry in Literature. Inoffensive and ineffectual, Cliff Skridlow relies on his father's authority as chancellor of the university to hold down his position.

As for leading a double life, people who know Cliff feel he's falling somewhat short of living one. In his Doctor Detroit guise, he's mean and feared even though his penchant for the deeds of Galahad occasionally show through. He comes closest to rationalising his personae by using his Detroit reputation to gallantly protect a quartet of working girls being monstered by a rival gang boss.

The inevitable crisis point comes when his faculty ball and the annual underworld thrash are booked into adjoining function rooms in the Excelsior Hotel on the same night. There's little subtlety in the way the film gets its laughs — it just socks the audience between the eyes with slapstick situations, sight gags and wisecracks. Aykroyd's performance becomes the bull's-eye of critical attention and he's going to convince a lot of people that he's America's funnyman of the moment.

Maybe it's the ultimate comment on our times that the laughter Keaton used to get for his vulnerability, Aykroyd now commands with his energetic aggression.

●

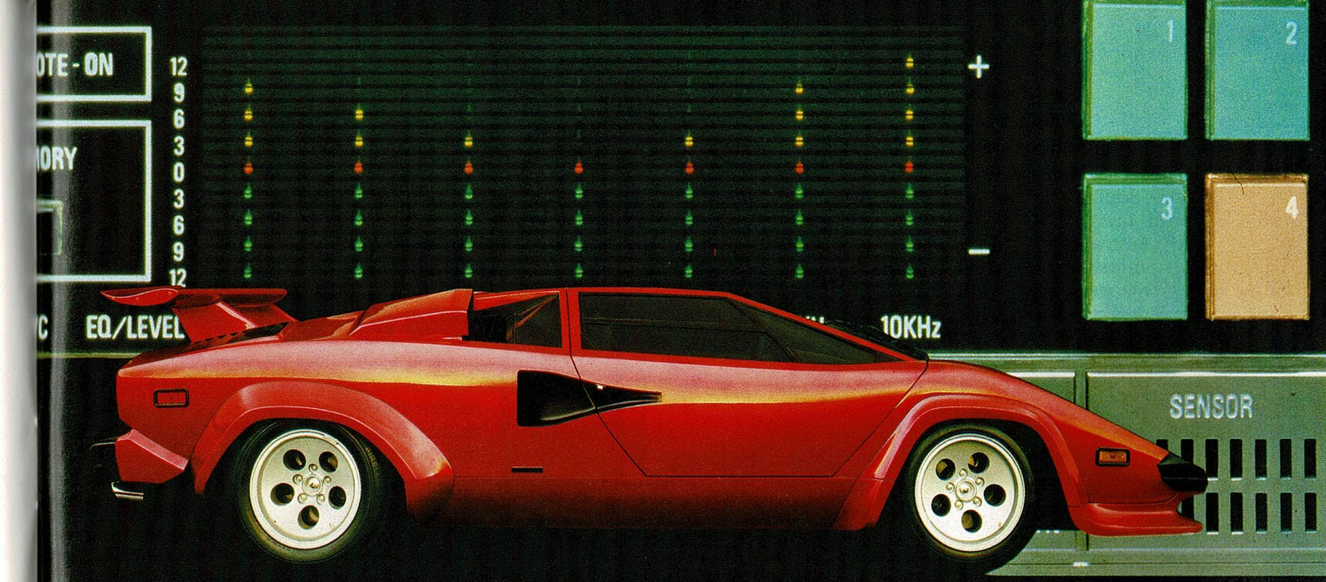
Chariots Of Fire producer David Puttnam has transferred his sensationally successful components of jingoism and personal principles to a much more modest scale in *Kipperbang*, a tale of an English schoolboy coping with the wildly erratic aspirations of adolescence.

The fact that the film is set in the summer of 1948 in one of those ouch-leggo-you-rotter-matron-will-hear-of-this English schools and our young friend's morale is manipulated entirely by the fortunes of England in its Ashes battle with Australia, suggests that there might be something autobiographical about Puttnam's involvement in all this.

In the film though, it's Alan, played by John Albasiny, whose young world revolves around England's performance in the Test series, starry-eyed admiration for the wartime exploits of the school groundsman, and the giddy prospect of engaging classmate Ann in actual physical embrace. It is a fairly fateful day then, when England is bundled out of the Ashes battle, Tommy the groundsman is arrested for being a deserter and further disgraced by having got Miss Land the class mistress up the wop, and unable to perform under such stress, Alan can't bring himself to kiss Ann in the school play and proffers a limp handshake instead.

It is a tribute to Puttnam's instinct for audience reaction and the sensitive direction of Michael Apted that the small moments of a small boy's small world can prove totally engrossing. The changing moods of this eccentric little film affect our emotions in just the same way that a cricket series affected his.

Stirring stuff, although the agony of a Pommie defeat might not translate too well to Australian audiences. — ROBIN INGRAM



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MONEY

Harry Schultz ("The World's Highest Paid Investment Advisor") recently visited Australia where he addressed various business and professional groups. Wherever he went, Schultz made the same ominous prediction. A world-wide financial collapse was imminent. Banks will be going bust everywhere.

Schultz therefore advises that we each keep $50,000 in cash under our mattresses, just in case. If you think this is extravagant, or if by some chance you don't have $50,000, don't worry too much: you obviously don't have much to lose anyway.

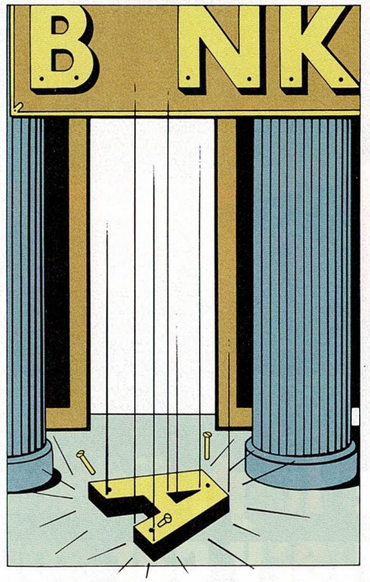
For most of us, the idea of banks collapsing is purely an abstraction. No Australian bank has failed since Federation. But we do know that this has happened at other times and in other places. In fact, the collapse of the Austrian *Creditanstalt* bank in 1931 led to a bank crisis in Europe that eventually resulted in bank failures around the world.

By 1933, one-third of all US banks were wiped out. The heads of several banks were sent bankrupt, some even went to jail. It is a repeat of such a scenario that worries Schultz. To understand why he is so concerned, we need to review a little bit of recent economic history.

Although many banking terms are obscure and confusing, the banking business is actually very simple. When $1000 is deposited in a bank, the money doesn't just sit there, it goes out to consumers in the form of loans. The difference between what a bank charges for loans and what it pays for deposits is its profit.

Generally, banks keep about one-quarter of their deposits in reserve. This money is given to consumers who make withdrawals, cash cheques and so on. The other three-quarters is used to make loans. In a way, the bank is in the business of creating money. Where only $1000 existed before, the bank has created $1750 (the customer's $1000 and $750 loan). This money-creation system works perfectly provided that only 25 percent of deposits are withdrawn at any one time. If, for some reason, half the depositors wanted their money back simultaneously, banks would have to recall their loans. If borrowers couldn't pay, depositors couldn't get their money back and the bank would collapse. One of the reasons that bankers cultivate a stodgy and conservative image is to create confidence in depositors who might otherwise wish to withdraw their money. There is good evidence, however, that bankers may not be so conservative.

When OPEC began its dramatic oil price increases in the mid-'70s, oil was selling for US $2.60 per gallon; within a year or two the price was US $12.



a stash of cash might beat money in the bank

The price rise was a bonanza for the oil producers. OPEC countries took in more than $100 billion per year every year between 1975 and 1980. Even after every sheik bought a Rolls, a private 747 jet and a luxury yacht, there was still plenty of money left.

Like anyone else with extra money, the OPEC oil barons put theirs in the bank.

The not-so-conservative bankers receiving this money (mainly large US and European banks) hit on a great idea. Why not lend it to those "developing" countries who need it to pay for OPEC oil? In other words, the banks became the centre of a money recycling system that took money from OPEC and loaned it to poor countries who then sent it back to OPEC to pay for more oil. Poland, Argentina, Peru, Mexico, Brazil, Zaire and Zambia were the major recipients of these loans. Banks fell over one another to loan these countries even more money. Between 1978 and 1981, loans to Mexico, alone, quadrupled.

For a while, things went well. Oil was selling at $30 per barrel so bank deposits kept flowing in and the developing countries made their loan repayments on time. Soon, however, things started to go sour. High oil prices exerted a recessionary effect on the world's economy. Even wealthy countries found that they could no longer afford to pay for foreign exports. The demand for Peruvian copper, Argentinian beef and Brazilian sugar dried up along with those nations' incomes. They found themselves hardly able to pay their interest bills. Mexico, for example, has an interest bill three times its income from oil exports.

Poor management in some of these countries (the Argentinian inflation rate was 855 per cent in 1982) didn't help matters. Soon Poland, Mexico and Brazil were seeking moratoriums and extensions on their loan repayments ("How about four months from next Sunday?"). Countries that couldn't make their loan repayments sought additional loans and, in many cases, they got them.

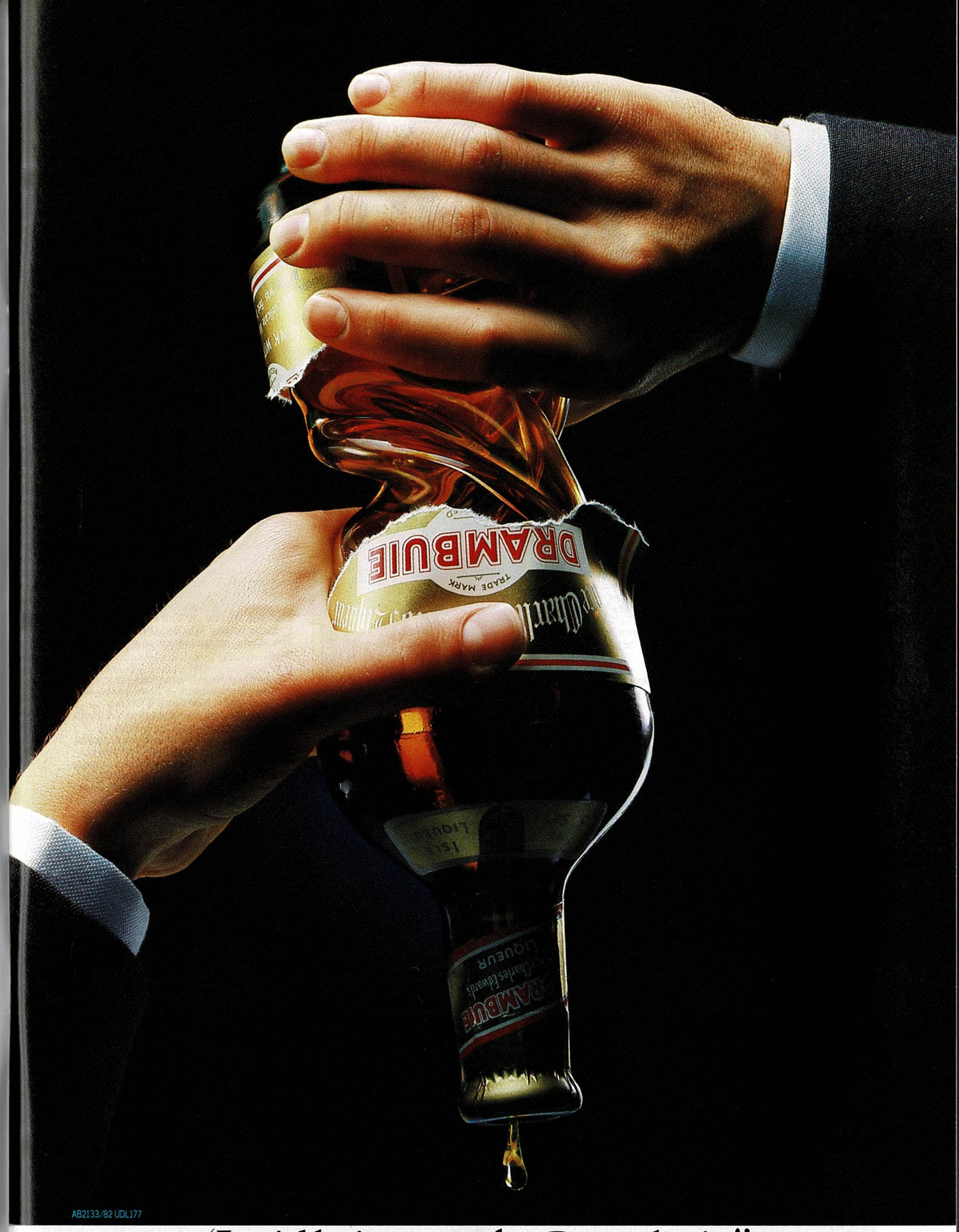
But the process continues indefinitely. The oil price is no longer rising and the OPEC countries need cash. There is no longer an unlimited amount of money flowing into banks that can be used to make these new loans. Governments (mainly the USA) have had to help out. They have given additional funds to the debtor countries which have used them to cover their interest payments to the banks. This procedure has merely postponed the inevitable day of reckoning. No one likes to talk about it, but the truth is, there is little hope that these loans will be repaid in our lifetime. Nevertheless, banks continue to carry these loans as "assets" on their books as if they will be paid off some day.

Australian banks have largely kept out of the foreign loans business. Our banks may seem big and rich to us but by world standards, they are neither particularly large nor important. No Australian bank appears in the list of the top 40 banks in the world. OPEC countries have preferred to trust their money to the world's largest banks (the Bank of America and the Banque Nationale de Paris each have over $95 billion in assets) thus sparing Australian banks the problems of some overseas banks.

In addition, even if some trouble should arise, our banks can always rely on the Reserve Bank to keep them from going under entirely. This doesn't mean that a major bank collapse elsewhere in the world would leave us unaffected. The Great Depression of the 1930s, although precipitated elsewhere, certainly affected us. If anything, we are even more entwined with the rest of the world now. There is hardly a bank anywhere in the West that hasn't at least some dealings with the troubled American and European giant banks.

For this reason, a worldwide bank crisis would seriously jeopardise our own banking system even though our banks have not made questionable loans. If such a collapse should occur (and it's closer than at any time in the past 40 years) we may indeed wish we had some money stashed under the mattress.

— SETH GREGORY



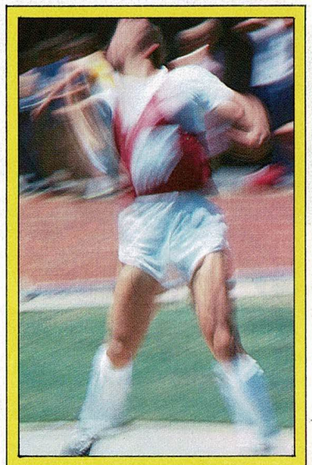
'I said bring out the Drambuie!'

CAMEL

Tamworth Country Music Festival: Tamworth, NSW, becomes Nashville from January 20 to 30 for the big round-up of country music stars and groupies. Events include the rodeo on January 21, the Country Music Awards on the 29th, the Blue Grass Banjo, Fiddle and Flat Pick Guitar Championships on the 29th plus concerts on every available corner and pub. There are music workshops for those who want to brush up. When you get tired of the music there's always the truck show. Plenty of camping facilities are available. Motel rooms are booked from year to year. Phone (067) 65 7055 for details.

Freeloading in the Parks: The Elvis Presley Story swivels into action on January 8 at the Sidney Myer Music Bowl in Melbourne. On the 15th the Melbourne Jazz Festival blasts off at the same venue. At the Bowl on the 22nd the Country Music Jamboree gets underway. And January 27 is Great Australian Pie Day in the Treasury Gardens where you can eat your fill of the great Australian bite. It's all free.

Victorian Hot Rod Show: Earlier model cars custom built to appeal to the senses. Hundreds of flash cars plus some street machines as well. The show is on at the Melbourne Royal Exhibition Buildings from January 27 to 30.



International Track: As part of the Global International Track Series, Australian athletes will pit their strengths against overseas runners, jumpers and throwers. The event is on January 11 at Olympic Park in Melbourne.

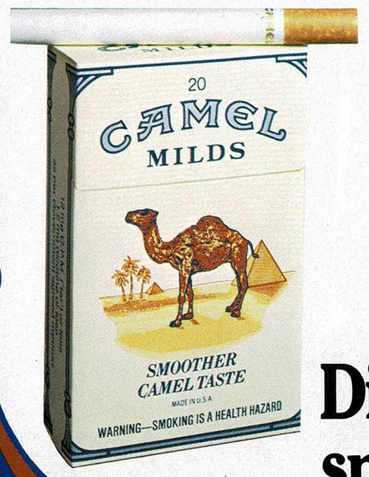
Lawrence Hargreaves International Hang Gliding Event: Lawrence was the first to do the hang gliding number from Bald Hill in NSW in the 1800s. Only he used a box kite. For this feat he has had an event of international status named after him. About 40 pilots from the US, Europe, Australia and New Zealand will be gliding up and down the NSW Coast from Bald Hill, Stanwell Park, to Macquarie Pass from January 30 to February 5.

New Year's Eve Party: It's going to be just like the movies. You sit in one spot and all the entertainment rolls by. The opening of the Sydney Festival on New Year's Eve will be something of a water spectacular. An orchestra, a ballet, a rock group and more will be passing by on floating stages on the harbour. There will be a giant sail pass of harbour ferries and, of course, the fireworks display. Just find a grassy spot in the Botanic Gardens, Farm Cove or Sydney Cove and let the world float by.

Festival Highlights: If you've made it through the New Year's celebrations, you may just have enough brain power left to attend a few other spectacles at the Sydney Festival which is on throughout January. The opera "Lucia di Lammermoor" starring "Our Joan" will be performed in the Domain on January 14. BYO picnic and champers. The Sydney Symphony Orchestra gives a concert in the Domain on January 21. Ditto picnic and champers. And for the Wine and Diners Club Picnic on January 30 in Hyde Park you won't have to bring anything except an appetite and thirst.

Sheffield Shield: Interstate Cricket matches this month — From January 6 to 9, Queensland v. New South Wales in Brisbane, Western Australia v. South Australia in Perth; from January 13 to 16, Western Australia v. Victoria in Perth, South Australia v. Queensland in Adelaide, and Tasmania v. New South Wales in Devonport; from January 27 to 30, Queensland v. Western Australia in Brisbane and Victoria v. New South Wales in Melbourne.

World Series Cricket: Cricket in the fast lane — a series of one-day events including the Pakistan and West Indies teams. Here's the rundown: Jan. 8, Australia v. West Indies, Melbourne; Jan. 10, Australia v. Pakistan, Sydney; Jan. 12, West Indies v. Pakistan, Melbourne; Jan. 14, West Indies v. Pakistan, Brisbane; Jan. 15, Australia v. Pakistan, Brisbane; Jan. 17, Australia v. West Indies, Sydney; Jan. 19, West Indies v. Pakistan, Sydney; Jan. 21, Australia v. Pakistan, Melbourne; Jan. 22, Australia v. West Indies, Melbourne; Jan. 25, Australia v. Pakistan, Sydney; Jan. 28, West Indies v. Pakistan, Adelaide; Jan. 29, Australia v. West Indies, Adelaide; Jan. 30, Australia v. Pakistan, Adelaide; Feb. 4, West Indies v. Pakistan, Perth; Feb. 5, Australia v. West Indies, Perth. The first final will be held in Sydney on Feb. 8 and the second on Feb. 11 in Melbourne. A third, if necessary, will be held in Melbourne on Feb. 12.



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CALENDAR

Sailboard Marathon: Sailboarders race from Manly Cove to Balmoral Beach and back on January 21 in Sydney in the annual marathon. One wonders if all the sailboards were laid end to end whether they could just walk there.

World Ski Racing Championships: A first for Australia. Water skiers from around the world will be zipping by in the 3rd World Championships. Round One is on January 22 on Botany Bay, Round Two on January 26 on Lake Macquarie and Round Three on January 29 on the Hawkesbury River, all in New South Wales. The total distance for the three rounds is around 60 miles.

Acquisitions: You have until January 22 to see the exhibition of artworks acquired over the past three years at the Art Gallery of Western Australia. Works include paintings, sculpture, drawings, prints and crafts. The "Christ in the Wilderness" series by Stanley Spencer is a highlight.

Oliver!: Between debtor's prison and dying you'd wouldn't think there would be much room to squeeze in a musical. But Oliver! is it. Great songs from a great book. It begins in January at the Adelaide Festival Theatre.

All the Way from Adelaide: The Lighthouse Theatre Company of South Australia will present two plays in Sydney in January. Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" is on at the York Theatre in the Seymour Centre from January 3. Patrick White's "Netherwood" begins on January 18 at the Everest Theatre at the Seymour Centre.

Vienna Revisited: An exhibition called "Vienna — Tradition and Transition" opens at Centrepoint in Sydney on January 4. The art, architecture, music and literature from 1858 to 1938 will be explored. And for the social side, a "Toast of Vienna" Ball will be held at Sydney Town Hall on January 26. Dress in suitable frills.

The Island: This play by Athol Fugard is about two prisoners in a South African cell joined by a pair of handcuffs. They stage a version of "Antigone" for their jailers. The Athenaeum Theatre 2 in Melbourne from January 17.

Canoeing Champs: The Australian Slalom and Whitewater Canoeing Championships are on from January 7 to 15 at Bradys Lake in Tasmania. Teams from each state will attempt to stay off the rocks for a reasonable amount of time.

Emerald Hill Antique Fair: Antiques from the 18th century up to art nouveau and art deco pieces will be on show at the Emerald Hill Antique Fair in the South Melbourne Town Hall from January 20 to 22.

Waterpolo: The Australian Waterpolo Championships (no touching the sides or bottom) are on in Brisbane from January 27 to 31. State teams will compete including men, women and juniors.

Surf Event: The big surf event for the month in Queensland is the East-West Carnival at Maroochydore on January 29. Waves of bronzed bodies and ripples of muscles.

Another Surf Event: Similar bronzing and rippling will take place at Freshwater Beach in NSW on January 30.

RJR 8083/CC 1414/83

MUSIC

Yes, relief at last from chinless-wonder robots and synth bands. Robert Plant (ex-Led Zeppelin vocalist) is back with a second solo album. *The Principle of Moments* (WEA) has Plant out front of the same band as on his first solo, *Pictures At Eleven,* suggesting that the man is very much back in a performance-recording mode. That's good news because Plant is one of the few smart enough to save rock'n'roll from the curse of the head-bangers on one side and the legion of synthesizer acts.

Jimmy Page's heir apparent is guitarist Robbie Blunt while keyboardist Jezz Woodroffe adds a dimension the Zep did not possess. Phil Collins helps out again on skins, and if you doubt the quality of it all, pay heed to a track called Wreckless Love (complete with Blunt's "Arabic" guitar inserts). Robert Plant — now there's a guy who can sing rock'n'roll!

●

Save for the disco blasts given to the Wordy Rappinghood track, not enough was heard of Tom Tom Club's debut album. *Close To The Bone* (WEA) is the second from this Talking Heads spin-off and is a better-planned effort from the crew that revolves around the husband and wife team of Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz.

The band features the excellent playing of Wally Badarou, Tyrone Downie and Rupert Hine, capturing the Compass Point feel that so influenced the likes of Grace Jones. In fact, the Tom Tom Club provided the name for this act, which specialises in modern white-Caribbean crossover. The Club is a rehearsal loft behind Nassau's famous Compass Point Studios.

The rhythms are compelling but after three cuts, you're left wishing the Weymouth sisters would mix up their vocal style just a bit. It's too bloody one-paced and rap-a-tishus. . .tishus. . .tishus. . .tishus. . .

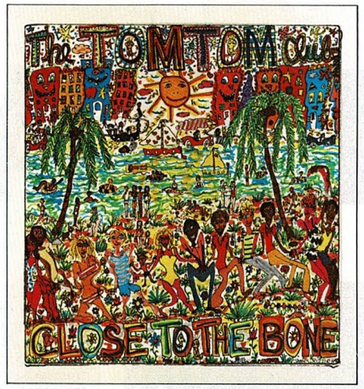
●

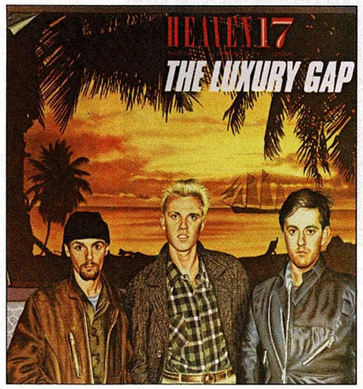
Still making enough good music and money to keep him in exotic motorcycles, Billy Joel comes mono-wheeling out of the studio with *An Innocent Man* (CBS). Nobody said he was guilty of anything — it just happens to be the name of one of the better cuts on the album. This work was produced by Phil Ramone and, for our money, that's where the problems start. The treatment here is too sharp, leaving the impression of dated pop rather than the universal strengths that gave Joel his original appeal.

Gone are the Piano Man comparisons with Elton John, but what remains isn't the Billy we once tolerated, if not necessarily loved.

●

The most interesting rock'n'roll exercise beckoning is a taste test of all the Brit-synth bands. The ploy would be to have a group of music critics trying to put band names to the sounds of original material submitted by popular acts. The suspicion is that the field is so crowded with bands (do they still qualify as bands?) that sound so much alike, that nobody would be able to tell the difference.





billy joel and loverboy could have done better

One exception is Heaven 17, who use a vocal-synthesizer basis as the creative platform for much broader musical challenges. On *The Luxury Gap* (Virgin), Glenn Gregory, Ian Craig Marsh and Martyn Ware add a host of conventional devices of their own to produce a sound that escapes formal categorising for this, their sixth album.

Guest vocalists, grand pianos, horns and full-blown orchestras see the threesome putting egos aside for the improvement of their product. It opens up new dimensions providing a *tour de force* that matches the departed Jam for lyrical relevance and works that range from modern dance to brooding obscurity.

If you think melody has been turfed for effect, then try Heaven 17. Melody, once such a strong point with the British, hasn't hit the redundancy list in the name of modernisation, or at least not with this act.

●

When you think of Canadian performers, the brain clicks to soft and lyrical — like Joni Mitchell, Neil Young or Gordon Lightfoot. It snows in Canada, they wear thick jackets and big beards. Well, some of them do, but not Loverboy. This band's product is well-postured rock'n'roll; something like a prettied-up version of The Angels.

In this typical, splayed-legs, pouting vein comes *Keep It Up* (CBS), one regular crotch-throbber of an album that makes no apologies for being as conventional as can be. Yes folks, there are people out there who want *all* their songs to be performed almost identically, with crunching bass and soaring guitar solos in only the most obvious of places. It's as predictable as all hell and although the songs have different names, you've heard them in all their other guises from Black Sabbath, Whitesnake, Grand Funk Railroad or even your local pub rockers.

It's like some pagan ritual that grows in eccentricity with every reproduction. Loverboy perform the ritual better than most.

SHORT CUTS

Salute (Warner Bros) by Gordon Lightfoot comes courtesy of the man's cool masculinity and a fine awareness of his reputation as a balladeer. Durable refrains, lyrical luxury and melodic simplicity.

When The Night Comes (Epic) by Lou Rawls. Smooth as coffee liqueur, with a belt of sardonic humor from the songs of Shel Silverstein, Rawls has a few more dimensions than your average MOR artist.

The Doobie Brothers' Farewell Tour (Warner Bros). Last chance to Listen To The Music as Minute By Minute the Doobies are Takin' It To The Streets, through China Grove and Black Water in a farewell set that suggests the Long Train (ain't) Runnin' no more.

What Becomes A Semi Legend Most (Geffen). Joan Rivers is the funniest lady in America, says her husband, who has seen her undressed. No shit! This is an album about drugs, sex, fame, religion, royalty and marriage. You're right — it's a comedy album.

The pity about *Jonathan Sings* (Sire) by Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers is that the young Jonny comes on like a jerk. Slick pseuds just don't work anymore.

— NEIL JAMESON

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BOOKS

australian humor and yankee crooners

Even the advent of limited overs, night cricket and the Common Nozzies hasn't insured the cricket fan against long periods of extreme boredom. Thankfully, the game's recorders regularly come to the rescue with anecdotal gems to help us through. To the collection Ian Brayshaw has added *Funny Cricket* (Methuen), 200-plus pages of exactly what it claims to be. As a former Western Australia state player, journalist and, more recently, an ABC commentator, Brayshaw's credentials are first class and his ear for the hilarious yarn is acutely tuned.

Because of the gentle pace at which a cricket match usually develops, there has developed a special strain of humor that relates strongly to the game's traditions, code of good sportsmanship and the underlying competitiveness of its participants. But that does not make humor the exclusive domain of the players. During a Test in England, Dennis Lillee was resting at fine leg munching on a banana he'd been given by a spectator. Back home in Perth, a couple was watching the game on television. The husband was quite a fan but the wife was less than enthusiastic. After seeing Dennis making short work of the banana, a few moments later she saw him polishing the ball before starting to bowl. "Look," she said excitedly, "now they've given him an apple!"

Brayshaw recounts the lighter side of copping an express delivery in the groin — and that can be a difficult exercise if you are writing as the victim! His subject matter grows richer with the realisation that, as a rule, the cricketing brotherhood enjoys a drink after a thirsty day in the field. Hence we discover what Derek Randall was doing in the right room but the wrong hotel. The author prefaces most anecdotes with a relevant dash of cricket history, another factor that adds to the collection's value as a handy pocket companion during those slow passages in play.

●

Like a good bout of bushfires, every now and then, Australiana is all the rage. Right now it is probably at epidemic level thanks to our rock and film industries brandishing the wattle so successfully abroad and Austen Tayshus's wonderful lampoonery. That all makes the appearance of *Little Australian Library* (Dynamo Press) all the more timely for writer John Hepworth. The four-volume set comes in a card-sized pack for a variety of worthy reasons, all of which escape me.

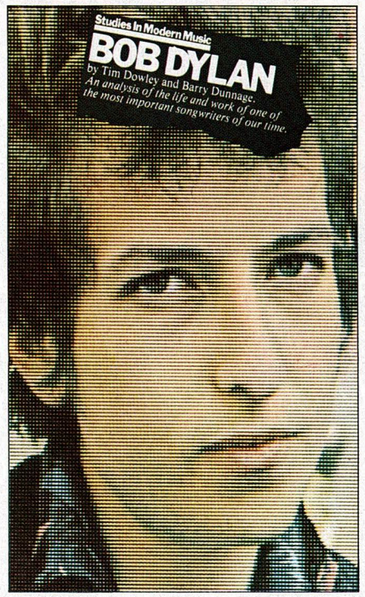
Tagged as *Birds and Beasties of Australia, More Birds and Beasties of Australia, The Great Australian Cities* and *Extraordinary Australian Landmarks,* the collection depicts Hepworth's soft nationalism and sense of humor. Hepworth, fine writer that he is, flourished best in this guise as a columnist for the irreverent and sometimes refreshingly irresponsible *Nation Review,* a ragged champion of the Left.

In his Little Australia set, Hepworth sketches the barest factual profile of his subjects before rounding them off with suspect prose. For example, Canberra, as listed in the Great Cities volume: "The only reason for this town/Are the Houses of Parliament/Where politics and principles/Are available for rent."

And so he wades through Melbourne, magpies, Ayers Rock, red-backs and even dingoes: "The Dingo is both courteous and wise: Good husband, splendid Type of wife and mother. Who denigrates the Dingo's telling lies. I'd gladly have a Dingo for my brother!" Dutifully illustrated, it connects on a few levels, as Hepworth obviously intended.

●

Omnibus Press thrives on a vast catalogue of what it calls "studies in modern music". Basically, it means that if you've written a pop music book of factual information, you've got a chance of having it published. It's fair to say the standard varies, ranging from excellent critiques of the life and works of certain artists to the most trashy cash-ins imaginable. Ignoring wrap-ups of even the most obscure bands, we went for landmark value in studies of Dylan and Sinatra.


Studies in Modern Music
BOB DYLAN
by Tim Dowley and Barry Dunnage.
An analysis of the life and work of one of the most important songwriters of our time.

Bob Dylan by Tim Dowley and Barry Dunnage appeals because the stature of the Dylan persona is matched only by his elusiveness. Unhappily for the authors, they fail to get much closer to the target in their stated aim of analysing the "life and work of one of the most important songwriters of our time". Instead, they opt for dissections of his songs and performances based almost exclusively on what they know of Dylan from their positions as long-distance fans (they're both British).

This chronological review of his work would have no chance of "carrying" the book if it weren't for their lifting of interviews originated by journalists who achieved much better access than these two writers. For example, lifts from *Rolling Stone,* the PLAYBOY Interview and, not least of all, Australians Adrian Rawlins and Craig McGregor.

As a ready reckoner of Dylan's career, it qualifies on reference grounds but fails to lift the curtain on one of popular music's most mysterious characters. As PLAYBOY's Nat Hentoff found when he asked Dylan what his songs were about: "Oh, some are about four minutes, some are about five minutes, and some, believe it or not, are about eleven or twelve." The man gives nothing away.

By contrast, Frank Sinatra has been a very public figure. In *Sinatra — In His Own Words,* compiler Guy Yarwood succeeds in adjusting the focus to a more accurate setting. Yarwood's Sinatra quotes reveal a man who, for much of his career, has been at odds with the image. Cranky Franky could never understand why performers who pulled outrageous stunts often copped less than complimentary press. Hence his running war with the media is given ample treatment. On his treatment by the press he says: "It's been shitty. There's no other word for it. A bunch of lies. . ."

Ironic comments from a guy who became a target of union bans and ran headfirst into a confrontation with the then ACTU president, Bob Hawke, for his remarks about an Australian female journalist. Perhaps Frank's antipathy toward the press stems from impressions gleaned on his first job as a circulation-truck driver for a New Jersey newspaper. More than likely it relates to his self-confessed manic depressive nature and the impression, gained from this book, that the star possesses a healthy persecution complex.

As a trivia trove, *Sinatra* abounds with insights such as his opinions on his most popular songs. He says of My Way: "I loathe this song. A Paul Anka pop song which became a kind of national anthem."

— O. MADARASS

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MICHAEL KIRBY

a candid conversation with the chairman of the law reform commission about privacy, drugs, sex, legal rip-offs, constitutional law and the process of change

There is nothing typical about a day in the life of Michael Donald Kirby. It's simply a case of up in the morning, out on the job and work like a justice for not insubstantial pay. Had Michael Kirby decided to stay at the bar, he would certainly be making more money up there among the $2000-a-day silks, but then he made a personal commitment to destiny at the age of nine and he is not a man to break his bond.

At nine, intellectual comet of the Summer Hill opportunity class of '48, he cross-examined his 150 IQ-powered purpose and decided he would be either a bishop or a judge. By the time the comet had blazed that familiar path through Fort Street High School — Sydney's one-time working class launch pad to military, political, ecclesiastical and judicial power — to Sydney University, his ardor to become a Lord of the Church had cooled.

Arts, economic and law degrees pointed the Kirby star unerringly on a course for that second childhood option, the bench. At 35, under the patronage of the Whitlam government, he was elected to the judicial peerage and deputy presidency of the Conciliation and Arbitration Commission. A few months later, he was given a brand new quasi-jurisdiction as chairman of Australia's first Law Reform Commission.

This day he has been wearing his other wig as a judge of the Federal Court, an appointment he recently accepted to ease his way out of the domain of law reform and back into the mainstream of the courts. The day started typically early and after a full court shift on the bench of the Federal Court, he has winged his way back to Sydney.

The aircraft is delayed and Mr Justice Kirby is late for his long-standing appointment with PLAYBOY to discuss the order of the law. He apologises. By his book, unpunctuality is one of the deadly sins. When there are so few hours in the day, punctuality is one of life's courtesies. And Mr Justice Kirby is very particular about the common courtesies. You are not ushered into his seventh floor office which doubles as his chambers and, in a sense, his court above Sydney's Elizabeth Street, by secretary or sheriff. He greets every visitor in the Commission's reception area and when the allotted interview time has run its course, he accompanies the visitor to the elevator and bids farewell with a handshake.

It is a comfort to learn that judges can come down from on high. But then Mr Justice Kirby has some very modern ideas about the judiciary and its relationship with the people. It is one of those quirks about the duality of this uncommon man that he should zealously defend the privacy of his personal life, yet have been a controversial judge in seeking to take the public behind the legal curtain and into the inner circle of the law, its trappings and its reform.

By the time he has stepped down (or up) from the chairmanship within the next year or so, he will have raised that curtain a notch or two higher. Mr Justice Kirby has been invited to deliver this year's ABC Boyer Lectures and not surprisingly he has chosen to lecture on the judges. He has great admiration for his fellow judges, their intellect and their dedication. He also recognises their faults and their frailties. The word is that, as far as convention allows, his lectures will seek to humanise the judiciary — not to curry favor with the headline writers, but to demystify the role of the judge and to reinforce Australians' confidence in the judiciary. As the interview moves into a second session and another day in the life of Justice Kirby, however, one suspects that the lectures will rekindle that controversy which has stalked him since he got the Commission off and running almost nine years ago.

Apart from the feeling among his brother judges and lawyers that he has been too public, Kirby and the Commission have been accused of avoiding the fundamentals of law reform to concentrate on what some critics have seen as the soft issues of bio-ethics and setting up privacy defences against the infiltration of our lives by computers and data banks. Mr Justice Kirby pleads not guilty as charged — and with apparently convincing cause.

The truth of the matter is that neither he nor his commissioners choose the questions of law which they examine in the name of reform. All matters into which the Commission inquires are referred to it by the Attorney-General of the day.

So dynamic are Australian politics of the day that Mr Justice Kirby has taken his directions from seven Attorneys-General since

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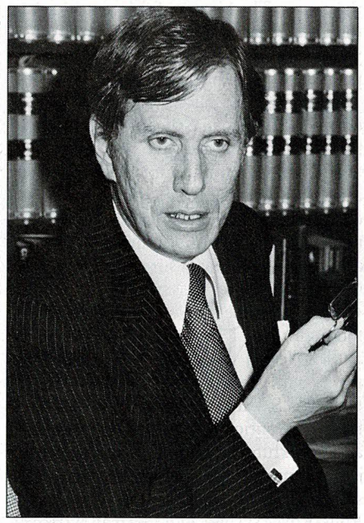
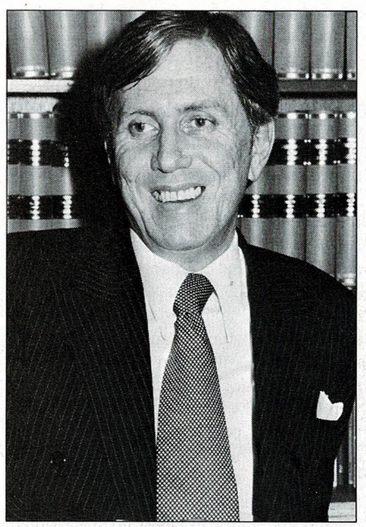


"We felt the price Australians were paying for the suppression of marijuana was, on balance, too high."



"Attempts to pigeon-hole me as a radical crumble on the altar of my double-breasted suits and devotion to monarchy."

"Mr Hawke has shown that people can come to politics at a later age. He, however, is a phenomenon."

1975. Their references have resulted in 14 substantive reports and accompanying draft bills to the federal government, and several more will soon go to the printer for tabling in Parliament.

A lesser man might have been disappointed that so few have thus far been enacted. He believes, however, that if an idea has been thoroughly researched and tempered in that furnace of community opinion which the Commission tends on behalf of politicians, it becomes only a matter of time and attitude before it is accepted. He is confident that most of his Commission's reports will eventually be used as the basis of reform of Australian law.

That confidence has grown since Senator Gareth Evans ascended to the office of the Attorney-General. Senator Evans is a former Commission staffer, and, although he once accused the judge of being over-qualified in quantity of degrees rather than quality (Michael Kirby has four degrees from Sydney University; Senator Evans has two from Melbourne and one from Oxford), an obvious bond of mutual respect exists between the two men whose master and servant relationships have now been reversed.

Above all, Mr Justice Kirby is a pragmatist. Conservative defender that he is of the monarchy, pin-striped suits and the concept of law, he is also a dedicated democrat and disciple of the democratic process. He believes such process can only revive if the bulwark of law on which it depends is radically altered to meet the demands and pressures of modern society.

For this cause he has been willing to sacrifice his innate shyness on the altar of public debate in order to generate the discussion which will change societal attitudes and give politicians the opportunity and courage to reform the law to meet those needs.

As Mr Justice Kirby's term as chairman of the Law Reform Commission draws to a close PLAYBOY sent ***Russell Deiley*** *into his chambers to discuss the complexities of the role. Deiley reports: "Time alone will tell if Michael Kirby achieves his basic brief to reform the law. But in the process, he has developed an institution which not only examines the need for reform, but tests the water for politicians. Whether it was originally intended or not, the Commission has become, and will become, an increasingly valuable political tool for creating the climate for change. I cannot comment on the man as a jurist, but because he has been willing to run block for politicians who are more preoccupied with votes than the needs of society, then Australians already owe much to Mr Justice Kirby."*

PLAYBOY: Why is reform of the law such a tortuous, protracted business?

KIRBY: The law is complicated. The lobby interests against reform are powerful and the politicians, who have the power to enact reform, are often more distracted by more vote-catching concerns. The judges are also retreating from creativity. The net result is that, in a world of rapid change, we are not attending to the renewal of the legal system.

PLAYBOY: You say the judges are retreating. Shouldn't they be taking a lead from their American brothers who initiate a great deal of the reform of US law?

KIRBY: In some ways I regret their lack of adventurism in not attending to injustices. On the other hand, I am a democrat and if our society was faced with the choice of judges solving problems by creativity or Parliament solving problems with the help of a body such as the Law Reform Commission, I would choose the latter. It is better for the politicians, who represent the whole body of the people, to make the law than judges. Of course it is better that judges should make the law if it remains unreformed and injustices persist.

PLAYBOY: You have often said that you want the community to be consulted and to contribute to reform. But, given the complexity, even mystique, of the law, is it possible for the layman to comprehend the law as it affects him, let alone contribute to its reform?

KIRBY: Through the use of the media, public hearings and the widespread distribution of discussion documents which set out the problems and need for reform, we spare no effort to get lay participation. Community contribution has led to the concretisation of many problems and suggestions for the improvement of the law. People have come to us and personalised issues which, until then, have simply been abstract concerns. Lay people often draw attention to issues which, despite the most painstaking analytical examination, have not really been addressed.

The Australia in which I grew up was a rather intolerant society. Happily, that situation has changed over the last 20 years.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe — if you'll forgive the term — your humble background gives you greater understanding of what changes in the law will most benefit the people?

KIRBY: Don't apologise — I'm neither proud nor ashamed of my background. It was a typical Australian background of a person of Sydney's western suburbs who went to public schools and who mixed with the children of people from all walks of life. I do feel that I can appreciate more than many lawyers the attitudes and concerns of citizens. Statistics support the fact that lawyers are mainly drawn from professional families. They are often children of lawyers and tend to be of English-speaking stock. In a sense, they do not fully represent the community. Because my background was typical of the Australia of the '40s and '50s, I feel I am more sensitive to the concerns of the community than other lawyers.

PLAYBOY: What is your philosophy of the law?

KIRBY: It is a philosophy, basically, of modernisation and of bringing the law into tune with a society which is more tolerant, more sensitive and kindly and more willing to allow people to be themselves. The Australia in which I grew up was a rather intolerant society—censorious, moralistic and, in some ways, unkindly. Happily, that situation has changed under successive governments over the last 20 years.

PLAYBOY: Is it over-simplifying the Commission's charge to suggest that your fundamental duty is to achieve equal justice for all?

KIRBY: It is difficult to identify the fundamental values of law reform. Everybody can agree with a motherhood statement of "justice for all". The problem is to translate that pious statement into actuality. You face much more concrete questions when you look at reform of the law of tissue transplantation, or the law of evidence or the law of privacy retention. Should the box statement be abolished? Should there be a system of compulsory reporting of child abuse? These are the sort of practical problems we have to face. The solutions are not found in general statements such as "justice for all".

PLAYBOY: To Australianise one observer: Australian courts are free to all — like the Regent Hotel. Considering the exorbitant costs of litigation, is it possible to have a system under which every Australian has equal access to justice?

KIRBY: Although we are doing many things to improve the situation, the fact remains that our system of justice is very much geared to representation of parties before the courts. The history of this traces back to the development of the jury system. When you have a jury trying questions of fact, people require to be represented by lawyers. In Europe, the judge or magistrate is obliged to investigate the case. Some of the finest minds this century have suggested that we should graft on to our legal system aspects of the European approach so that our judges would have a greater obligation to call witnesses, to summon documents and otherwise make sure that justice is done. Our adversary system is very costly.

PLAYBOY: Is the cost of Australian justice too high?

KIRBY: Yes. I think all observers would agree with that. The federal Attorney-General, Senator Gareth Evans, told the legal convention that we simply cannot afford the funding of legal aid. One German judge came here recently and said: "Your system of justice, inherited from Britain, is a Rolls-Royce system. Our German system of justice is a Volkswagen system. How many can afford a Rolls-Royce and how many can afford a Volkswagen?" That is a very

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pertinent observation. An English judge, Lord Devlin, said that in our system, only powerful corporations, powerful trade unions, people who are supported by legal aid or criminal defendants get before the courts. Ordinary citizens can't face the prospect — it is just too expensive. The courts have gone beyond their means. The solution lies in an improvement in the procedures, the changes in the functions of the judge which I have already outlined and changes in the substantive law so that fewer matters have to go to court.

Solutions to accident compensation claims, for example, should be administrative, not judicial.

PLAYBOY: Until then, is one of the short-term answers to the problem to regulate barristers' fees?

KIRBY: They are trying to regulate the fees in Victoria. It will be interesting to see how successful the experiment is. The fact is you are dealing with a very small market of highly talented people. It is not like hiring a cab driver. You have a person of exquisite talent, which is a mixture of intellectual ability and dramatic finesse.

The real answer to the high costs lies in substantial changes in the administration of the law so that we divert as many cases as possible from the courts and by encouraging other forms of solution such as arbitration. We are now seeing in NSW a scheme where experienced lawyers are being appointed arbitrators. We are working toward solutions, but many people will be unable to get to the umpire before we solve institutional difficulties.

PLAYBOY: Could costs be reduced by abolishing some of the trappings of the law, by doing away with the elitist division of Queen's Counsel or the anachronism of the junior counsel?

KIRBY: I don't think the existence of the QC creates a higher market. There may be some QCs who don't warrant special fees, but by the time most barristers have taken silk they are at the top of their profession and command high fees. There are, however, some anti-competitive elements in the role — the rule, for example that the QC has to have a junior. I think that rule will be abolished within 20 years. That may sound a long time, but in a legal system that is 800 years old, it is just a blink of the eye. In the meantime, though the requirement that a litigant be represented by two counsel might be justified in large, complicated cases, let the market decide. Let it not be a rule of ethics or legal practice or even a courtesy to senior counsel. Another cost-inflating rule which must be examined is the one that you have to have a solicitor in order to get to a barrister. Some solicitors do very little work on a case yet charge a standard fee.

PLAYBOY: Does the public's more jaundiced view of the profession stem from what it perceives as a fees rip-off or because more lawyers are being seen to be in breach of once-sacred trusts?

KIRBY: It is more complicated than that. I think it reflects a general disillusionment with institutions, with authority. When you raise the general education level you have a more questioning community, which is disinclined simply to accept the status of even venerable institutions such as the legal profession. As well as that, of course, there have been examples of dishonesty on the part of lawyers — examples which the new technology brings to a very wide audience. You also have the perception that because lawyers are taking increasing amounts of legal aid, they should be willing to submit to a due amount of government regulation. Because the profession takes a substantial amount from the public purse, it is proper that the public's representative should lay down rules on the way money should be spent.

PLAYBOY: Should the profession retain the right to wash its own dirty linen behind closed doors?

KIRBY: Well, the professions can be particularly hard on their own — sometimes even harder than if laymen were looking at the problem. There should, however, be a more open and accountable system of complaints against members of the professions. That is coming in most states. There are procedures for lay representatives to participate in the consideration of complaints by the citizen about members of the professions. Generally, the professional associations are first-rate at rooting out the dishonest, criminal members. They are less sensitive to the problem of dealing with, say, the incompetent, indifferent professional who doesn't return phone calls, who hasn't kept up with the latest law or who hasn't taken the necessary care with a client. That is an area in which lay participation and an open hearing could help.

PLAYBOY: Are you a radical?

KIRBY: In some respects, yes; in others, no. I refuse to be neatly stereotyped. My whole philosophy is that people are individuals. People's attempts to pigeonhole me as a radical crumble on the altar of my double-breasted suits and my devotion to the monarchy. Reform means taking what is good from the past and re-forming it. There is undoubtedly much that is good in the legal system we have inherited from Britain. The task is to adapt it, modernise it to meet changing social attitudes.

PLAYBOY: Much opposition to reform comes from the legal profession. Is there a tendency among the older lawyers to oppose change and for the young breed to support reform?

KIRBY: Again, you cannot stereotype lawyers into the old who are conservative and the young who are red-hot radicals. Interestingly, when the NSW Bar had a vote for the abolition of wigs and robes, it was the old who voted for abolition and the young who voted to retain the symbols. A lot of young lawyers, of course, feel anxious about their profession. A lot of them can't

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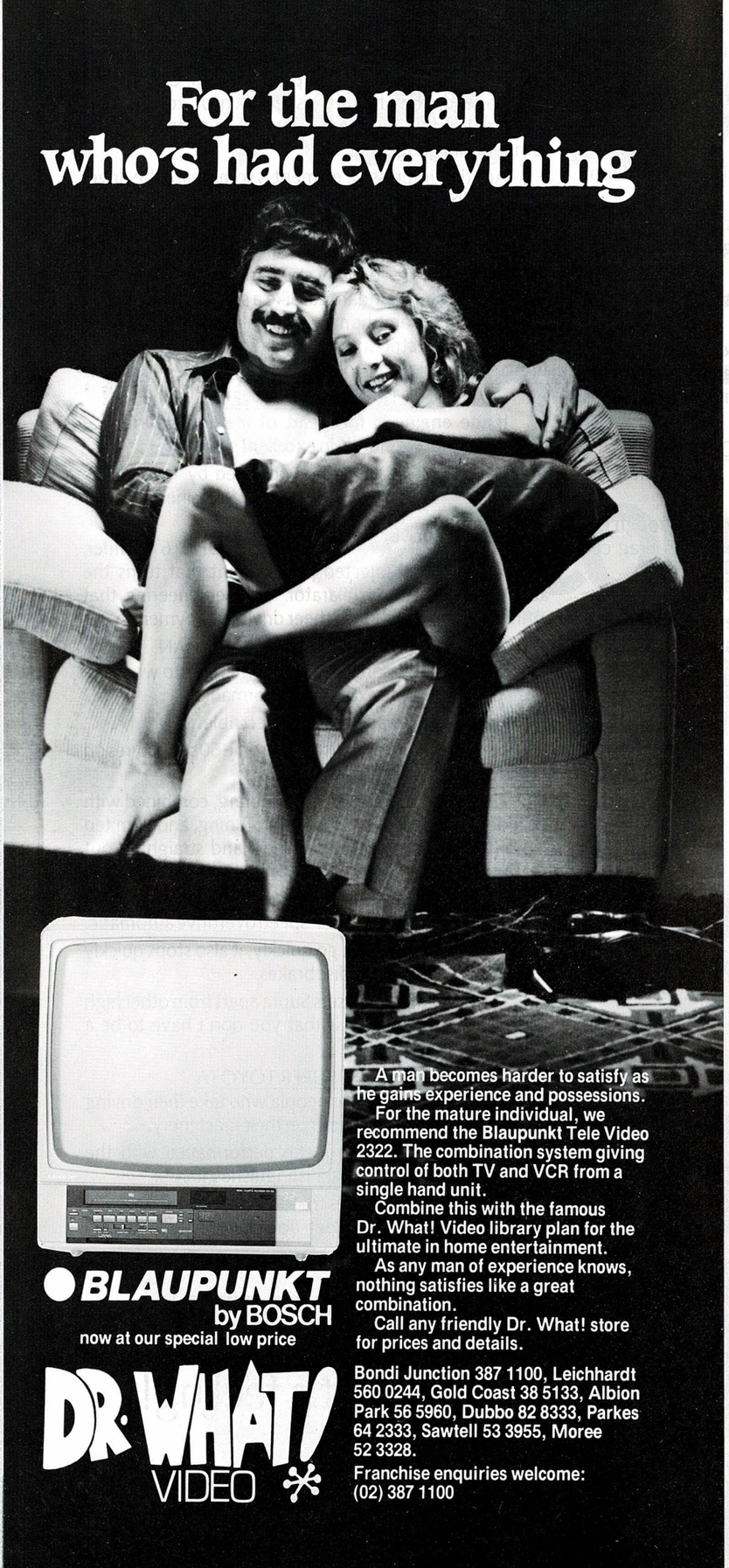

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get work. It just doesn't follow that because a person is old, he or she opposes change. Many of the judges with whom we deal daily see and administer the injustices that exist in the system and that has had its effect on them. They believe there should be changes and reform in the law.

PLAYBOY: Critics of the Commission claim that you spend too much time on the "soft" issues of bio-ethics and the social impact of computer technology at the expense of coming to grips with the fundamentals — the ineffectual function of the courts and their remoteness from the people. How do you respond to that criticism?

KIRBY: I read that and I don't quite know what it means. Perhaps it can be attributed to a sweet phrase over which some journalist labored to damn with faint praise a body which has worked hard, with small resources, to improve the legal system. The fact of the matter is that the Commission does not choose its own program. We work on tasks given us by the federal Attorney-General.

I must say that I thought Attorney-General Ellicott had taken leave of his senses when he asked us to examine the law relating to human tissue transplants which that journalist sees as "soft". I now acknowledge that he was right in referring the question to us. He was essentially saying: "This is a species of a new problem which is going to face the law. You are the body that can help the democratic Parliament grapple with this difficult question." He was referring us and Australia to the problems associated with *in vitro* fertilisation, cloning of the human species, euthanasia and the right to die and neonaticide. The law based on our report is now in force in all Australian states except Tasmania. That is quite a significant achievement in a country which knows very few uniform laws.

PLAYBOY: Do you see the need for a separate commission made up of both lawyers and doctors to keep pace with the legal and ethical ramifications of human, biological engineering?

KIRBY: When we tackled the problems of human tissue transplants, we didn't do so just as a group of lawyers. That would have been foolish. We gathered together lawyers, doctors, philosophers, theologians and then we exposed the issue to community representatives. The problems for law-makers are tumbling out of the minds of the scientists at ever-increasing speed. If democracy is going to work, we are not going to make do with solutions made on the hop, as is already being done by judges in difficult cases. We are going to have to develop institutions which can help Parliament. Perhaps your suggestion is a sensible one.

PLAYBOY: Are you confident that privacy safeguards can be built into the law to protect individual rights from the threat posed by the development of computers and data banks?

KIRBY: We are going to try. The LRC will be reporting to Parliament later this year on new protections to privacy. The expertise involved is so great that the law, which tends to move at a snail's pace, finds it difficult to keep pace with the most dynamic technology of our time. But we just can't rend our clothes and gnash our teeth and say this is too difficult. We have got to find the solutions.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a conflict between what is seen as the protection of privacy and national security?

KIRBY: In our inquiry into privacy we were excluded from matters of national security. Obviously, however, there is a conflict between the desire for individual privacy and the desire to protect the national security. Generally our inquiries have no specific reference to national security.

PLAYBOY: It seems that few broadly-based inquiries, say, into environmental issues, can be divorced from national security.

KIRBY: Obviously you have to weigh competing interests. You touch on a very important issue: the question of cost benefit analyses in law reform. We used to say that justice is beyond price. Nowadays there is a growing appreciation that justice *does* have a price; that you have got to weigh the cost of delivering the product of justice against the benefits that are going to be procured. In hard times, law reformers must be much more conscious of those factors.

PLAYBOY: As a vocal supporter of the anti-smoking lobby, how do you stand on the individual smokers' rights?

KIRBY: My stance is entirely consistent with my personal philosophy, which is basically in tune with the philosophy of John Stuart Mill. If a smoker wants to smoke cigarettes at home — indeed if he wants to smoke marijuana at home — then I take the view that the State should not intervene. However, if he enters my space and intrudes into my world by smoking, then his action is no longer a self-regarding activity because it becomes my concern.

PLAYBOY: You couple marijuana with cigarette smoking — surely there is a difference between the two in law.

KIRBY: I was a member of an expert party which looked at the problem of marijuana. Although most of us were against introducing a further drug into an Australian society already heavily involved in other drugs such as tea, coffee, cigarettes, alcohol, barbiturates and so on, we felt the price Australians were paying for the suppression of marijuana was, on balance, very high. We put forward a discussion paper in the hope that we could get the community to weigh, on the one hand, the disadvantages of extending yet another drug against the corruption of our officials, the infiltration of the Mafia, the diversion of our law-enforcing efforts against hard drugs of proven danger and the loss of respect for the law which many young see as hypocritical. We came to the conclusion there was a need for reform and put forward the proposition for serious discussion. The result was banner shock headlines which, in effect, destroyed the possibility of a meaningful debate. The politicians fled the discussion stage.

PLAYBOY: Is the time now opportune to try and revive that debate?

KIRBY: It may be more opportune. The federal Health Minister, Dr Blewett, has indicated his general inclination for the reform of the law on marijuana. I think if you spoke privately to many politicians on all sides, you would find that they, like me, are not enthusiastic about introducing another drug but are concerned for the damage that attention to marijuana is causing to our institutions.

PLAYBOY: You appear to consider the law relating to homosexuality as an ass. Are you suggesting that there should be no laws referring specifically to homosexuality or, for that matter, any sexual preference?

KIRBY: No. There must be laws on the expression of human sexuality but they should be neutral to the sex of the person and neutral to the sexual preference of the person. The young and the mentally incompetent must be protected. But in my conception of criminal law, it is wrong to enforce on adults a morality which is not universally shared and which leads only to cases of plain injustice against people who have no choice over their sexual preference. It also leads to the unacceptable and ridiculous situation, as we have in NSW, where you have the anti-discrimination law prohibiting discrimination against homosexuals and you have the criminal law denouncing a homosexual act as that unnatural and abominable offence.

There must be laws on the expression of human sexuality, but they must be neutral to the sex and to the sexual preference of the person.

We also now have reforms to the rape law which make consensual sex with an adult homosexual a greater offence with higher penalties than carried by non-consensual rape of a homosexual. The law is in a terrible mess and the time has come to face the issue squarely and not to be diverted by a minority opinion which would try to stamp its perception of morality on a community which does not share that view.

PLAYBOY: Earlier this year, you advocated that day to day law and order issues involving Aborigines should be dealt with according to their tribal law. Do you regard the recent case involving Aborigines placing themselves outside the NSW fishing laws as the beginning of an organised Aboriginal movement to distance themselves from all Australian law?

KIRBY: I'm sure that will be the claim of some Aborigines but not by the majority of their community. From our inquiry into customary law, we believe the majority of Aborigines have a clear distinction in their own minds between what they call big law and little law. They regard the big law covering murder and serious criminal and civil offences as properly in the domain of the Australian legal system.

Many of the matters they are prepared to leave in the domain of Australian law are those on which the Aboriginal law was silent — offences involving motor cars, for example. Similarly, our legal system is silent on traditional Aboriginal law as it relates to saying names of the dead or telling secrets of a religious kind. Sometimes we try and squeeze the things, which are terribly important to them and their society, into our legal system and to apply our roles to a society which is very different. But I think a fear of legal apartheid is an unreasonable fear.

PLAYBOY: It is claimed — and I fancy with some justification — that the law is more interested in a person's property than his body. Do you agree that the law is often seen as being harsher in its treatment of the embezzler than the murderer or rapist?

KIRBY: I don't know that that is always so. Indeed, one of the problems in our criminal legal system is getting to try people guilty of so-called white collar crimes. While our police can cope with the petty shoplifters — people in the minor league of crime — they won't, unless they can secure the adequate expertise of computer skills and so on, catch the really big anti-social characters. Thus, I am not sure that we always punish the white collar criminal more than we punish the violent criminal. Certainly there is a problem in terms of getting consistency in punishment in Australia.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

KIRBY: In our inquiry into this problem we found tremendous disparities in the punishment of offenders in different parts of Australia. The imprisonment rate per 100,000 of population is 32 in the ACT, 43 in Victoria, 67 in NSW, 110 in Western Australia and 220 in the Northern Territory. We have put forward proposals to introduce a system by which greater consistency can be brought into the painful task of sentencing. We don't suggest that sentencing be turned over to a heartless computer which has none of the attributes of human justice, but there should be an element of science in the business of sentencing.

PLAYBOY: One has only to listen to talkback radio in Sydney to gauge the depth of public belief that people who commit serious crimes of violence are treated too leniently — if not by the courts than certainly by the prison authorities. Do you see this as a backlash against the enlightened treatment of the modern criminal?

"I'm a soldier."
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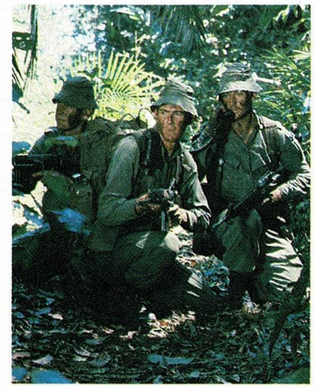

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KIRBY: I am sure that would be a view held by many in the community, possibly by a majority. But it doesn't necessarily mean it is the right view. Unfortunately, the community doesn't have a very informed view of what really goes on in our criminal justice system because what happens in prison is not revealed. People don't appreciate the special deprivations that exist in Australian prisons, many of which are forgotten memorials to the penological theories of unknown criminologists of the 19th century. By the same token, there are people who commit very serious, anti-social conduct and there is no appropriate punishment other than to send them to prison. But the Australian imprisonment rates are not only variable, they are high by world standards and without any noticeable increase in law-abiding conduct.

The average rate of Western European imprisonment ranges from about 23 in The Netherlands to about 40 in France. Therefore, even our national average of 67 per 100,000, which is the same as the NSW figure, is high in the world league. Most commentators nowadays think that the direction of penal reform lies down two tracks. Firstly, that the use of imprisonment is a last resort, taking into account the fact that deprivation of liberty in itself is more significant than the length of the prison term. Secondly, they believe that our system of punishment should be more imaginative. In the past it has been a fine, bond or prison.

Many other penalties could be introduced ranging from community service through weekend detention to criminal bankruptcy — tracing the assets of criminals. Introduction of these and other penalties into the system would give a wider range of punishments which could be applied in accordance with the seriousness of the offence.

PLAYBOY: Given the present climate of public opinion, do you think you could sell that kind of proposal to the community?

KIRBY: I don't think we will ever convince the Australian community of the merits of what I have just said, but I think the road to convincing them lies down the track of economics. It costs about $23,000 a year to keep a person behind bars. The taxpayer foots that bill. Reform of our criminal justice system will not stem from the support of the bleeding hearts. It will rely on an understanding of the social and individual costs and, especially, the financial costs.

PLAYBOY: Does it discomfort you to be seen to be sitting in judgement on your fellow judges?

KIRBY: Initially it did. I was very young when I was first appointed and had nothing like their experience. Over the eight and a half years, however, I think it is true to say that there has been a growing realisation in the judiciary of the importance of reform and of the need for an LRC and a commissioner who is a judge. It is interesting that when we carried out our inquiry into sentencing, we did something quite original for law reformers. We sent a survey round all the judges in Australia to get their perception of sentencing. Although some said we would get, at best, a 10 percent response, we got an 80 percent return from the 600 judges. Although judges are often painted as conservative people — and by and large they are, because the law has a conservatising role — I think that was a reassuring sign of the Australian judiciary's attitude to reform.

PLAYBOY: You have been a constant defender of a free press and have been quoted as saying that the judiciary itself has been guilty of eroding that freedom. Is that erosion taking place because of a flaw in the law or through misinterpretation?

KIRBY: Judges must apply the law as it is and in some parts of Australia the law is not well tuned to the protection of a free press and free speech. I refer particularly to the law which requires the total closure of courts such as the family court. I wouldn't go back to a completely open family court of the old *Truth* days, but there could be value in the reportage of cases without naming people or cruelly parading people's private lives. Judges, too, would then be under constant scrutiny and that is a terribly important aspect of our society. Secondly there are laws which permit suppression orders and there have been a number of examples of that recently. Indeed, I have seen a suggestion that the South Australian precedent in this regard be extended to other states. Thirdly, we have seen the efforts to reform the law of defamation. It's like the curate's egg — there are some good and some bad things in the package. The good things are those which they have taken from the LRC report. The bad things are those in which they have decided to stray from the straight and narrow which the Commission suggested. But it is a step generally in the right direction to try and get a uniform law.

Australian imprisonment rates are high by world standards and without any noticeable increase in law-abiding conduct.

PLAYBOY: Of the Commission's 14 tabled substantive and pending reports, which do you consider the most important?

KIRBY: I regard our institutional achievement — helping Parliament cope with the pressures of a changing society — as most important. But if I had to put store on one particular report, it would be the one on criminal investigation. That was largely the work of Gareth Evans, then a commissioner and now the federal Attorney-General. It is important because it seeks to do what no other English-speaking country has ever done. It seeks to articulate in a single statute the basic laws which will govern the rights and duties of citizens and police in a moment critical for freedom — the time when a person is under suspicion. It is very easy to be in favor of rights and freedoms when everything is going well and there is no controversy. When rights matter most is when you have somebody under suspicion being interrogated. The report introduced many reforms, including sound-recording of confessions to police, and I believe pride of authorship will ensure that Senator Evans will do something about bringing it into law.

PLAYBOY: If the law and the citizenry can be separated, which of the reports do you consider will have the greatest impact on society?

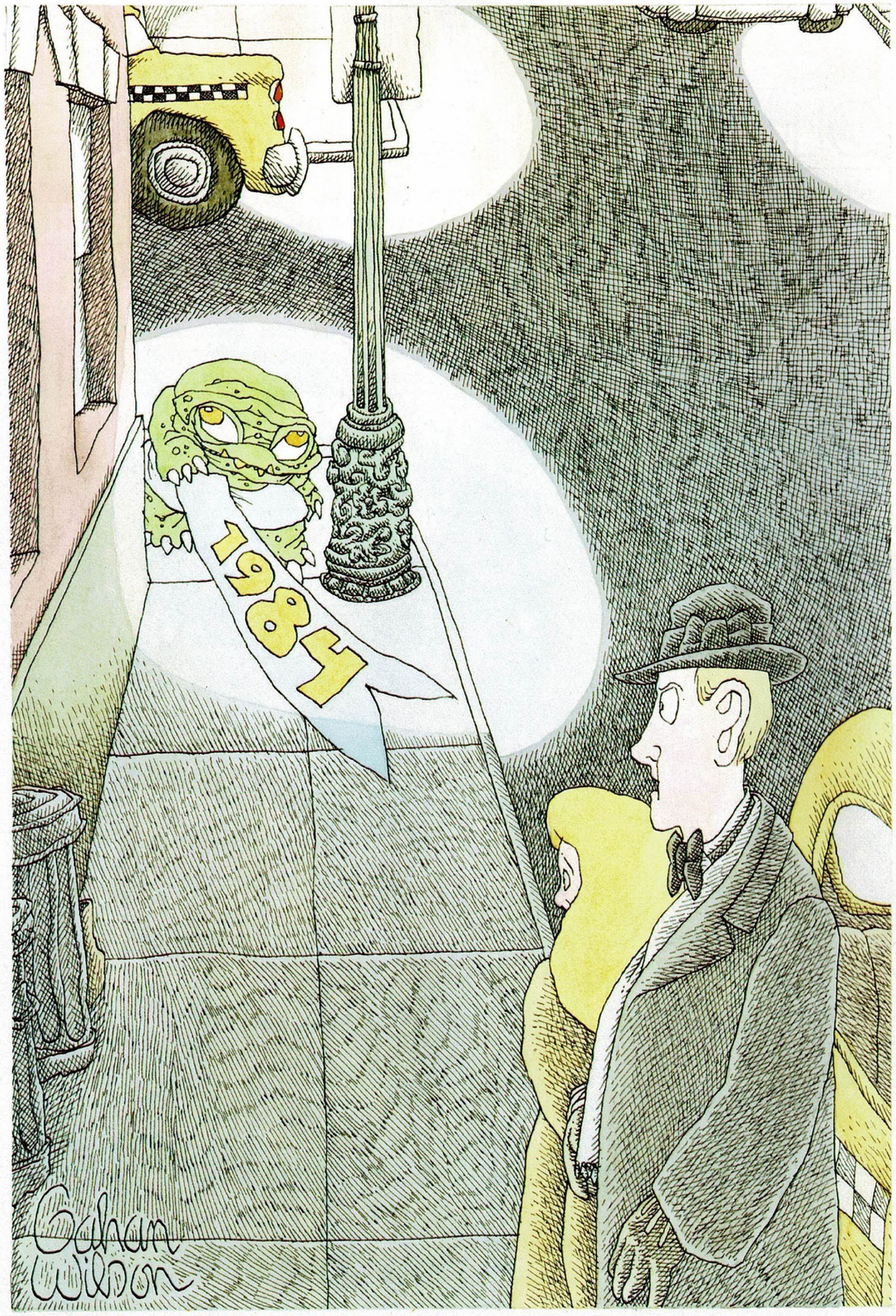
KIRBY: If any report will have relevance to the society of the future, it is the report soon to be delivered on privacy protection. It deals with future problems — telephonic interception, bugging, optical devices which can intrude into areas thought to be private and, above all, the computerisation of personal information. That information will be the basis on which all decisions are going to be made about all of us in the 21st century, from the cradle to the grave — not on a personal encounter, but on what your computer profile says about you.

PLAYBOY: You have said that no recommendations have stirred greater reaction than those dealing with the privacy of young people. Has this been because the recommendations touched on the sexual behavior of the young or because they were seen to erode traditional parental roles?

KIRBY: It was because of both those matters. Sex is a constant fascination, indeed obsession, with English-speaking people. It may go even beyond that. But there are parents who believe they have an Old Testament right over their children, even to the point of treating their children as chattels. We had people writing to us asserting: "While the child remains under my roof, eating at my table, being supported by me, he or she will do as I say." That attitude didn't seem to us to be motivated by love; it was an assertion of rights. Many of the people who wrote, of course, were very well motivated. They saw children as immature people who had need of parental guidance. Because the report caused a lot of anxiety and because the response alerted us to a political and real concern, we re-examined the matter. I believe our final proposals will be more acceptable.

PLAYBOY: In referring to your proposals, the Prime Minister was recently accused by one Sydney mother of lowering the age of puberty. Was that typical of the gut response of parents?

(continued on page 130)



"I don't like the looks of that!"

ORSON WELLES:
GENIUS WITHOUT PORTFOLIO

although he's been flogging wine in america and photocopiers in oz, the man who made* citizen kane *is too "uncommercial" for hollywood

article by barbara leaming

IN 1975, the American Film Institute gave Orson Welles a star-studded banquet in the Los Angeles Room of the Century Plaza Hotel to present him with its Life Achievement award. Film clips of the past two winners, director John Ford and actor James Cagney, flashed on a giant screen as the announcer said, "Tonight, we honor *the third man.*"

Nelson Riddle and his orchestra struck up the theme from a movie with one of Welles's most famous performances, *The Third Man.* Spotlights focused on the panelled door, as the announcer continued: "The American Film Institute spotlights a director, an actor, a writer, a producer — and here *they* are: Orson Welles."

Into the glare slid the massive grey-bearded Welles. For all his bulk, he rolled quickly and forcefully ahead, his great flat feet as close to the ground as the treads of an armored tank. He wore a tie nearly the size of a

ILLUSTRATION BY SANDRA HENDLER

pillowcase, and he carried a script under his arm as he took his place at the red-draped dais facing a stage plastered with blow-ups of his many eminent film characters: the young shirt-sleeved maverick in *Citizen Kane;* the white-haired hulk of a Falstaff in *Chimes at Midnight;* the handsome Irish rogue in *Lady from Shanghai;* the obscenely fat, dissipated slob in *Touch of Evil.*

To Welles's right sat his darkly beautiful third wife, Paola — the Italian Countess di Girfalco — and to his left was his towering blonde look-alike daughter Beatrice. Pecking each on the cheek, Welles turned to acknowledge the electric applause of the banquet hall where the round pink tables were filled with Tinseltown elite: Charlton Heston, Jack Lemmon, Johnny Carson, Natalie Wood, Rosalind Russell, Groucho Marx, as well as assorted moguls and money men who had come to toast Welles's film-making as having "stood the test of time".

Frank Sinatra sang *The Gentleman Is A Champ,* to the tune of *The Lady Is A Tramp* — an unfortunate irony since America's greatest film maker had been tramping about Europe for years. He hadn't made a movie in Hollywood since *Touch of Evil,* in 1957; and before that, he had spent another down-at-heels decade making low-budget pictures in Europe whenever he could scrape together the cash.

After Sinatra, Ingrid Bergman gave a testimonial: "I think that it must have been a great burden for him to have made a masterpiece when he was 24 years old," she said, talking about *Kane,* "and it must have been very hard to live up to it all those years. . . I've been working in Europe when Orson Welles was working in Europe, and we had hardships — both of us. . . I knew how he was working, and we saw pictures produced by Orson, directed by Orson, written by Orson, arranged by Orson, acted by Orson, clothes by. . . he had done everything. Still, he had his troubles. And the joke started in Europe saying that Orson Welles is running out of countries."

There was much laughter at that, indicating how aware all Hollywood was of Welles's plight. But no one howled more than Welles, his pudgy eyes crinkling with delight. For he grasped the evening's irony better than anyone — and now he was prepared to milk the occasion for all it was worth.

"Now he has come back to his own country," Bergman continued, "and in great style."

In effect, although Welles had long been flitting in and out of Hollywood, the American Film Institute tribute was supposed to be his official home-coming to a Tinseltown whose citizens were slightly embarrassed about the unjust fate of the man who had made *Citizen Kane.* His problems were usually explained away by repeating the rumors that he was an extraordinarily expensive and troublesome director, which those who have worked with him will tell you is simply not true. Welles, on the other hand, was guilty of the only true sin: he had never been able to engineer a blockbuster. While the entire industry respected his artistic genius — to which the AFI dinner was a testimonial — it also thought he was just too artistic to be bankable.

"Here we are," Bergman concluded, "and I'm so happy that the American Film Institute has asked me to come and I also can pay my tribute to you and thank you that you have shown the world what real *courage* is and *tenacity* and, of course, your dazzling talent. So, therefore, I say bravo, Orson, and hit us *again* with your talent!"

After more speeches and a showing of clips from Welles's classic films, Sinatra clasped the great man's hand and led him to the transparent lucite rostrum, where Welles pressed the trophy to his stomach. Then he began to thank his hosts in what composer Virgil Thomson called "the most beautiful voice in the world".

"My father once told me," gentleman Welles began, "that the art of receiving a compliment is, of all things, the sign of a civilised man. And he died soon afterward, leaving my education in this important matter sadly incomplete."

"A maverick may go his own way, but he doesn't think that it's the only way or ever claim that it's the best one — except maybe for himself."

If the members of the crowd tittered somewhat nervously, it was because they weren't sure whether or not that was supposed to be a joke — a joke about someone's father *dying?*

"My heart is full," Welles continued, cooing. "With a full heart — with all of it — I thank you."

He seemed to have finished. But no sooner had everyone applauded than he picked up again.

"There are a few of us left in this conglomerated world of ours," he said, "who still trudge stubbornly along the lonely, rocky road, and this is, in fact, our contrariety. We don't move nearly as fast as our cousins on the freeway. We don't even get as much accomplished, just as the family-sized farm can't possibly raise as many crops or get as much profit as the agricultural factory of today. What we do come up with has no special right to call itself better. It's just different. No, if there's any excuse for us at all, it's that we're simply following the old American tradition of the maverick. And we are a vanishing breed. This honor I can only accept in the name of all the mavericks. And also as a tribute to the generosity of all the rest of you — to the givers — to the ones with fixed addresses."

On those words, Welles paused, raised his eyebrows and stared intently at his evening's benefactors, who were not unaware that he was playfully indicting them, using the occasion to remind them that they had shut him out, that they had been cosily ensconced in Hollywood while he — the genius, the *dazzling talent* — had kicked around the world.

What generosity had they shown, denying him the money to make films all those years? "A maverick may go his own way," Welles continued, "but he doesn't think that it's the only way or ever claim that it's the best one — except maybe for himself. And don't imagine that *this* raggle-taggle gypsy is claiming to be free. It's just that some of the necessities to which *I* am a slave are different from yours. As a director, for instance, I pay myself out of my acting jobs. I use my own work to subsidise my work. In other words, I'm crazy. But not crazy enough to pretend to be free. But it's a fact that many of the films you've seen tonight could never have been made otherwise. Or if otherwise — well, they might have been better. But certainly, they wouldn't have been mine."

Finally, "just by way of saying goodnight," Welles introduced a clip from his unfinished movie, titled *The Other Side Of The Wind* — about a legendary film-maker named Jake Hannaford and his desperate struggle to raise funds.

"The scene that you're going to see," explained Welles, clasping his hands and glaring at the money men around him, "takes place in a projection room, and waiting there is the capital B Big Studio Boss. The director has a stooge, and the stooge is trying to sell the unfinished movie that Jake is making, which needs end money. . ."

End money was what Welles really wanted — and deserved — from these people, not the trophy with the silver star on top. But the next morning, after the applause and the tributes and the toasts, he *still* couldn't get financing for a film. Nor the next morning, nor the next, nor the next.

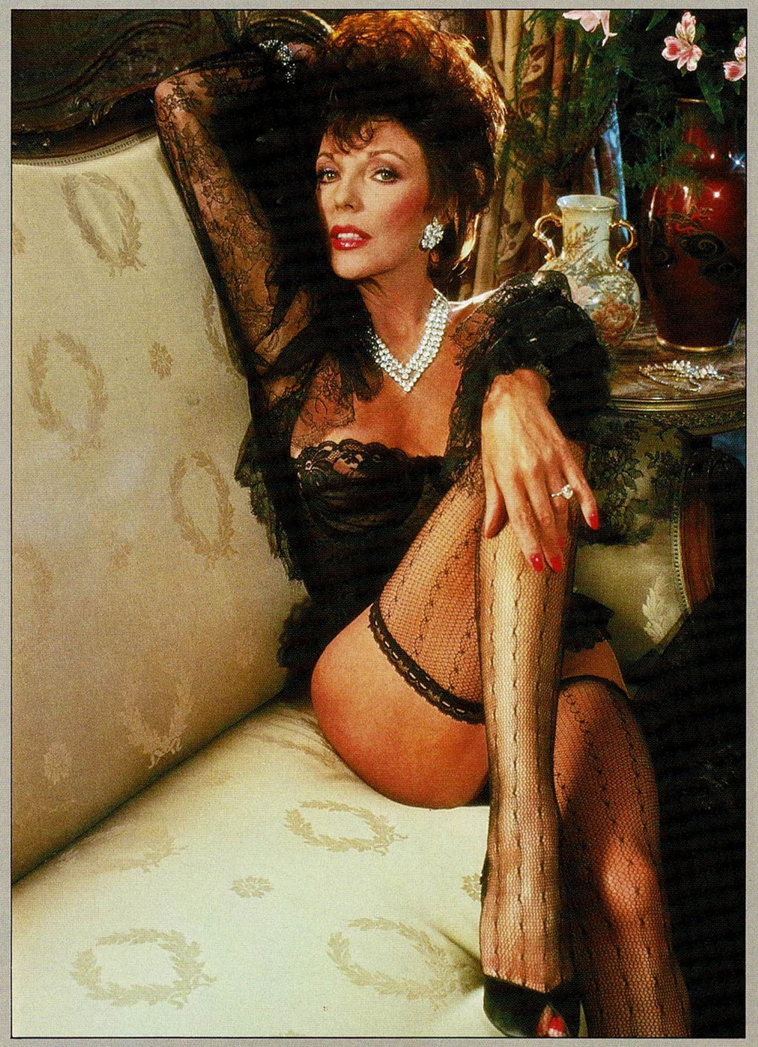
•

In Hollywood, Welles is known as a most entertaining — and prestigious — dinner partner. Besides his tales of Chaplin and Garbo and Bogart, there are the notorious, sometimes apocryphal stories about himself — such as the one about why William Randolph Hearst was *really* so livid about *Citizen Kane.* In 1941, faced with his wrath and the threat of lawsuits, Welles claimed that *Kane* hadn't been based on Hearst and his mistress Marion Davies. But more recently Welles told a pal that somehow, before making the movie, he had found out the secret name by which Hearst called

(continued on page 126)

JOAN COLLINS UNVEILED

HOW'S THIS as a plot line for Dynasty, *the soapy series of sex and corporate intrigue that's become an international mania: Alexis Carrington Colby — a woman so evil and conniving she makes J.R. Ewing look like Mother Teresa — decides to pose for* PLAYBOY. *The word goes out to Blake, her slick and sometimes sinister ex-husband, and Krystal, his stunning, goody-two-shoes second wife. Of course, Alexis will have to tell her two sons, the mentally unstable Adam (don't mention the word breakdown or he'll fly into a rage) and the homosexual Steven, who had such radical plastic surgery last season that it allowed the producers to pull the ultimate in soap-opera* chutzpah *— to fire one actor and replace him with another without changing the character. Let's say Alexis gathers*

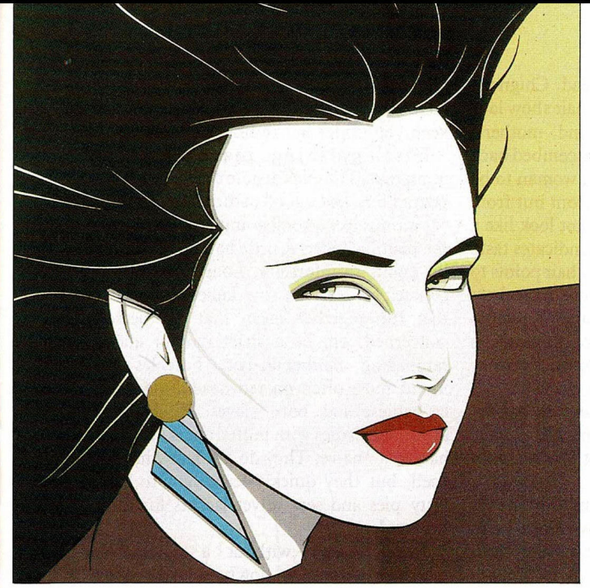


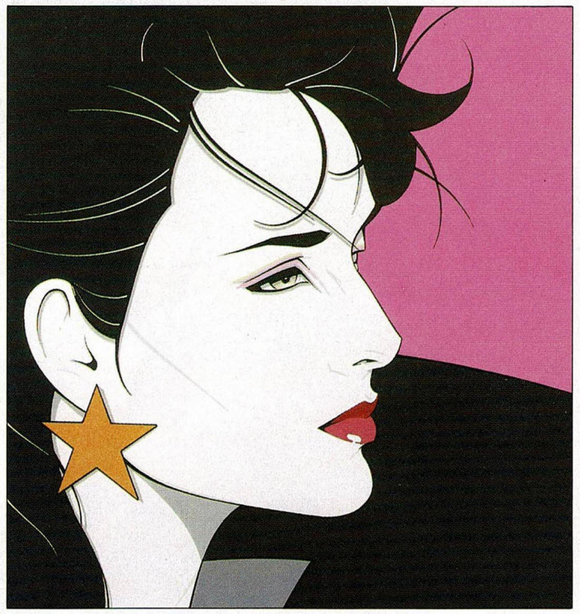
all of them, plus her daughter, her ex-son-in-law and assorted others, in her penthouse office overlooking Denver. What will she say? "I'm appearing in PLAYBOY, with a modicum of tasteful eroticism because I know that it looks good," she'll announce, sipping her glass of Louis Roederer Cristal champagne. "If I didn't look good I wouldn't do it. I'm far too vain. I've too much pride and I'm much too intelligent to stand there with fat arms and a big, fat belly. To me, I've got a great body," she'll say. "Sometimes, it looks terrific; and if it's photographed right, it can look absolutely great." Blake looks stunned; Krystal is envious. Steven seems puzzled, and Adam starts to have flashbacks to the mental hospital in Montana. "So I thought, fuck it, what the hell," Alexis will

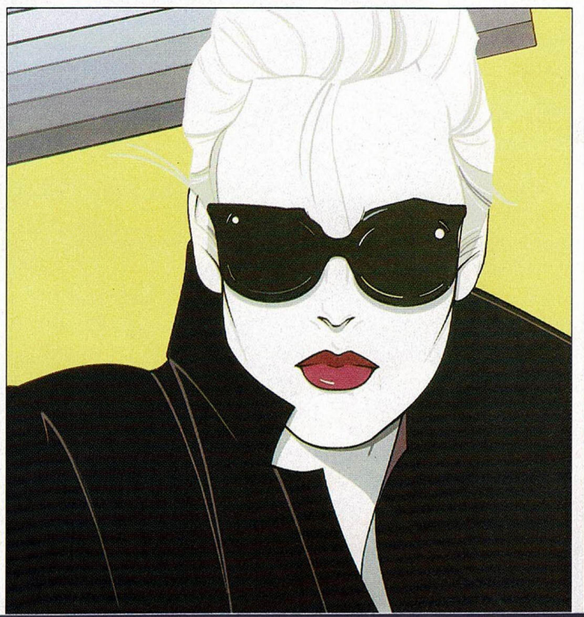
It took two of the biggest names in photography to do justice to TV's reigning sex queen. Right, George Hurrell's classic style captures Joan in black and white. Above, Mario Casilli works his magic in color.

continue, strutting around the well-appointed set in an outfit that makes Nancy Reagan look like a bargain-basement hound. "It's like having an affair. That means nothing to me. I do what I want." Sound like the Alexis we've come to know and fantasise about? Regular Dynasty *fans probably will not be surprised to learn that those words were actually uttered by Joan Collins, the 48-year-old actress who has made Alexis into TV's top sex symbol for men and an unlikely heroine for women. Those who have followed her more than 50 movies or her escapades that have scandalised Great Britain for years, see it as a fitting role for their favorite legend. So when* *(continued on page 100)*

Hurrell, who's no stranger to glamor, and Joan became instant friends for this series of black and white portraits. "Her sexuality is natural, both on camera and off," he says.







A GUIDE FOR THE MARRYING MAN

in which renowned writer anton chekhov tells how to choose a winner for the big one

SINCE THE SUBJECT of this article deals with a secret intended for men only and requires a mental effort which is utterly beyond many ladies, I request fathers, husbands, officers of the law, et al, to insure that it is never read by ladies and young maidens. The principles of this guide are not the product of a single mind, but constitute the quintessence of all existing oracles, physiognomical studies, cabalistic tracts and perennial discussions with experienced husbands and the most competent proprietresses of fashion houses. The married state has many good sides. Without it, daughters would spend their whole lives hanging around their fathers' necks and many musicians would have nothing to eat as there would be no weddings. Medicine teaches us that bachelors generally die insane, whereas married men die without having had time to go out of their minds. A bachelor's tie is tied by a maid, whereas a husband's is tied by his wife. Marriage is also good because it is available to all. Rich, poor, blind, young, old, healthy, sick, Russian, Chinese — they can all marry. Only imbeciles and madmen are the exceptions. Fools, blockheads and brutes can marry to their hearts' content.

When courting a girl, first of all pay attention to her appearance, since appearance is a clue to a person's character. Observe the following: color of hair and eyes, height, walk and distinctive marks.

Women are classified by hair color as blonde, black-haired, brown-haired, etc. **Blondes** are usually well behaved, modest and sentimental; they love their mums and dads, weep over novels and are kind to animals. They are upright in character, strictly conservative and not terribly bright. To the loves of others they are sensitive, yet in their own love life they are as cold as fish. In the most romantic moment a blonde may yawn and say: "Don't forget to send for calico tomorrow!" They turn sour, put on weight and go downhill soon after marriage. They are fertile, love children and cry at the drop of a hat. They never forgive their husbands' love affairs, but

ILLUSTRATION BY PAT NAGEL

readily become involved in their own. Blonde wives are generally mystical, suspicious and prone to seeing themselves as martyrs.

Black-haired women are less rational than blondes. They are lively, fickle, capricious, hot tempered; they often quarrel with their mothers and slap their maids. By the age of 12 they have learned to "pay no heed to wicked men". They study poorly, hate their teachers, love novels — but skip descriptions of nature and re-read declarations of love five times. They are ardent and passionate and love recklessly, madly, breathlessly . . . A black-haired wife is like a full-scale inquisition. On the one hand there is passion that would sicken the devil himself; on the other, caprice, love of finery, daredevil logic, screaming and whining. They are quickly reconciled to their husband's adulteries and pay them back in kind.

Brown-haired women are like neither their fair nor black-haired sisters. They constitute a middle plane between the former and the latter, but think of themselves as dark brunettes.

Redheads are cunning, false, evil, deceitful — they do not understand love without deceit. They are usually very well built and have a splendid rosy skin all over their bodies.

It is said that demons and fiends are sure to marry redheads. Where there is deceit, there is also pettiness and cowardice. You need only raise your voice and say to a redhead, "I'll fix you!" and she will cringe and crawl over to kiss you.

The **hairdo** is of no little consequence in choosing a wife. Smoothly combed, sleek hair and a white part denotes simple-mindedness and limited aspirations. This hairdo is most often seen on seamstresses, shopkeepers and tradesmen's daughters. Bobbed hair pulled down over the forehead indicates frivolity, a small mind and lust. Women usually wear such hairdos in an attempt to hide a low forehead. Chignons and assorted ringlets of false hair show lack of taste, no imagination and mother's meddling in the coiffure. Hair combed back to front suggests a desire in a woman to be attractive not only from the front but from the back. If this hairdo does not look like a heavy tower of Babel, then it indicates taste and an easy disposition. Curly hair points to playfulness and an artistic nature. A careless, tousled hairdo suggests doubt or mental laziness. A woman's way of thinking is hidden in her hairdo. If a woman is grey or bald and still tries to marry, it means she has lots of money. The less hairpins in a hairdo, the more resourceful the woman is and the more certain one can be that it is her own hair.

Now to **eye color**. Blue, languishing eyes denote faithfulness, submissiveness and gentleness. Blue, bulging eyes are most often found in thieving and mercenary women. Black eyes signify passion, quick temper and deceit. Note that intelligent women rarely have black eyes. Fashionable women, gigglers and simpletons usually have grey eyes. Hazel eyes suggest love of gossip and envy of another's wardrobe.

Select a woman of **medium height.** Tall women are somewhat coarse and they hit hard, whereas little women tend to be fidgets and like to scream, scratch and sting. Avoid hunchbacks: they are wicked and spiteful.

A hurried **walk** with a backward turn of the head bespeaks flightiness and levity. A lazy gait is usually found in a woman whose heart is already taken — you won't find your supper there. A woman who walks like a duck, waddling and wagging her bustle, is kind, complacent and sometimes dumb. One finds a proud, swan-like walk in **ladies of a certain kind** and in kept women. The haughtier the walk, the older and richer the keeper. When young girls walk like this, it is an indication of conceit and narrow-mindedness. If a lady does not walk but glides like a peacock, then turn back —she'll feed you, comfort you, but will be sure to keep you under her thumb.

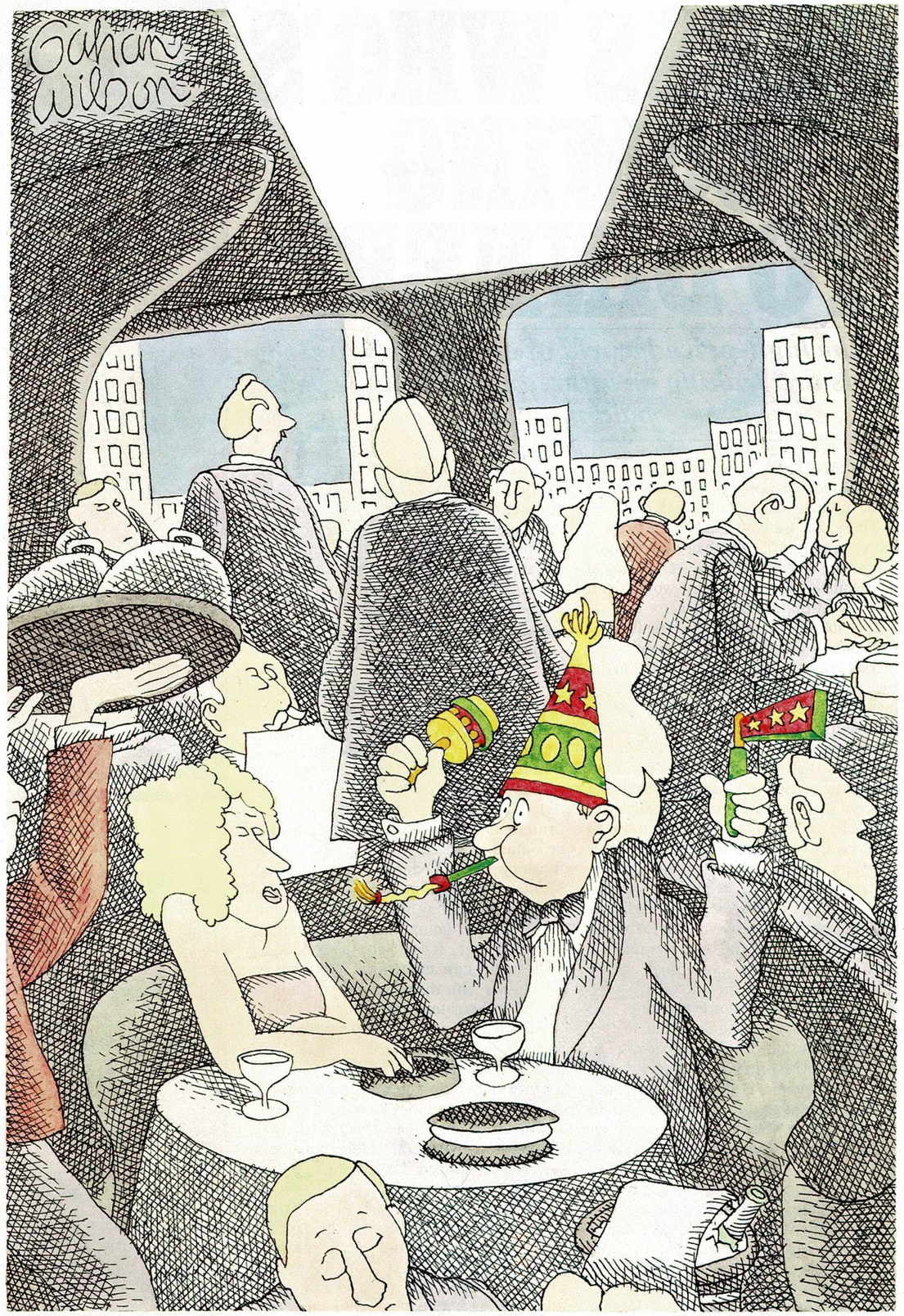
Distinguishing marks are not numerous. Dimples denote coquetry, secret peccadillos, and a good nature. Dimples and squinting eyes promise much, but not for the platonic lover. A little hair on the upper lip points to infertility. Long nails can, of course, be seen on fine ladies. Eyebrows that run together mean that the person concerned will be a strict mother and a rampaging mother-in-law. Freckles are found most often on red-headed demons, crybabies, and born slaves. Plump and appetising ladies with puffed cheeks and red hands are naive. They do not know how to spell, but they quickly learn how to bake tasty pies and sew velvet jackets for their husbands.

Never marry without a dowry. A marriage without a dowry is like honey without a spoon, Santa Claus without a beard or ships without sails. Love is one thing and dowry another. Ask at once for 200,000 rubles. After you have stunned them all with the figures, start bargaining, put on airs, stall for time, but make sure you receive the dowry before the wedding. Don't accept any promissory notes, bonds or shares; feel and sniff every ruble note and hold them all up to the light, because it is not unusual for parents to pay counterfeit money for their daughters' dowries.

Besides the money, try to grab for yourself as much as you can. Even a bad wife should bring with her: (a) as much furniture as possible and a piano; (b) one swansdown bedcover and three quilts — silk, wool, and cotton; (c) two fur coats, one for holidays and another for weekdays; (d) an ample supply of dishware eg a tea service, dinnerware, cooking pots, kitchen accessories, etc; (e) 18 chemises of the best Dutch linen (with trimmings); Six bed jackets of the same linen with lace trimming; six nankeen bed jackets; half a dozen pairs of bloomers, also nankeen, and six of English chiffon; six skirts of brocaded silk with edgings and insertions; a *peignoir* of Victorian cambric and four *demi-peignoirs* of ditto; six pairs of striped muslin bloomers. Sheets, pillow cases, bonnets, stockings, fustian shirts, garters, tablecloths, kerchiefs, etc, in sufficient quantity. Check all of this yourself, count every item and if something is missing, demand it immediately. (Don't take children's clothing, since this is a bad omen: where there are children's clothes, there are no children; where there are children, there are no children's clothes); (f) instead of dresses, the fashion of which changes quickly, ask for material in yards; (g) don't marry without silverware!

After you marry, be firm and just with your wife; don't let her forget herself. And in every misunderstanding tell her: "Don't forget, I've made you happy!"

"Finally! A man who understands foreplay."



"You're always trying too hard, Eddy!"

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER?

in the high-priced world of escort agencies, the girls are making an after-dinner mint, reports paul munro

"WE CAN HAVE SEX now if you want," she pouted, "as long as you don't mind what my hair looks like through dinner."

There was no contest. Dinner was far more important. Her hair stayed immaculate, if you can call teased Steelo immaculate. She was a hard woman and she was all mine. For a price.

It costs $250 to rent a likely lady for a few hours from one of Sydney's upmarket escort agencies. A hefty sum in the age of austerity. For money like that, a man expects someone special. She should be able to feign sincerity and know not to drink out of finger bowls. And, callow creatures that men are, she should, of course, be luscious. . . in a restrained sort of way. In short, the kind of woman you would be proud to take home to mum to show how well you're doing in the world. Or more importantly. . . to impress the right sort of people. People with whom one hopes to do business. More deals are won and lost over the dinner table than in the boardroom and the kind of woman a man takes along to a big dinner can be absolutely critical to the outcome.

Appearances count for everything. In a perfect world they wouldn't, but in this world they do. Cultivate the appearance of runaway success and people always want a piece of the action. And a gorgeous, witty woman hanging off one's arm is an essential prop. Successful men attract exciting women and who's going to know if she's *rented* glamor?

A chap visiting Sydney for a few days has little choice but to rely on the agencies to find the right woman, and pray like hell that she lives up to those grandiose claims. The language in the advertisements, accompanied by coyly seductive sketches of suitably swish ladies, seems convincing: ". . . exclusive escorts and hostesses for those with discerning taste . . . elegant hostesses for wining and dining. . . escorts for all occasions . . . beautiful and intelligent ladies for those special occasions. . . credit cards welcome. . ."

They seem to know what is required — but do they really? As a man who makes his living from the communications industry, I have to visit Sydney four or five times a year to service business contacts. Inevitably a certain amount of entertaining must be done and it is always important to maintain the right impression. Rather than rely on friends or associates to find me a dinner companion and fall prey to the ugly sister syndrome, I wondered if the escort agencies could not perhaps do it better.

If the publicity is to be believed, they are brimming with ladies of impeccable grooming, delicate beauty and Swiss finishing school pedigree.

After checking into the Hyatt Kingsgate I rang around a few of the agencies to find out what the going rate is for renting human beings. It isn't cheap — $250 to $300 being upmarket norm for three or four hours with the meter running at $50 or $60 an hour for every hour after that.

The tricky part is sniffing out the agencies which offer more than thinly disguised sex for sale.

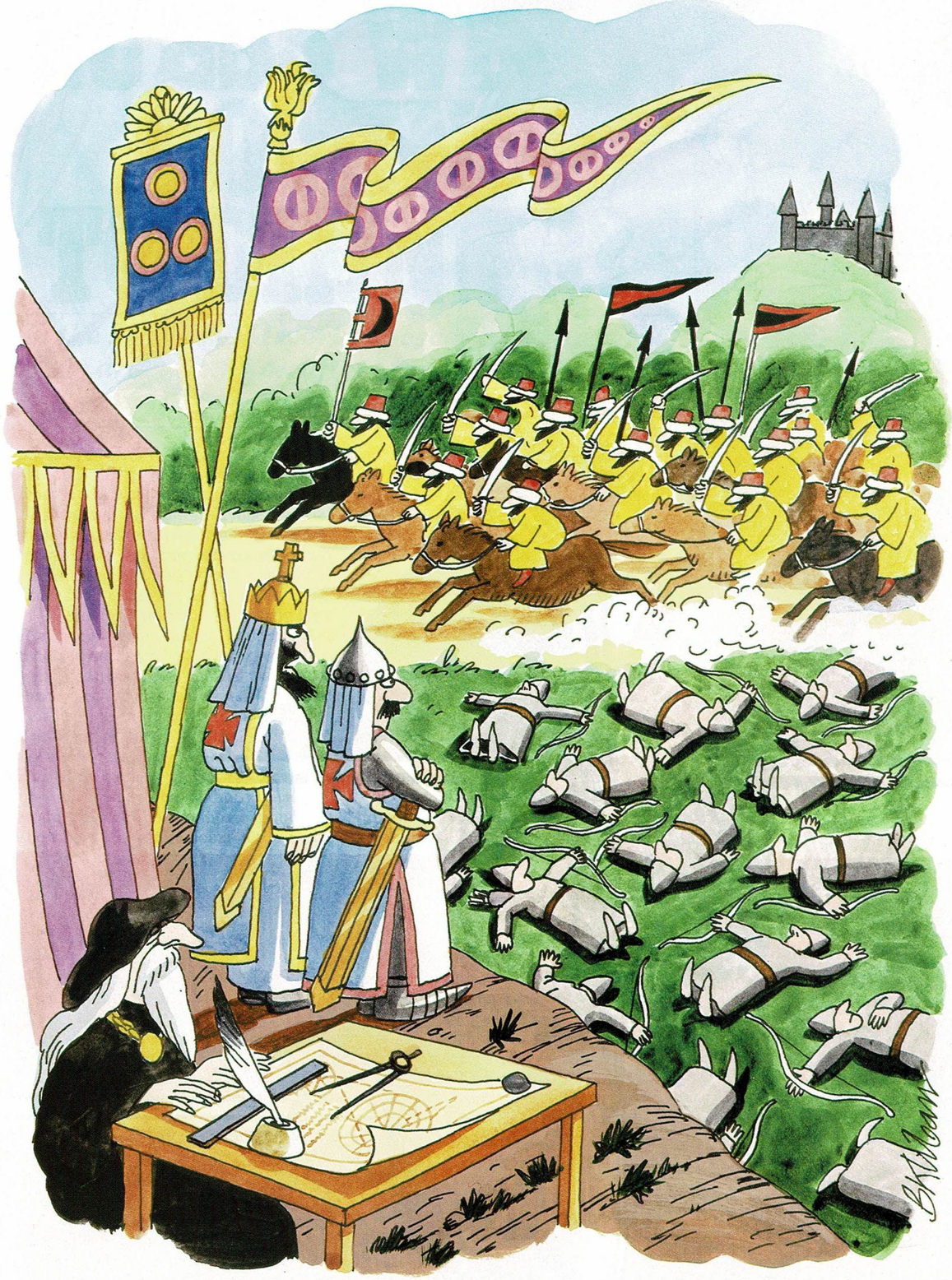
Once they have you on the line it isn't easy to get off, and they all want to sell you a woman. I explained that the lady I wanted must have undeniable cachet and be well equipped to impress in an executive environment.

"Let me be blunt," I said. "I don't want a tart. I want someone for the specific purpose of entertaining at a business dinner party, someone who is bright, pretty, a good conversationalist and hopefully with a good sense of humor."

Oh yes, they all had just the girl for me.

Eventually there is nothing for it except

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI



"I guess I can always say we lost because of fallen archers!"

to put one's faith in the almighty dollar and hope that money does indeed buy class. Feeling uncomfortably like a man sticking his head into a noose, I opted for the only agency where a man answered the phone. He sounded slightly more nervous than I was and I thought I might be able to bully him. I recited my needs, which had by this time become as familiar as a favorite childhood poem. There was a pause and then he said he would get back to me as soon as he knew who was available.

This is nonsense.

The agency knows someone is *always* available. It is merely a ploy to give the agency time to check you out, to make sure you are who you say you are and that you're legitimately booked into the hotel.

The chap called back in a few minutes. "I think we can help you, sir," he told me reassuringly. "We have two ladies who would be suitable. One is called Ann. She's about 28 with dark hair, very attractive, vivacious personality, popular at dinner parties. The other lady is about 23 or 24, blonde, good sense of humor and her name is Terese.

"Which one looks the best?" I asked.

"The blonde."

"Intelligent?"

"Oh yes."

"She'll do fine."

We set a time for 7.30 that evening; she would come to my room. The price would be $250 for four hours, $50 for every hour after that. I could pay by Bankcard, Visa, Mastercharge, Diners Club but not American Express because, he said, American Express does not, um, use escort agencies.

I said I would pay cash.

Then with three hours to wait I did something very silly. I went to a pub and got drunk. Whether it was nerves, dread or that mischievous little devil called alcoholism who lurks in the soul of every hack, I cannot honestly say, but by the time 7.30 rolled around I was steaming. I just made it back to my room, reeking of grog, when a timid knock at the door signalled my lady's arrival.

Terese was a beefy, heavily made-up blonde. Her hair, which she told me was the height of fashion and she should know 'cause she used to be a beautician and would have her own business one day, looked as if she'd had a very nasty fright. It sort of leaped away from her head in erratic peroxide tufts which swayed when she moved.

She wore a vivid aqua pantsuit and a fur jacket of indeterminable origin. I offered her a glass of champagne and poured a tumbler for myself, which I needed at that point about as much as a blazing refinery needs more petrol.

Fortunately we would be having dinner with an extremely tolerant chap and his equally tolerant wife. If everything went disastrously, it was just possible he might find it in his heart to forgive me and not sever our business relationship entirely.

Terese seemed quite surprised that all I really wanted her for was a dinner party. "Do you supply sex as well?" I asked.

She nodded and her hair wobbled.

"You mean we could do it here and now?"

That's when she gave me the ultimatum about hair or dinner. I didn't have the heart to tell her. I didn't even have the heart to tell her that what I really wanted was for her to go home and change into something a little less obvious.

Terese was clearly under the impression she was perfectly attired for an executive dinner. I knew exactly what impression my guests would have. My only hope was that I could phone Trev, my business contact, the following morning, own up and trust him to understand, being the civilised fellow that he is. In the meantime, more for Terese's benefit than my own, we would see our little charade through.

"You have to pay me now," said Terese.

I gave her $250 and watched her count it with eyes like an SP man. Then she said she had to phone the agency and let them know everything was all right. I was trapped and the only recourse I had was piss-artist's logic. . . keep drinking. The more you drink the more beautiful they become. As Dean Martin once said, the only difference between a dog and a fox is three drinks. Perhaps after 23, Terese would look like Marilyn Monroe. Now if only I could persuade my other guests to drink at the same rate.

Terese seemed quite surprised that all I really wanted her for was a dinner party. "Do you supply sex as well?" I asked. She nodded.

I told Terese we would explain our relationship as "just friends". We had been introduced recently by a mutual acquaintance. That was fine by Terese though any mug could see we had about as much in common as Fred Nile and Madame Lash. Anything was fine by Terese.

"I suppose this all sounds a bit funny," I ventured, struggling to humanise the evening just a little bit.

"Nah," she said, "I do it all the time."

"I thought you told me your clients never take you out to dinner," I said, risking our precarious rapport.

"I do what the client wants," she said. "That's what I get paid for. You can be anything you want, it doesn't matter to me."

Charming.

I took a deep breath and it was time we ventured out into the Sydney night.

●

I doubt if I have had a more uncomfortable walk through the lobby of a hotel in my life Drunk as I was, it felt like an hour as I took long strides toward the main door in search of a taxi, Terese flouncing along beside me in her fur jacket and painful pantsuit. All the way I felt as though the word "whoremonger" was emblazoned in capital letters on the back of my jacket.

The taxi sped us into darkest Paddington and our destination, Darcy's. Trev and his wife were already seated at an upstairs table and bless their little hearts if they didn't stay poker-faced through the introductions. I can't say I remember much about that dinner. The vodka martini and red wine performed volatile alchemy with the fermenting beer and champagne already in my system.

Terese's approach to the evening seemed to be to volunteer nothing and speak only when spoken to.

"And how long have you known Paul?" asked Trev's wife.

"A while," said Terese.

"And how did you meet?" she persevered with what I believe was just a hint of mischief in her eyes.

"Through a friend," said Terese.

Trev kept shooting me little sideways glances but that could have been because of Terese or because I was about to fall into my dinner.

As impressions go it was a beauty. I was doing a very good impression of a very bad businessman. At some point I think I may even have fallen asleep.

When dinner finally stumbled to an end and I struggled into a rare moment of lucidity, I suggested it might be a good idea if I went to bed.

"I think that's a very good idea," said Trev with just a touch of ice in his voice.

Though she had done nothing to make the evening a success Terese wasn't altogether responsible for its failure.

In fact, by her strategy of saying nothing, she acquitted herself far more respectably than I did. And she did her duty for the money.

With the meter fast running out on our allotted four hours, she got me back to my room and helped me on to the bed and inquired whether I would be needing her services any longer at $50 an hour.

All illusion of dignity having evaporated at this point, I mumbled: "You mean you don't throw in a root for the $250?"

"You've had your time," she snapped. "We could have stayed here if you wanted but you wanted to go out to dinner. Now I have to phone the agency and let them know what I'm doing so if you want it, you can pay for it!"

She phoned the agency to announce she was finished for the night, obviously expecting me to weaken in the face of such

(continued on page 131)

PRINCESS FROM THE PAMPAS

"When I go to France, they think I'm French. When I go to Italy, they think I'm Italian. Anywhere I go, that's where they think I'm from. It's amazing!" Veronica Gamba is deceived. Such exotica are rarely home-grown. She is, as you may suspect, a transplant — from Argentina. Indeed, her ancestors were among the founders of the Argentine Republic, which makes her a sort of princess of the pampas.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Since high school, Veronica has been a fashion model working an international circuit that has included Houston, New York, France and Italy. Most of the time, she travels with her mother. "She's my best friend," Veronica says. "She's always for me, whatever I want to do. Anything! She gives me advice, I give her advice; that kind of relationship. I think it's nice to have a friend, not just a parent."

The relationship does come in handy. For obvious reasons, there aren't too many girls who want to hang out with Veronica. "I get along much better with men than with women," she admits. "Women always think I'm out to get their boyfriends. I mean, I don't even have to open my mouth. All I have to do is walk down the street and they give me dirty looks. It's a weird feeling." We can see the problem. Veronica *is* intimidating. She's bright and self-assured. Her travels have left her with an insight that comes close to sophistication. Besides English, she speaks Spanish and Italian well enough to get by.

And because she thought at one time that she would like to be a news reader, she studied communications at Brown Institute for a year. However, when we met her, she had already decided that movie acting was a better game. So far, she has appeared in two small parts: one in *Smokey and the Bandit Part III* and the other in *Ladies' Night,* in which she portrays one of Christopher Atkins' girlfriends. She's no dilettante in the performing arts, either. She's done children's theatre, studied ballet for many years and is an accomplished tap dancer.

"I would like someday to win an Oscar," she declares. "I'd like to be given the opportunity to read for a role that might give me that, instead of having producers say, 'OK, the girl has a nice body. Let's stick her in a bathing suit and put her in a hot tub with eight guys.' I don't want those roles."

Frankly, Veronica hasn't had much luck with even one guy. She blames her travels for half the problem, her own jealousy for the balance. "I'm a very jealous person. Stupid jealous. I think it's a sickness. It's OK for me to look at other guys but not for my boyfriend to look at other girls. It's so sick. I should be put away!"

We'll lay odds that it'll be a long time before Veronica settles down. "I just don't really know what I want yet. I'd like a relationship. I've always had a good one to one with my mother, and I'd like that with a man. But I also want to be independent. I'm not the type who can just marry a millionaire for his money. If I like somebody, it's for himself. If it came to that, I'd rather be the one with the money. I want my own, you know what I mean?"

"I sometimes wonder if I'm ever going to get married. I think I will, but I can't see it right now. I really can't. I can't even see the next guy I'm going to date. I'm a very picky person. But I'm not concerned about it, because right now, my career means more to me, and I wouldn't want to hurt the relationship because of it."

"My brother used to get PLAYBOY and hide it under his bed. I used to crawl under there and get it when he went to school. Then my girlfriend and I would look at it and laugh hysterically at the pictures. It's not that they were funny; it's just that that's what little girls do. I thought, me *get undressed? I'd never do nudes!"*

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Veronica Lamba

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 28/10/63 BIRTHPLACE: Buenos Aires, Argentina

AMBITIONS: To become an Oscar-winning actress!

TURN-ONS: A well-defined body, fast cars, all types of dancing.

TURN-OFFS: Lima beans, rude people, waiting in line

FAVORITE MOVIES: Flashdance!!! Rocky III, E.T., Sound of Music, Tess

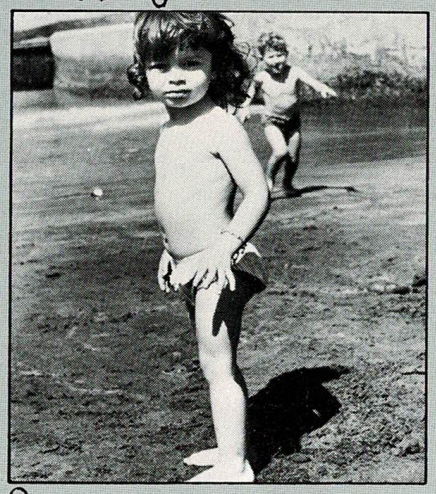
FAVORITE FOODS: Burritos, lobster, shrimp, Wiener Schnitzel (PRETZELS with MUSTARD!)

FAVORITE PLACE: Southern California

IDEAL EVENING: Watching car races with friends

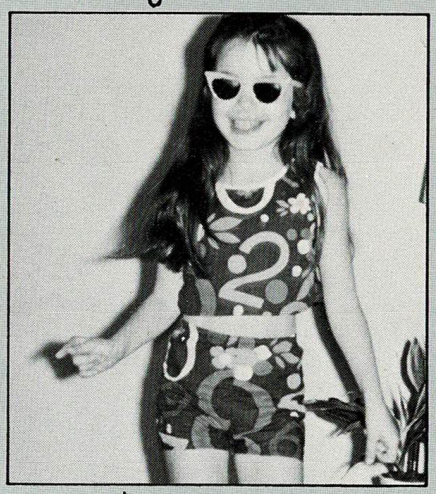
BIGGEST JOY: To be complimented on a job well done.

1½ years old



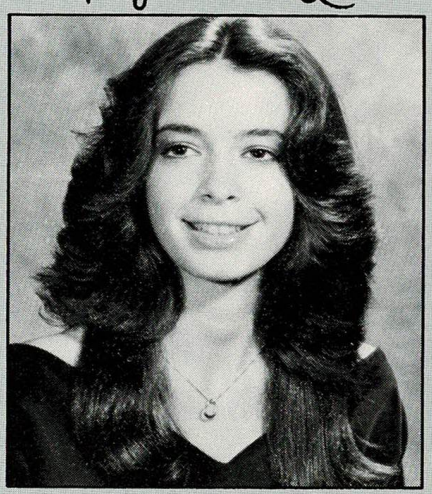
Practicing already for a gatefold.

8 years old



Hollywood, here I come!!

17 years old



Goodbye, high school days!! ☺

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Why do you think the bird on the Redheads match box is always smiling?" Bill asked his mate as they were lighting up over a few beers at the local pub.

"You'd be smiling too if you had 47 heads in your box!" laughed his friend.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *middle age* as the dividing line between stud and dud.

The doctor was rather perplexed by the symptoms shown by his attractive 19-year-old patient. He carried out all sorts of tests but the results were inconclusive.

"Look,. I'm really sorry, Annette," he finally admitted, "but I can't actually determine what's wrong with you. You could either be pregnant or else you have a cold."

"Oh, I must be pregnant," she replied chirpily. "I don't know anyone who could have given me a cold."

Then there was the well-known therapist who was asked to speak on the subject of sex at a conference session.

Striding up to the microphone, he smoothed his suit and scanned the hushed crowd of delegates.

"It gives me great pleasure," he announced and promptly sat down.

A man was working under the bonnet of his car when a drunk staggered up to him and spluttered: "What's wrong, mate?"

"Piston broke," came the reply.

"So am I!" muttered the drunk as he shambled off.

An old man approached a prostitute on a street corner and shakily asked: "How about a bit?"

She looked at the senile old bloke and said: "Old friend, you've had it."

"Oh," he wavered, "how much was it?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *impotence* as emission impossible.

Corporal Brown's mother had died unexpectedly so his commanding officer, Captain Higgins, had the difficult task of breaking the news to him.

"Try and break it gently to him," advised his fellow officers.

It was inspection time and Higgins marched up and down in front of his men.

"Smith, comb your hair! Fletcher, your shoes are filthy! Williams, sew on your button! Brown, your mother's dead!"

Brown promptly fainted and was carted off to sick bay to recover.

A couple of weeks later, Brown's father died and Captain Higgins again had the task of telling him the bad news.

"Look, break it to him *gently*!" he was urged.

Inspection time came around again and Captain Higgins stood stiffly in front of his platoon and roared: "All those men who have fathers take one step forward! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, BROWN?"

Martin and his wife, Charlene, were sitting in the bar of an exclusive hotel. Martin pointed to a striking blonde sitting alone in the corner and said to his wife: "She's a prostitute."

"I don't believe it!" replied Charlene.

"Well, I'll show you," said Martin who then walked over to the blonde and started chatting. Ten minutes later they were in her room.

"How much?" he asked.

"Fifty dollars."

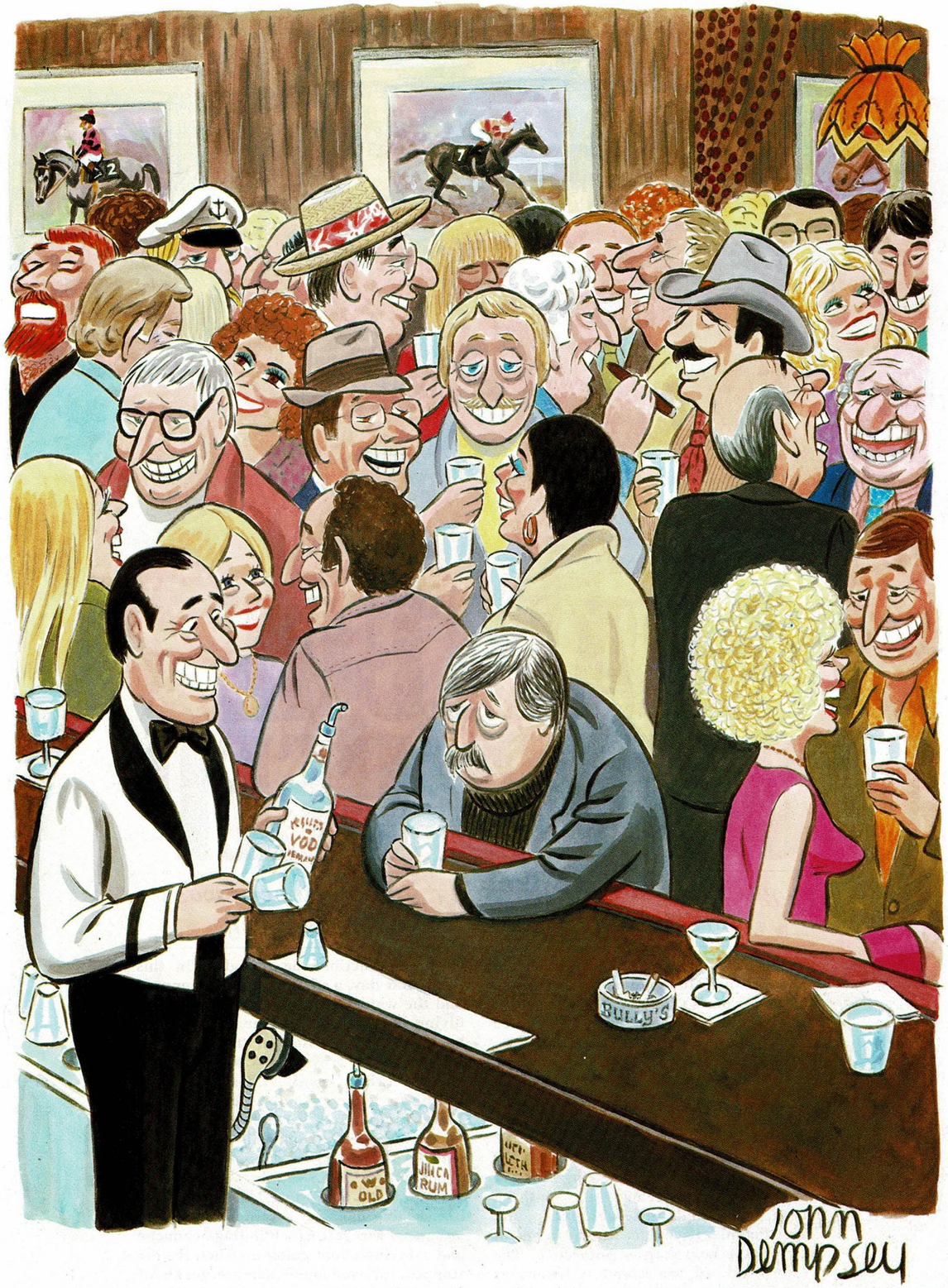
"I'll give you half."

"Forget it, mate!"

Back in the bar, Martin rejoined Charlene and confirmed to her that he had been correct. A moment later, the prostitute walked over and tapped him on the shoulder.

"See what I mean?" she purred. "*That's* what you get for $25!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"I can't listen to your troubles now, Frank. This is the happy hour."

RAPTURE OF THE DEEP

rogue diver and abalone king john mcgovern was a wreck until he decided to salvage himself

JOHN McGOVERN was dying. Trapped on the ocean bottom. Alone. Out of air. He was 19. Like losing one's virginity, every second of that close encounter with death is engraved on his memory.

He was diving off a cray boat on the western side of Kangaroo Island, South Australia, trying to retrieve a cray pot snagged on a ledge at 36 metres. That's 120 feet in the language that divers prefer —whatever the metrics board says.

Kangaroo Island sits on the rim of one of the world's ugliest oceans — the Southern Ocean. It is cold, miserable, deep and unpredictable. If you get caught in one of its rips, the next stop is Antarctica. The western side of the island is known as "Marlboro Country" to divers because it is largely unknown territory and only cowboys dive there.

McGovern was a cowboy. Young, reckless and indestructible, he thought. On this particular day, a stiff current was running and the water was sloppy. McGovern was diving on a hookah, an air line running back to a compressor on the boat. The skipper of the cray boat was a tough old bastard called Frank Miller, known as Pluto to friends and enemies alike. Unknown to McGovern, he had drifted under the anchor chain, his air line had become snarled in the chain and he was about to lose his air supply.

"I could feel the air going," he says. "It was like sucking molasses through a straw full of holes. I was getting a blinding headache and thinking about going up when the air stopped. I started for the surface, got about 20 feet off the bottom and was yanked back down. The hookah was on a neck strap and I couldn't get it loose. I started reeling back along the hookah to untangle the mess but

article by paul mann

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

the air in my lungs was about used up so I decided to try ditching my weight belt. The belt got jammed around my ankles.

"It was getting hard to stay calm. I got free of the belt and then I managed to yank the neck strap loose. I started up but I had no air left. All I can remember is seeing the glitter of light blue above me when I was about 40 feet from the surface, then I blacked out. I came to floating on the surface spitting water. Somehow my body reflex had kept my mouth shut while I ascended those last 40 feet unconscious. Pluto hauled me in, stuck a tank on my back and threw me back in the water, yelling at me to get that bloody cray pot. It was a macho thing, you see. If you didn't do it you were a weak cunt. When you're 19, you don't like people calling you a weak cunt."

Death and John McGovern have been going steady ever since. Indeed, he has cheated death so many times he is beginning to believe that bullshit about some people leading a charmed existence. Within South Australia, he has built a personal legend to the point where people who don't know him at least know of him and his exploits. Especially in the boisterous world of the South Coast abalone divers, where there are characters who would have felt right at home on the Barbary Coast.

Mention the name John McGovern in pubs from Port Lincoln to Victor Harbor and many ab divers will simply shake their heads and smile. Part of the reason is because McGovern has made himself wealthy by becoming the most prodigious ab diver ever to work in the state, perhaps in Australia. In his last year working the coast, he pulled in 60,000 pounds of abalone — a record unlikely to be beaten. Divers who were once his mates grew so resentful they attempted to have a government limit slapped on him.

Today he lives with his wife Moira and their two children, Emma, eight, and Ben, four, in a nondescript house filled with gadgets in the hamlet of Moonta on the wind-scoured Yorke Peninsula, where he is fulfilling a childhood dream by becoming a hunter of romantic shipwrecks. At the same time he has become a businessman, running several ventures at once, such as a new line in health food supplements and — most bizarre of all — the marketing of sensory deprivation tanks. The tanks are those watery coffins where seekers of ethereal peace can float in total darkness in water kept at constant body temperature and thus, disembodied, free their minds for the exploration of deep inner space.

McGovern has always been into altered states. He has tried alcohol. He has tried drugs. He has tried suicide. Now he is trying success. And he is still only 32.

John McGovern was born in Glasgow in 1951. His father was a war-worn ex-soldier captured at Anzio and shipped to Dresden as a POW, just in time to catch the massive Allied air raids. McGovern's mother was a darkroom technician in a hospital. He grew up an only child, not poor but not comfortable, either. When he was 14 they emigrated to Australia, the boat ride out becoming the highlight of his life to that point.

The family settled in Adelaide but the young McGovern could not settle in his new school, finding Australian teachers surprisingly strict. When he left school at 15, he drifted through a string of dead-end jobs until he got hired by an uncle who had a contract to clean office buildings. McGovern discovered that if he worked from five in the morning till nine at night, he could make $200 a week — a fortune for a 17-year-old in 1968 and his first lesson in incentive economics.

On days off he would drive along the coast south of Adelaide, a short, wiry, bespectacled youth with a mop of black curly hair and an aqualung in the back of his car. When he found a nice spot, he would swim a mile out to sea and spend a few hours happily diving about like a porpoise, inspecting anything which caught his fancy.

"I had been heavily influenced by Lloyd Bridges swimming around the Marineland of the Pacific aquarium in *Sea Hunt*," he recalls. "It never occurred to me to be afraid of the water. I had no idea there were big things out there that could eat you. I thought sharks were all about six foot long and you could wrestle 'em, like Tarzan. I had no idea there were dinosaurs out there about 16 foot long."

His really big treat was to dive the filthy Port Adelaide River and look for old bottles under the jetty. The local fishermen thought he was crackers. One of them, the equally legendary Pluto, thought he was just crackers enough to make a fine deckie and diver on his cray boat.

There was no formal training then and McGovern learned on the job, recovering cray pots from depths of 40 metres. It still hadn't occurred to him to be afraid.

"I knew it was dangerous," he says, "but I thought I could handle anything."

After two years McGovern decided to go into business for himself as an abalone diver. Getting a licence has never been easy. They have always been tightly rationed by the government and today ab licences change hands for as much as $250,000. McGovern was persistent. The Scots terrier in him was beginning to assert itself. He saw no point in starting at the bottom, so he would phone state Premier Don Dunstan at home every morning at seven and rave about the delays in getting his licence.

It took another two years but Dunstan and the state government gave in first. In 1973, McGovern was granted his licence. He promptly bought his first boat and a new car to tow it. Since then he has been through 22 cars and 23 boats.

"I had a habit of destroying boats," he grins. "They seemed to fall apart under me."

A possible explanation might be that McGovern doesn't like to dally when he goes diving. He has always fitted his boats with engines that could push the QE2. He once had a twin-hulled Sharkcat fitted with 235hp outboards on each hull, giving him a combined 470 horsepower on a boat only about five metres long.

"It doesn't matter how rough the sea is then," he blinks through the thick glasses he wears for chronic long-sightedness. "You get her up to 80 knots and you go right across the top, like a fucking hovercraft.

"Julie's got a new job. The way it works, apparently, is they call her several times an evening when they need her."

"One time," he grins, "we lost control and skimmed along on the boat's side for half a mile at 80 knots. Jeez, that was funny."

McGovern made $18,000 — $20,000 in his first year pulling abs. It was good money and it fuelled a lifestyle few Australians can envisage.

"There were nights in the Tasman Hotel at Port Lincoln when the money was flying like confetti," he recalls, a shade wistfully. "We had groupies. I suppose that was because we were loud, colorful, there was an element of danger in what we did and we always spent big. We used to call 'em boat bangers. They'd hang around the pubs where the ab divers drank. We had parties that looked more like Roman orgies."

McGovern would stay up all night partying and drinking Scotch, then go diving all the next day. He could handle it because he was only 22.

Ab divers have always been notorious for the risks they take with their health. Scuba diving is governed by strict rules about decompression limits according to the amount of time spent at certain depths. According to US divers' tables, it is unsafe to spend more than 40 minutes at a depth of 80 feet without making a decompression stop. Break the rules and the effects on the human body can be appalling, ranging from minor attacks of the bends in arms or shoulders to paralysis or osteonecrosis — crumbling of the bones in later life.

McGovern regularly dived at 80 feet for four hours at a stretch coming straight to the surface without a second for decompression.

"The way we looked at it," he says, "you couldn't make a living if you stayed within the decompression limits. I remember we all bought decompression timers. As soon as the needle reached the limit, we'd throw the timers in the bottom of the boat and let them decompress while we carried on diving."

"It was the Timothy Leary era," he smiles,"and I wasn't just drinking and doing speed. I was taking any pills I could get my hands on. Pills to slow me down when I wanted to relax, pills to pep me up. I don't know the names of half the shit I put in my body."

Soon he decided to out-manoeuvre those annoying little hangovers by staying drunk all the time. "We'd go out on the boat and all we had on board was a loaf of bread, some butter, a couple of flagons of port, whisky, rum and a few cases of beer. I would start drinking whisky in the morning before the first dive — and I was still doing speed and pills."

Naturally, his performance suffered. His income slumped, everything began to fall apart and at one point everything he owned, but for his diving gear, was repossessed. The only way he could make a living was by going out on a mate's boat.

Not content with diving against all the rules, he began taking speed while diving to overcome the debilitating effect of the hangovers. "I'd be diving at 80 feet for three or four hours at Kangaroo Island with a hangover and full of speed. I felt lousy. Sometimes I'd come up, vomit, take a handful of Bex then go back down."

About this time his self-esteem was running a little low and he began to experiment with different ways of killing himself. At first he tried stabbing himself in the stomach. Not too bright, he conceded, but sincere at the time and he still has the scars to prove it.

His second attempt came closer. He shared a beach shack with a few drinking pals at Moonta Bay and early one morning after the nightly party and a meaningful chat with a bottle of tequila, he crept out on to the verandah of the two-storey dwelling. He had a two-bar electric heater under one arm with a long flex. Carefully tying one end around the verandah rail, he tied the other end around his neck and jumped off.

Somehow he didn't break his neck but swung there in the dark like a salami, quietly strangling while the two-bar heater clunked gently against the verandah over his head. Fortuitously, one of his mates chose to wander out on to the verandah a moment later and made the profound observation: "That silly bastard McGovern has really done it this time."

With the nonchalance of hardened drinkers, his mates ambled out onto the verandah and tried to haul him up by the flex, thereby tightening the noose and accelerating the strangulation. Discouraged by the amount of hard work involved rather than concerned for the ill-effects of their efforts on McGovern, one of the divers muttered, "Fuck this," produced a large knife, sawed through the flex and watched McGovern plummet to the ground 15 feet below.

Their samaritanship apparently satisfied by this good deed, they all trooped back to the warmth and conviviality of the party. McGovern regained consciousness several hours later, sprawled in the saltbush which had cushioned his fall. "I had a sore neck for days," he says.

It was a few months later on a morning in May, 1974, that McGovern underwent an experience which changed his life. Tired, strung out, hungover, he was picking abalone on the ocean floor when a big shark tried to eat him. It was at this point that it occurred to McGovern to be afraid.

"I was returning to my ab bag with an armful of abs when I saw this shape 30 to 40 feet away. I knew it was a shark, about a 12-footer. It turned, came over my bag and straight at me. My knees went to jelly just like people say they do. I started shaking uncontrollably and I got this sudden pain in my chest.

"I dropped the abs and pulled myself on to the bottom to give him a limited target. He kept circling me, then he changed tactics and starting doing figure eights, passing about a foot over my back each time. I

"Harold, did ya ever think that maybe some morning you might try buryin' your nose in the Sports Page?"

started inching my way back to the ab bag, thinking I would have something to shove in his mouth when he came at me. It was a stupid idea, those things hit you at about 20 miles an hour and you've got no chance, but your mind does funny things in a situation like that.

"I got to the bag and he kept circling me. Then he changed again. He would disappear into the gloom and a minute later come straight in at me from the opposite direction. He did that three times. I knew I was dead. It's true that resignation replaces fear. I felt sorry for my wife and kids. I knew I was going to die and just hoped it wouldn't take too long.

"The last time he came at me he broke for the surface, then turned and came straight down on top of me in a dive with his snout back and teeth protruding in classic attack profile. I held the bag up and watched him come — then about 20 feet away he broke off and vanished. I waited but he didn't come back. I went for the boat like a fucking polaris missile."

It changed McGovern's life because he did the only natural thing. He started drinking even more heavily and taking even more drugs. He became a bloated, raddled wreck, a joke in the ab diving community.

Finally, his health broke and his marriage broke. He was having nightmares about the shark and struggling to drown his terror with booze and dope every time he had to get back in the water.

"I was puking, pissing and shitting blood," he recalls. McGovern saw doctors at half a dozen hospitals. At the same time he explored the field of alternative medicine. He went to an iridologist — a person who assesses the human condition through study of the eye — who diagnosed his condition in 15 minutes. The iridologist warned McGovern his stomach was ulcerated and if he went on another binge he would very likely haemorrhage and die.

This was confirmed by conventional medicine when doctors stuck a camera down his throat and showed him pictures of his stomach. "It looked like measles," says McGovern. "It was ulcers."

It was the beginning of a long and painful process of self-salvage. Impressed by what he had discovered in alternative medicine, he leaned more and more towards esoteric sciences and ideas. He studied eastern religions, transcendental meditation. He learned all about healing the body by natural methods, went on fasts, de-toxified his body. Of course, he couldn't do this entirely alone. He smoked dope by the kilo.

He pleaded with Moira and she came back to give him his 10,000th second chance. He went through long and involved bouts of self-examination and soul-baring with an assortment of close friends and wizards of the alternative arts. At the end of it all he kept meditation and vegetarianism and junked the rest, including the dope.

The rest of the story really requires the playing of the theme from *Rocky*.

McGovern came back. He returned to abalone diving, smashed every record on the South Coast and in a few years made a million dollars.

He exercised. The pallid flesh began to melt away. He lost 20 kilos of flab and regained the optimum weight for his short, wiry build of around 60kg. He became so fit he would run from his house at Moonta, padding barefoot down the country lanes to the Moonta Bay boat ramp, a distance of about three kilometres. He would pick abalone for 12 or 14 hours and at the end of it run back home at night wearing only his bathers.

He became so healthy he began to annoy people. His old drinking pals drifted away, convinced McGovern had become some kind of the pain-in-the-arse born-again health freak. He didn't miss them. His catch went up and up, through 30,000 pounds to 56,000 pounds and in that final never-to-be beaten year, 1982, 60,000 pounds.

With abalone fetching between $10 and $12 a kilo and selling his licence for $220,000 at the end of that last year, he made so much money he was investigated by the tax department three times.

He started drinking even more heavily and taking even more drugs. He became a bloated, raddled wreck, a joke in the ab diving community

"They're real bastards," he laughs. "They think I'm hiding it away. Money means nothing to me after what I've been through. It slips away and I've been conned a few times. What I have left, I plough back into the business."

His biggest business investment so far would be the $250,000 sunk in his isolation tank centres in Canberra and Adelaide. Operating under the name Float-To-Relax, he won't sell the tanks, which cost around $5500 each, believing the real money is to be made renting them out, either by the hour or the week.

But his big love is still shipwrecks. He has a powerboat equipped with sonar, dive gear and dredging equipment and after all those years of digression, he is returning to the pure motivation which took him to the sea in the first place.

"Ab diving was meant to be experience to equip me for hunting wrecks," he said. "Instead, I got carried away."

As if to reinforce the ideal that fortune smiles on the righteous, McGovern has located one of the most important wrecks ever to be found in the Australian waters. The Liverpool-built, three-masted barque, *Zanoni,* went down in St. Vincent's Gulf during a squall in 1867 while en route from Port Wakefield to London. McGovern found her earlier this year with the assistance of a local fisherman who suspected he was on to some kind of a wreck — it had been one of his best fishing grounds for years.

The *Zanoni* is an undisturbed time capsule from the days of Australian colonisation. McGovern hopes to raise her in sections and put her together again like a jigsaw puzzle in a maritime museum.

McGovern has dived her — an interesting confrontation with his own terror because the *Zanoni* is a particularly sharky wreck and he had never really gotten over that nightmare encounter with the white pointer. There are half a dozen big wobbegongs and three or four white pointers feeding on the fish life around the *Zanoni.* She lies in 80 feet of cold, murky water at the head of the gulf, where the water is always on the turn and the currents treacherous.

The first time McGovern went down the anchor rope, his nerve almost snapped. But he persevered and when he saw the wreck his fear evaporated in a surge of enthusiasm. McGovern picked his way over every plank and porthole, glorying in his discovery despite the proximity of sharks.

Naturally, he has almost killed himself on her once already. During his second dive, the anchor from the dive boat was uprooted by the strong current and raked across the bottom. The chain caught McGovern across the chest and pinned him under the *Zanoni's* bow — about a metre from an ugly, grinning three-metre wobbegong. Fortunately for him he had a mate that time who got him free.

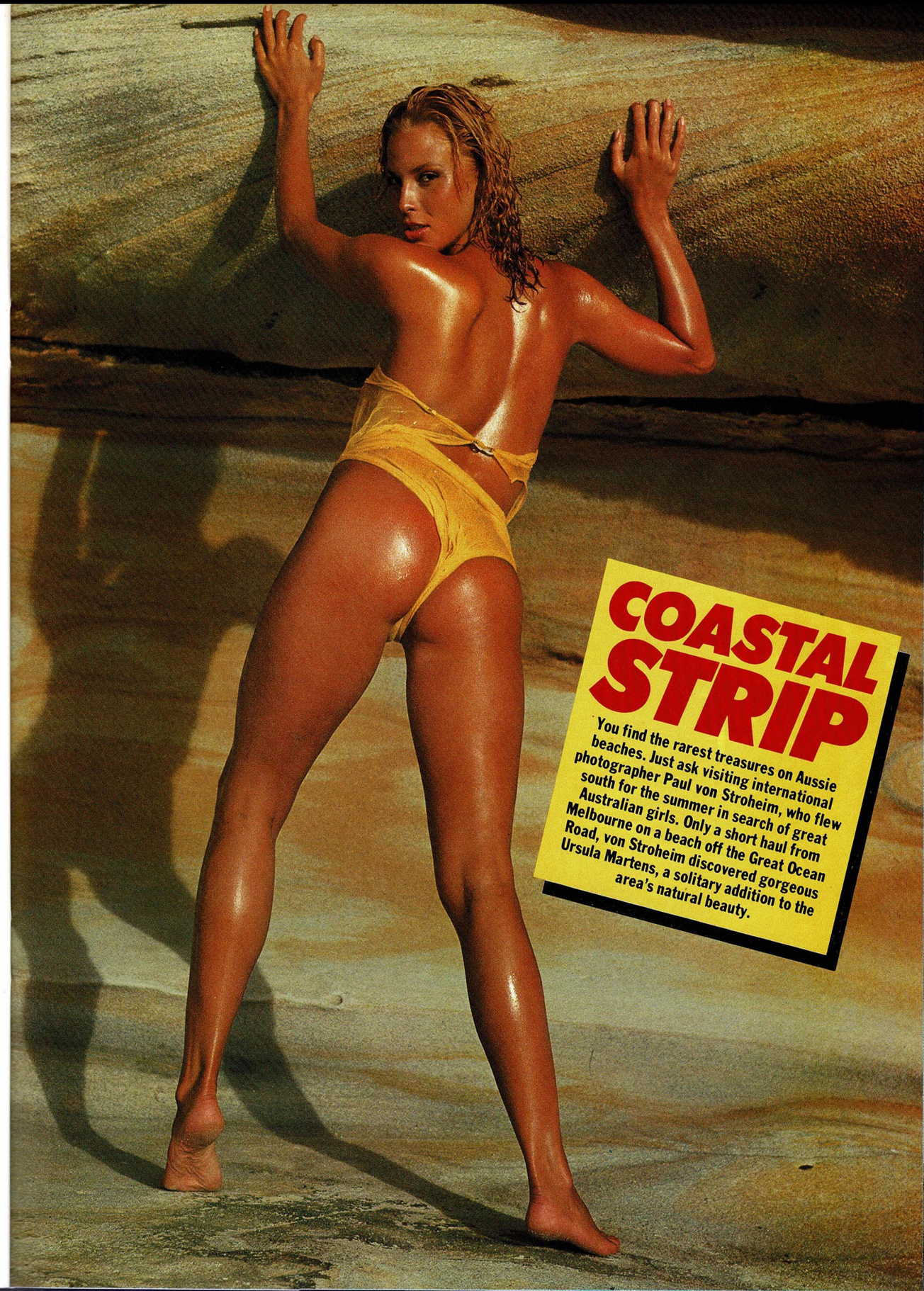
He has since assembled a crew of wreck hunters and salvage operators and his next venture will be to locate a mysterious wreck — believed to be an old Portuguese trader — somewhere in the Backstairs Passage between Kangaroo Island and the mainland.

After that, it's off to Indonesia in search of Drake's cannon. A typically grandiose McGovern adventure, it will be a feat to singe the beards of all the world's collectors, if he can recover the cannon that singed the beard of the King of Spain.

Sir Francis Drake is known to have jettisoned eight cannon from The Golden Hind in 1580 when returning to England via the east. The old girl was so stuffed with Spanish plunder, she ran aground somewhere in the Moluccan Sea near the Celebes. McGovern is certain he knows where.

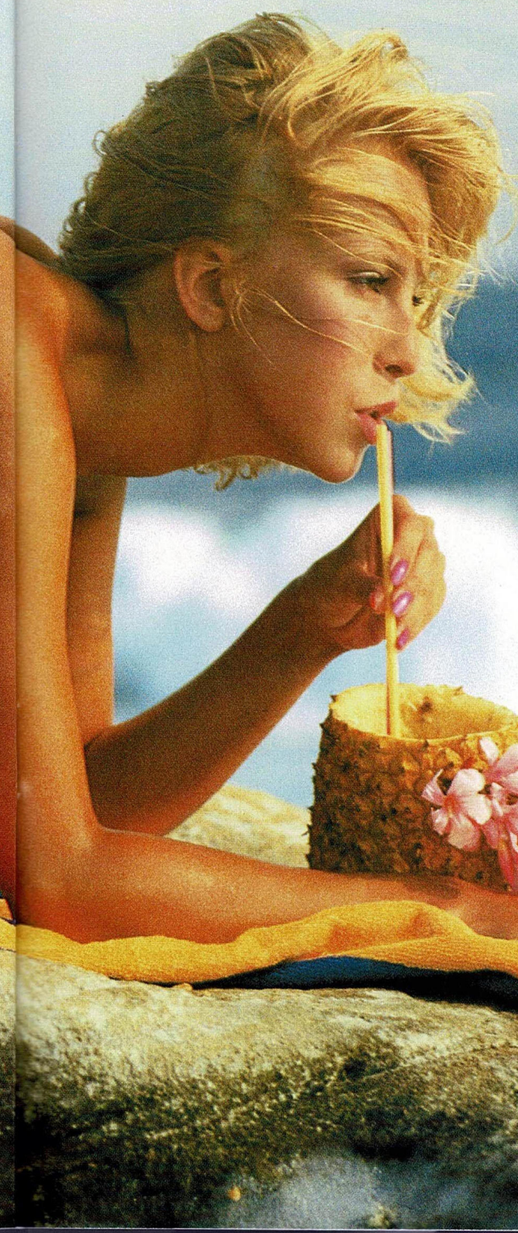
"Just imagine," he says, with a disarmingly impish grin, "the cannon that singed the King of Spain's beard. We'll give one to Queen Elizabeth of course."

Don't laugh. McGovern has a perfect record for salvaging wrecks. Starting with himself.


COASTAL STRIP
You find the rarest treasures on Aussie beaches. Just ask visiting international photographer Paul von Stroheim, who flew south for the summer in search of great Australian girls. Only a short haul from Melbourne on a beach off the Great Ocean Road, von Stroheim discovered gorgeous Ursula Martens, a solitary addition to the area's natural beauty.

In Europe, explained Paul, the most beautiful girls are often found at the beachside resorts and most are attached to modelling agencies or have equally glamorous jobs. For that reason he was amazed to learn Ursula is a completely free spirit with no working or marital contracts to restrict her outgoing ways.

"Why would I want it to be anything different?" asks an incredulous Ursula. "Everything I want is here." And she is right. Long solitary beaches where she can shed clothes and cares; sun-drenched days in which the only demand is to move your towel in case the incoming tide catches you unaware. Should an occasional surfer or beachcomber wander by, Ursula is unlikely to be concerned. There is plenty of open space along this coastline and, on other beaches, girls of equal beauty are content to be as uninhibited as Ursula.



Newcomers to Australia are invariably captivated by the length of her coastal strip and the call of the surfing life. If there is an Ursula for every fabulous beach along Australia's shore, concludes von Stroheim, this just might be paradise after all. Anyone who has discovered Ursula and her favorite beach would hardly disagree.

COMPUTERS

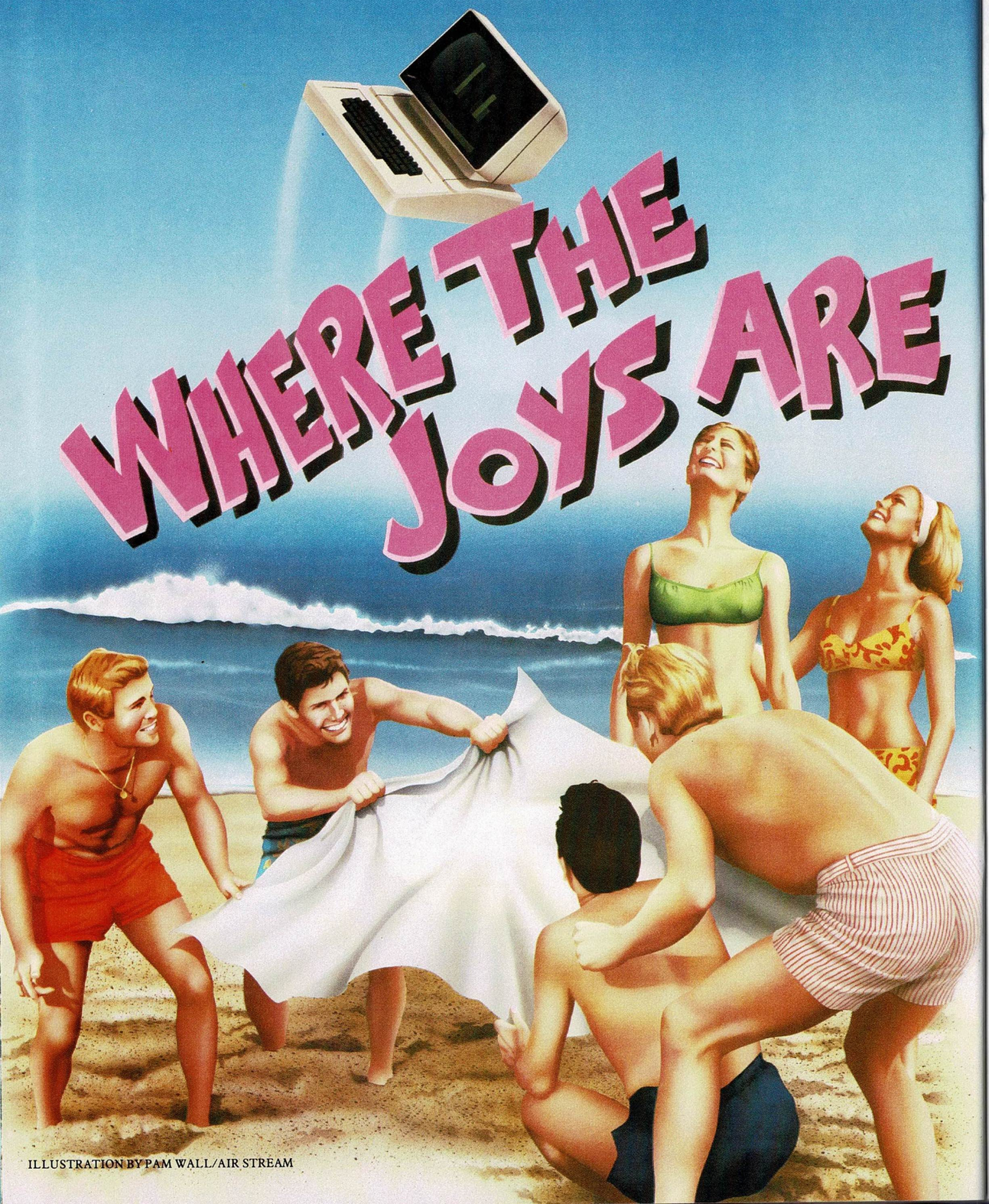


ILLUSTRATION BY PAM WALL/AIR STREAM

right now, computers in homes are more fun than useful. but for business, they're so useful they make working fun

LAST MONTH, we took a look at Silicon Valley, the birthplace of the electronics industry, and introduced you to computerese. This month, we're exploring personal computers and their everyday application.

To ease our exploration, let's divide the use of personal computers into two categories: home and business. This follows the generally accepted cliche that we spend one third of our lives at home, one third of our lives at the office and one third of our lives in bed.

We'll skip the bed department. Computers are worthless there. What's worthwhile in bed is covered in other parts of PLAYBOY. And in the remaining two thirds of life, personal computers are decidedly more useful in business than in the home.

Never one to avoid the obvious, I'd like to state that computers compute. Computing is adding and subtracting, multiplying and dividing.

The question is, how many numbers in the average home need shepherding? Not many. Certainly not as many as in the average office. (Computers reduce everything to numbers. Binary numbers, to be sure, but still numbers. Words, people, parts—everything gets a number, then the computer manipulates the numbers.) There may be as much going on in a four-person home as there is in a four-person office—if not more—but the office has more of the repetitive, predictable, easily-reduced-to-numbers activities that computers adore.

Balancing a personal cheque book on a personal computer, for example, is a waste of time. You can add a deposit or subtract a withdrawal by hand (with the help of a pocket calculator, if you're like me) and have the entire process completed before you can get the proper disk into the computer and turn it on.

In addition, pocket calculators cost a few dollars. Cheque book programs for personal computers cost around $30. A record of your cheques kept in your cheque book is portable. Records kept in your computer are not. Your cheque book will accept anything for a date: 5/11, Nov 5, the 5th, the first Saturday in November, one week later—whatever you find helpful. Computer programs require a specific format such as MM-DD-YY (computer talk for month-month, date-date, year-year).

The same is true for many of the highly advertised uses of computers around the home. You can file recipes better with a 99-cent card file and 3"x5" cards than you can on a $3000 computer. Addresses are better managed in a little black book than on a little black disk. A three-dollar appointment calendar is far more practical for one's personal life than the most elaborate scheduling program. And all that talk about putting the household budget on a computer: do you know anyone who even *has* a household budget?

There is no point in putting information into a computer unless you plan to manipulate that information elaborately and frequently. Businesses tend to do that with names, numbers, addresses and words. Households do not.

Eventually, however, personal computers will find a way into almost every home. In 10 or 20 years, they will be as invaluable as telephones. Telephones were first installed as emergency devices, to summon aid. It was years before people used them to just say hello.

But even today, at the dawn of its usefulness in the home, there are three good reasons for putting a personal computer in the home: (1) games, (2) kids, (3) curiosity.

Computers play games very well, from chess to backgammon to a new genre of recreational activity called, appropriately enough, computer games. They provide worthy opponents for solo play or impartial refereeing and accurate scorekeeping for paired combat.

There are mental games, strategy games, action games, even X-rated games. Computer games are marvellous recreation, but there are those who consider them to be a waste of time. As Bette Midler said, "I was invited over to a guy's house for an evening of Donkey Kong. Boy, was I disappointed to find out it was only a game." (Midler, in fact, cannot understand the computer revolution. "I got into show business," she says, "so I wouldn't have to *do* data processing.")

Kids love computers. Not just because of the games, either, but because they are the latest thing, the state of the art. And, as usual, this newest technological development has created a bit of a generation gap. Indoor plumbing, central heating, movies, radio, television—each had its friends and enemies on opposite ends of the age spectrum. Today, it's computers and computer games. Whatever it is that their parents can't possibly understand, kids will usually embrace.

Computers hold a fascination, too, because, for the first time, kids can make TV do what *they* want it to. All their lives, they have watched television come *at* them. Hook a computer up to the TV and, finally, they have control. Pac-Man goes where they tell him to go. They can help Indiana Jones find the lost ark. Kids can write programs that make the TV say or do anything. While adults balk at learning programming languages, kids feel that if that's what it takes to communicate with their new friend, they'll learn them. Parents ask, "What's the point?" Kids ask, "How can I make the screen turn blue?"

Despite their legions of young followers, computers are still *educational*. At least, that's what every kid and every computer company would like every parent to believe. In truth, computers are currently good only at teaching things by rote—by spelling, multiplication tables, and the like—expensive electronic versions of the old flash cards. That will change as computer memories increase and more programs are written.

Of course, you don't need children to get a home computer. For those of us in the older generation (the ones, now approaching 40, who said never trust anyone over 30), it may be the love of gadgetry that will get us to buy one.

For others, it's simply curiosity: What *are* those television-typewriters, anyway? Well, a few hundred dollars invested in an inexpensive home computer, and a few evenings of diddling with it, will provide you with enough information to become a first citizen of the computer age.

You will never, by the way, need to learn how to program a computer in order to operate one. Writing computer programs is a creative act and an exciting one for many; but then, so is making a movie. Most of us buy tickets and watch other people's movies, and most of us will buy software and run other people's programs. I can't program my computer to do anything practical, but I can buy programs that make it do practical things and that's good enough for me.

•

I think computers, for most homes, are the food processors of the '80s. For gourmet cooks, food processors are marvellous. For the rest of us, they can't even make a decent milk shake. The number of food processors in suburban kitchens collecting suburban dust will be surpassed sometime in 1984 by that of personal computers stuffing overstuffed closets.

However dim my view of computers in the home, I am optimistic about personal computers finding a home in business—all business, large and small.

In the United States, large computers do the work each day of three *trillion* clerical

article by peter a. mcwilliams

workers. Naturally, the large computers do the work for the large companies that can afford them.

Small computers offer the same edge to small businesses.

But big businesses have not taken that equalising of competition lying down. They are buying personal computers for their managers and middle managers and secretaries and anyone else they think may be able to use some increased efficiency. In big business, those are now known as *personnel* computers.

What is it about personal computers that makes them so irresistible to businesses, both large and small? Well, they're cheap, for one thing. Sure, $2000, $3000, $4000, $5000 is expensive for you and me, but for a business, it's not much, especially when you consider what that business gets for its money.

In these days of increasing labor costs and decreasing labor skills, personal computers have become the Mighty Mouse of business. ("Here I come to save the day. . ."). Computers do their work reliably, uncomplainingly, 24 hours a day, if necessary, with no holidays, sick leave, unions, salary or tea breaks.

Besides, computers are best at the kind of work human beings hate: mechanical, repetitive manipulation of words and numbers. A personal computer can sort out a mailing list of 10,000 into postcode order in about 10 minutes.

Can you imagine how long that would take a human? And how painfully dull the process would be?

But the computer doesn't care. You can tell it to re-sort the list in alphabetical order by last name, and 10 minutes later, a new list of 10,000 alphabetised names is ready. Want the name of the person who lives on George Street? Ask it to find George Street and it will — within minutes. (Given a mailing list of 10,000, that's roughly equivalent to examining every article in this magazine looking for a single word.)

Those are extreme examples, showing how a single personal computer can eliminate hours, if not days, of tedious work. Not everything the computer does telescopes two days into 10 minutes. But if a personal computer only doubled the efficiency of the person using it, it would pay for itself in six months (and that's including two months of training and transition time).

Let's look at some of the things personal computers do well in business.

Word processing. When I sent around my manuscript for *The Word Processing Book* two years ago, the New York publishers asked, "What's word processing?" Today, even people who claim to know nothing about computers know that word processing is using a computer to write with.

I can't spell and I'm a terrible typist, so when I heard about a machine that would correct my spelling and never again make me retype anything, I knew I had to have one. That was my introduction to personal computers.

Four years later, I can't imagine writing, or running a business, without one. Letters, articles and reports can be revised and retyped (reprinted, actually) in a matter of minutes, not hours. Personally "typed" form letters can be churned out at the rate of one per minute. Labels for our hypothetical 10,000-person mailing list can be printed in less than a day. Over and over, time is saved and tedium reduced.

Word processing, in fact, goes on in the human mind. The various tools of word processing — pens, pencils, typewriters — are simply there to remind one of what has already been processed. A personal computer outfitted with a word-processing program is the best tool to date for assisting the word-processing mind.

Let's continue with other uses for the personal computer in business.

Accounting. Accounts payable, accounts receivable, invoicing, payroll, general ledger, inventory control — all those things that are handled by the data-processing departments of large companies — can now be moved from piles of books to piles of disks in small companies.

Electronic spread-sheeting or electronic work-sheeting is putting information in rows and columns and then playing the game What if?

Computers love playing with numbers. Your bookkeeper may not, at first, enjoy becoming a computer keeper, but once he or she writes the first invoice with only 12 key strokes and marvels as the information is automatically posted to accounts receivable or general ledger and the invoiced items are simultaneously removed from inventory, resistance will melt.

Cost projection. On a computer, this is known as electronic spread-sheeting or electronic work-sheeting. It's putting information in rows and columns and then playing the game What if? What if the cost of goods goes up five percent; how much will we have to raise the retail price? What if we charged $1.95; how many nuts and bolts would we have to sell before showing a profit?

Those questions once took hours to answer with paper and hand-held calculator. A personal computer answers them in seconds.

Data banks. Data banks are like money banks. You contact a data bank using a personal computer, a modem and a telephone. You can get up-to-the-minute stock-market quotations, financial histories of any traded stock.

Electronic mail. Electronic mail allows information to be sent across the country in seven seconds, not seven days. Letters, memos, reports, charts — anything that can be displayed on a video screen —can be sent to any other connected computer (again, through modems and phone lines) almost instantly.

Many computers and modems have auto-send and auto-receive capabilities. A letter can be sent and received at three am, when phone rates are cheap and when the computer is not likely to be in use. No one needs to be at either end; the computers will take care of it all. An average letter takes only a few seconds to transmit, and the information is stored on a disk.

Electronic mail can not only speed communication around the country, it can also speed communication around the office. Memos, letters, reports, etc., can be sent directly to the "IN basket" of one's personal computer. Their headings can be checked from time to time: URGENT MESSAGE or INDECENT PROPOSITION may get faster attention than 14TH REVISION OF FARM REPORT.

Another version of electronic mail is teleconferencing, which allows computers in various parts of the world to be connected for a conference. It can happen in "real" time — that is, everyone can be on line at the same time — or it can happen over a longer period, with the conference participants checking in occasionally, reading what's been said, making comments and checking out.

Graphs. Some companies have entire art departments that do nothing but prepare bar graphs and pie charts. Computers can make them in minutes, not hours, and in color, if necessary.

That gives the small business its own art department. And while the large business will no doubt retain its art department to produce bars and pies for corporate reports, the daily flow of graphs from screen to screen and (when printed) from hand to hand should increase dramatically in board rooms across the land.

Vertical markets. Although PLAYBOY prefers dealing with horizontal markets, let's briefly discuss the vertical ones.

Vertical markets refers to the specialised uses of computers for different professions. The banker can amortise mortgages on his computer. The doctor can schedule patients and fill out insurance forms. The lawyer can bill clients and do legal research. The minister can write sermons and mind the flock.

The number of programs available for professionals is vast and is getting vaster every day. Whatever your profession—from the oldest to the youngest—the chances are that someone has written a program just for you.

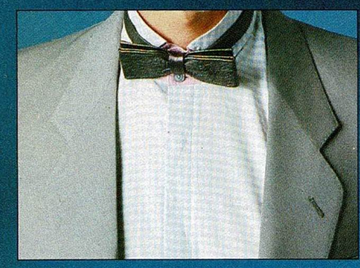
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT BUTCHER

SUIT YOURSELF

tips on how to add a splash of color to that one grey suit

THE GREY SUIT could never be considered one of the world's most exciting garments yet most men, for whatever reason, have one in their wardrobe. Such a suit can be amazingly versatile once a few conventional attitudes have been overcome. There's just no reason why it has to be a boring garment, considering the dressing up or down that can be achieved by using carefully-chosen accessories. Anyway, to start we have the basic suit, which in this case comes from Tony Barlow, who has shops in all state capitals, including a newie in Melbourne. The obvious place to air the grey suit is the office. Traditionally, the accoutrements could be collar and tie (shirt from Il Tacchino, $70).

But if your office is fairly laid back, then try a soft colored and collared T-shirt ($25), for a look that's casual, not commonplace.



Our show-off shirts are from Marks Menswear in Sydney's Mid-City Centre and Chatswood; retail price for this one is around $65. Don't overlook the bow-tie for a stylish but not necessarily formal touch. Leather bow-ties sell for about $20 at all the right shops.

fashion by vitek

And who said grey suits are boring? Not us! Try some of these rock'n'roll alternatives: loud shirt with equally noisy bow-tie, leather vest and Eyetech sunglasses by Jonathon Sceats. The add-on clothing is again from Marks Menswear and we realise it's all enough to give your grey suit an identity crisis.

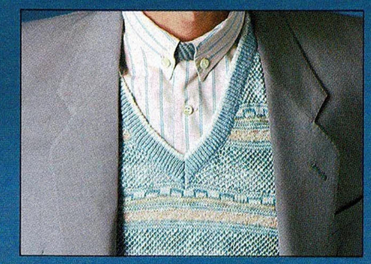
Don't forget too, that braces are a basic fashion accessory. They've run the gamut from teddy boys to skinheads and now the recession look. A new pair will cost you about $25 from shops like Masons or scour your local Op Shop and you'll pay around $5.

The flat fedora hat (from the Strand Hatter in Sydney's Strand Arcade) is one of those accessories that firmly dictate a certain look. With a scarf draped around the neck, it easily turns your suit into a buffalo boy look.

Our same grey suit can come out at night and hold its own in formal company. And who said evening suits had to be black? The basic tricks for the after-dark look include flattening your hair with gel and adding a black bow-tie and a cummerbund.

A high stand-up collar (this one is actually a bent-wing collar left standing) married with a bow-tie creates a look of evening elegance.

Take the same shirt and wear it with a black scarf, folded and tied. Try using a piece of leather strap for the same effect.



A buttoned-down shirt can hold a scarf or even a belt folded across your back under the jacket for an unusual detail between the collar tabs.

SUPER SELLERS

in the high-powered sales league, the best pitchers are all a bit crazy.

"You'll have to get rid of that poofter accent!"

Back in 1967, Tony Packard knew good advice when he heard it. These days, good advice comes with a price attached, but in 1967 it was being dispensed for nothing. As a newly-arrived English immigrant, he was flogging Rover cars on Sydney's leafy North Shore when the boss recommended the change of accent. Fourteen years later, he has turned that sort of advice into such a tidy fortune that corporate groups are prepared to pay $600 an hour to hear what Tony Packard has to say about making money.

If you live in Sydney, you can't escape Tony Packard. The city's most successful Holden dealer leaped into every living room in a late-night saturation television campaign that captured the hire purchase minds of Sydney's car-buying public. If Tony Packard wasn't flogging you a car, he was driving you crazy with the most compelling and irritating advertising hook of the decade.

Picture a guy in a check suit, amped to the eyeballs on sales-pitch enthusiasm, motor-mouthing the merits of buying one of the cars off his lot. Heard it all before? Not quite. It was the closing line that set the Packard pitch apart from the rest and stuck fast in the craw or cranium of Sydney's folk.

"... up the Windsor Road from Baulkham Hills," he spruiked. "Let me do it right for yooooooou! The final emphasis on "you" trailed off like a recording of a hoot owl played on 78.

Can't picture it, huh? Well, believe me it *works* because ever since Packard started playing the airwaves back in 1976, car owners have been pushing their rust buckets and driveway prides up the Windsor Road to join the queue heading for Tony's. And there, waiting on the lot, would be the chairman and managing director himself selling cars at a rate that rocketed him in no time to Sydney's number one Holden dealer. By the time you read this, he plans to be top of the new and used car ruck for all of NSW. In affluent, two-car family Australia, that means big, big bucks.

Behind the check suit and advertising razzmatazz abide the more sober elements of the Packard success. A tertiary background of formal training in London City finance provided the obvious business qualifications, and a part-time stint in department store retailing unearthed his flair for selling and the wonderful truth behind the old slogan that the customer is always right. Realising his high-powered approach wasn't exactly tailored to the conservative needs of London's financial world, Packard fronted the immigration desk at Australia House where the official offered another gem of gratuitous advice: "You look like an energetic young man," he said. "Take it from me, the streets of Australia are paved with gold, and the Aussies don't even know it!"

Tony Packard took the hint and worked his way through a few of Sydney's larger auto dealers before landing a director's seat at Metro Ford, Brisbane. By 1976 it was time to go out on his own and, despite lacking the kick-off capital, he put proposals to Ford, Toyota and GMH to help him into a dealership. GMH bit and with the impetus from the $40,000 Packard raised by mortgaging his house, set him up on a seven and a half acre site in Baulkham Hills. GMH put up the dough and gave Tony seven years to repay the full sum of $1.2 million. He handed them back their money within

FROM LEFT: JOYCE MAYNE, JOE HASHAM AND TONY PACKARD
PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM SHELDON

PHOTOGRAPH BY RENNIE ELLIS

million. He handed them back their money within 23 months.

Tony Packard was very big in radio advertising then, but it was when he switched his campaign to TV that things really accelerated. He found his perfect forum in that backyard lot of air time known as late night.

Channel Nine had a movie format chaired by Issy Dye and as Tony Packard recalls, it was obvious Kerry Packer didn't watch it.

"It was a great forum for free plugs and we got away with dreadful things until the night Kerry Packer must have switched it on."

The message behind the "let me do it right for you" campaign was simple. Packard and advertising man Derek Keane rightly reckoned most auto spruikers were too conscious of their personal image. What they set out to do was put the emphasis on the customer. Hence the yooooooou! The personal touch has obviously worked. When a client has his car serviced at Tony Packard's, the office phones next day to check with the customer if the service department did it right. Little things like that, says Packard, generate 40 percent sales from repeats or recommendations.

Two years ago, Packard reluctantly decided not to run for Liberal pre-selection to contest the State seat of Parramatta, partly because it came down to deciding whether he wanted to sell cars or become a politician. When a journalist travelled out to Baulkham Hills to interview Packard on his political aspirations, Tony sold him a car. When not flogging cars, Tony Packard flies to business conventions and tells others how to get off their arses and become rich. He's on the local council and those who appreciate what he's done for the shire have dubbed him the Squire of Baulkham Hills.

The title sits well for this self-made lord of the auto manor who is enthusiastically pro-capital and anti-recession.

"Recession?" he laughs. "It's just a word that gives people an excuse to belly-ache and stop working!"

●

Joyce Mayne had never taken a day off sick until she was bucked off the donkey. The fall knocked her out and provided three days in hospital. In Hollywood, they warn you off kids and animals, but for sales megastar Joyce, it's all part of promoting the Joyce Mayne Shopping Complex as one of Sydney's most vigorous retail outlets.

The staff at Joyce Mayne's reckon the boss is Australia's most dynamic sales person. What other chief of a large concern, they ask, gets down on the sales floor of a weekend to personally sell more than a hundred microwave ovens and still finds time to sign autographs? You see, Joyce Mayne is not just a retailer, she is a selling superstar — a suburban melange of Dale Carnegie, soap opera and self-promotion.

Through the most individual television campaign of them all, Joycie has pushed her electrical goods and other lines into the households of Sydney. Subsequently, she has entered the city's commercial culture in spectacular fashion, as indicated by one of the corn jokes of the year:

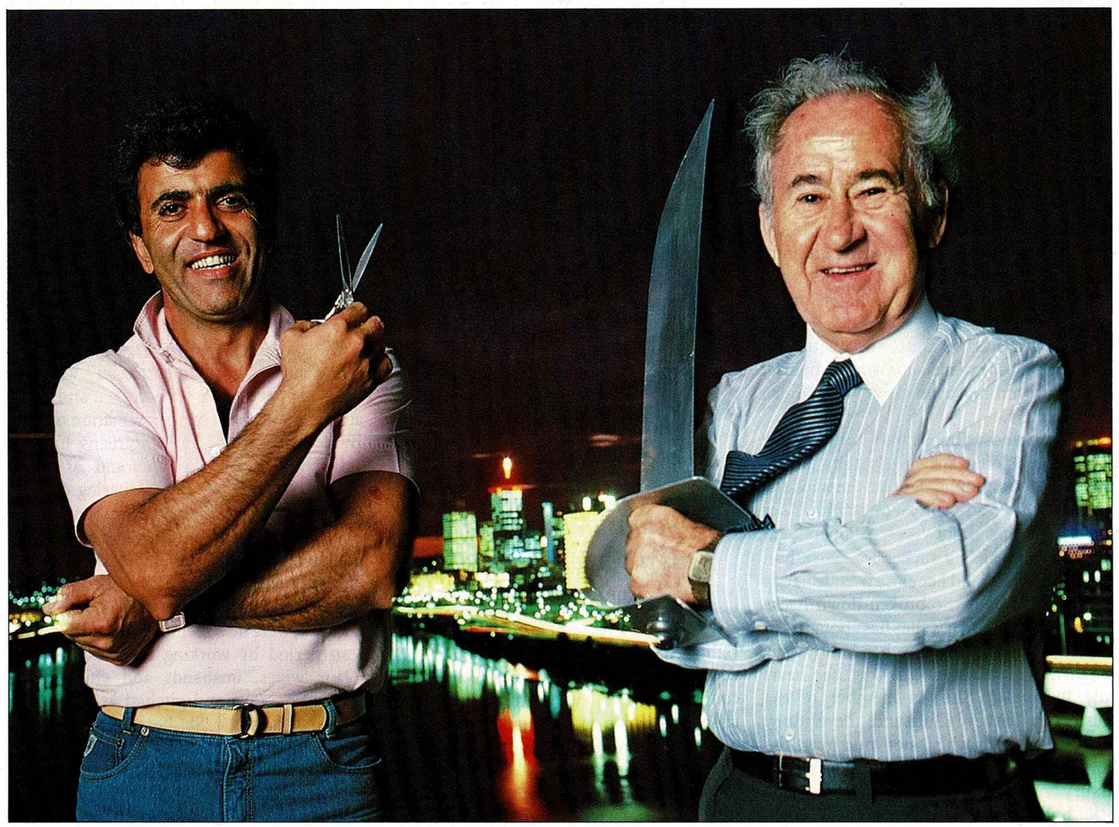
"Did you hear Joyce Mayne died?"

"No. How did it happen?"

"Kelvinator!"

If television has a down-market version of Orson Welles, it just might be Joyce Mayne. She writes, directs and stars in her own commercials and if they're handing out gongs for the whacko ads of the year, you can bet Joycie will get nominated every time.

To push a line of Japanese electrical goods, Joycie scripted herself into a swirlpool occupied by six Asian men. Other routines have explored her flair with animals involving elephants, a frolic in a cage with tigers and falling off donkeys. Joyce is one brilliant blonde, but it's fair to say the bloom of youth has long departed. And that's reason why Joycie should consider using stand-ins for the stunts. When she scripted an ad that had her treadling about on a bike, she forgot to mention she couldn't ride. They had to fit



PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM SHELDON

ABOVE, FROM LEFT: STEVE ACKERIE AND JACK BUTLER. FACING PAGE, FROM LEFT: FRANCO COZZO AND BRIAN DAVIES.

kids' trainer wheels to stop her coming a cropper.

Stunts aside, her staff and customers love her mad merchandising and have stayed extremely loyal to the boss. They especially enjoy the way her Mae West lampoonery hits the customer somewhere between funny-bone and fob pocket, ensuring improved profits and job security.

The average staffer has been with Joyce for 15 of the 20 years she has been in business in Sydney. Like many successful middle-aged women, she is mock-sensitive about her age, putting it at 45. Her staff jokingly say it's 75, but add they expect her to live to 125!

Joyce Mayne hit Australia from the UK in 1963. She went straight into business using electrical goods as her foundation for a complex that was neither a market nor a shopping centre but fell midway between. The idea of inviting tenants to join the complex to expand the range of goods and services made the Mayne business different to competing retail outlets, offering a corporate promotional image under Joyce's banner.

The idea has been so successful that in early 1984 she plans to have more than 40 tenants within her complex at the Auburn headquarters.

On weekends, Joyce holds court on the sales floor, doing special lines in microwaves and autographs. During the week she schemes better ad campaigns or blows her money on her hobby — gallopers and gambling. Joycie's a sucker for horseflesh and bookmakers and her close friends have a file of tales about the broken-down hacks and hopeless horses she has bought or backed. When it comes to her hobby, this tough-nutted business girl lets her heart rule her head. She's a member of the Australian Jockey Club and the Sydney Turf Club and when not pursuing the horses or more hard work, retreats to a luxury cruiser off the Queensland coast for a brief holiday.

Back in Sydney, her clients and managers await her next piece of whacky advertising with a certain sense of excitement. Will she go one better than the Flying Supergirl ad, or the Carmen Miranda sex siren extravaganza? Perhaps she'll go in for crocodile wrestling to top the tiger-taming act, or a talking parrot and a bunch of chimps. . .

No matter, the record so far says that whatever Joycie comes up with always manages to sell, sell, sell.

●

A Lebanese-born NIDA graduate playing the part of a homosexual solicitor is not your conventional profile for a member of the board. This story goes back to 1972, when Joe Hasham was starring as a likeable gay lawyer in the Ten Network's soapy, *Number 96*. Any actor who can make that part work should be able to sell anything, thought John Thorpe, managing director of Electronic Sales and Rentals. So, he approached Hasham with a proposal to appear in TV commercials. But the arrangement went a bit further than that when the success of the commercials strengthened Joe's assocation with the company.

In 1977, he was appointed to the board to take charge of the company's advertising, promotions and public relations. Since then, the ES and R profile has become one of the most imposing in the ultra-competitive audio and video markets. While so much advertising was pitched along the lines of frenetic ockerism, the ES and R commercials exuded quiet credibility in the shape of front-man Hasham. The pitch is well-groomed, grey-suited sincerity topped off with dark good looks.

It works, particularly on weekends, when ES and R's round-the-clock sales and servicing mean you can upgrade your gear in time to catch that footie final or movie you didn't want to miss. Of course, the Hasham style rode well on the VCR rage as the company hit a new high in hard and software lines. When Federal police investigating alleged breaches of the Copy-

Butler became recognised as a natural performer, a nice little bloke whose impish features caused millions to think of him as a personal friend.

right Act seized 4000 videotapes and equipment from ES and R stores across the country last year, a very sombre Joe bobbed up on television to express the company's outrage. ES and R went to court seeking $2 million in damages and Hasham hit the indignation button with an ad that blended the injustice of it all with a renewed pitch for the firm's product.

As they say, there is a bit of the actor in all the best sellers. — NEIL JAMESON

●

Once upon a time there lived a diminutive wholesale food executive called Jack Butler. Although he was just five feet (1.52m) tall — and his mates called him "The Flea" — Jack possessed what bad novelists call towering vision.

Coupled with a king-sized personality, Jack's penchant for thinking big would lift him far above the mass of wholesale food executives. In a fairy-tale success story, Jack Butler, clasping a sword as big as himself would become a household name, a bold crusader against the dragon called Inflation, a champion of the budget-conscious and the poor.

He would become. . . JACK THE SLASHER, THE HOUSEWIFE'S HERO!

He would also become a multi-millionaire whose cut-out image, price cutting sword aloft, now grins victoriously from the rooftops of 37 Jack The Slasher wholesale food barns in Queensland, NSW and the Northern Territory. In television commercials, Butler became recognised as a natural performer, a nice little bloke whose impish features and homely delivery caused millions to think of him as a personal friend. And that was no accident. Right from the start, Jack Butler's wholesaling fairytale has unfolded in public, with villains, loyal supporters and sub-plots, beginning with the day in March, 1976, when Butler was sacked as managing director of Tickle Wholesale Distributors in Brisbane. Newspapers headlined how, within hours of his dismissal, 260 storemen and packers employed by Tickle (food distributors) walked off the job in protest. . . and 42 other employees quit on the spot to join the man they had voted Boss of the Year in 1975.

It was a mini-revolution highlighting the immense personal charisma of one man in an industry which, however necessary, had never been recognised for producing galvanising personalities.

Butler explained that his dismissal had followed "a personal altercation" with the chairman of Tickle's board. . . and soon afterward announced the formation of Jack Butler and Staff Ltd, comprising himself and two others as directors and 20 of the Tickle defectors as profit-sharing foundation members of the new company.

Gung-ho free enterprise types — of which there are plenty in Queensland — cheered to read of how the faithful employees, earning up to $20,000 a year at Tickle's, were now seeing Butler through the lean period by working for $150 a week. Their wives, husbands and children all donned overalls and pitched in to prepare the first Jack the Slasher foodbarn at an outer Brisbane suburb.

Each barn (warehouse) would be leased in outer suburbs where rents are rock bottom. There would be nothing inside them except shelves and lighting. Prices for each product would be marked on shelves and customers would be given felt pens to mark prices on their items. The range of individual products would be restricted to perhaps two or three brands instead of the eight usually available in supermarkets.

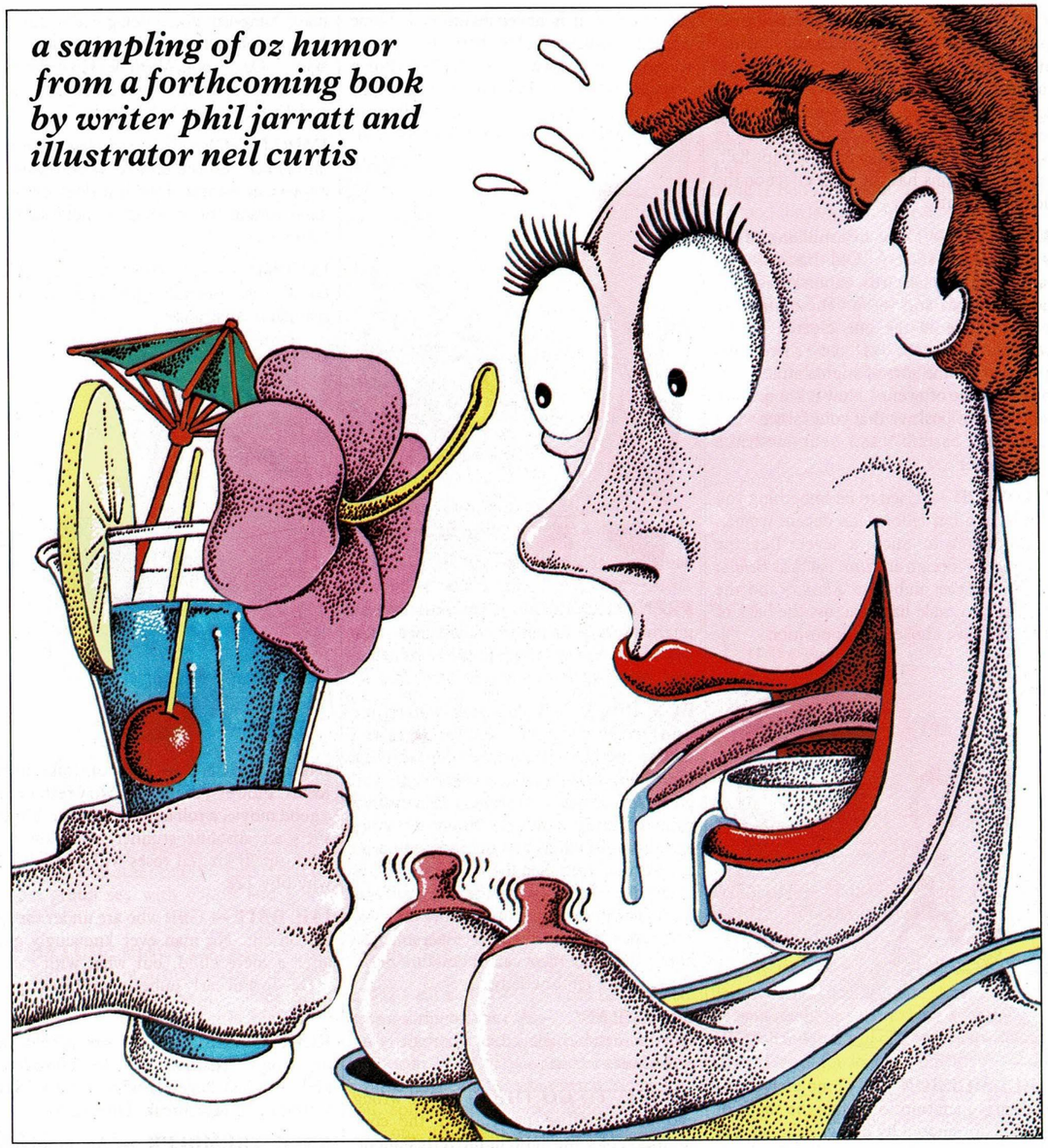
In return, Butler promised not flash-in-the-pan "specials" but permanent bargains — items up to 23 percent cheaper than elsewhere. Butler received widespread publicity of course, especially for such playful allusions to his former employers as naming his house brand toilet rolls "Jack the Slasher's non-tickle toilet tissue".

He became known as the Freddy Laker of the supermarket set, printing thousands of handbills for distribution to suburban letterboxes. Messages like: "Ladies, if you don't need servants at home, you don't need them at the food barn!"

Or the company motto: "Those

(continued on page 108)

a sampling of oz humor from a forthcoming book by writer phil jarratt and illustrator neil curtis



THE ABC OF SEX

APHRODISIAC — Most Australian men believe their dynamic personalities and devastating good looks will do the trick. However, should the lady appear reticent a man may call upon a mild relaxant (a beer) for himself and a mild sexual stimulant for her. These normally come in the form of fancy cocktail drinks, replete with slices of everything, a maraschino cherry and a little paper umbrella. A potent Blue Lagoon is said to be most effective.

AROUSAL — A state seldom entered by Australian males, except at sporting fixtures. In the sexual context, displays of overt passion are frowned upon. This sort of thing is best left to actors in foreign art films.

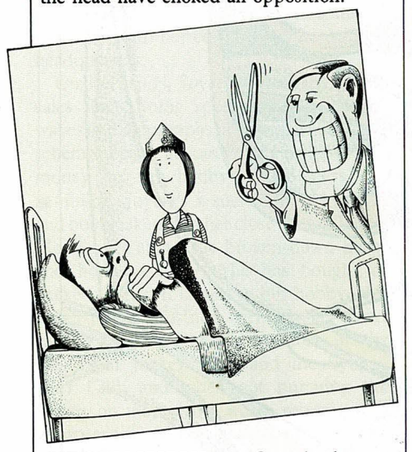
BACK SEAT — Before the age of the four cylinder compact car and just after the invention of the drive-in movie, this was where it all happened. Particularly if only one or neither party was married.

BALLS — Very necessary and somewhat delicate part

of the male organs. As well as producing the sperm which in turn produces healthy Australians, this area is of strategic importance during pub brawls and street fights, when it tends to become a target for knees and boots. Contact of this nature usually brings hostilities to an abrupt halt, and on occasions has the same effect on the victim's sex life.

BASTARD — There are a million and one types in our society. Old bastards, fat bastards, dopey bastards, cunning bastards, mean bastards and so on. The bastard we refer to here is the one created out of wedlock. In days of old there was apparently some sort of stigma attached to this sequence of events. Now it is a mark of honor, proof positive that your father was a "dirty old bastard" and your mother a "mad rooter".

BLOW JOB — Used to be something you bought in a bordello, as no decent woman would stoop to such a level. But the influence of foreign art films (such as *Behind the Green Door* and *Deep Throat*) and the force of two male hands across the back of the head have choked all opposition.



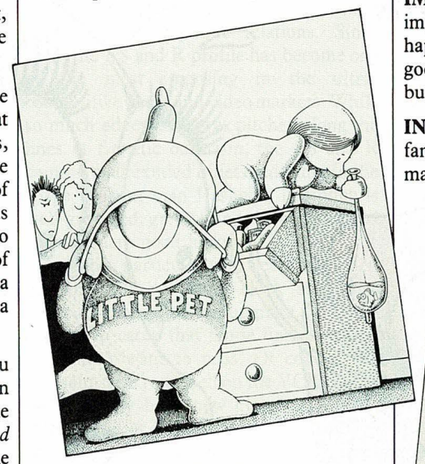
CIRCUMCISION — Completely unnecessary operation to change the shape of the penis promoted by old wives' tales and religious beliefs. In Cromwell's England, civil war actually broke out between those who refused the operation (Cavaliers) and those who underwent it (Roundheads).

CUNNILINGUS — Small town near Cunnamulla. Residents good at ball sports but home team regularly takes a licking.

DIRTY TALK — Often euphemistically referred to as pillow talk, this disgusting patter is designed to put your partner off sex completely, thereby enabling you to finish reading your book. Sample: Darling, I want to squeeze your plump pink buttocks so hard etc etc etc.

DOWN, TO GO — A phrase coined by the Cunnilingus football team after yet another licking.

EASY — In the language of love, "easy" applies only to women. All men are easy by definition so it is never mentioned. Some women, however, play hard to get for reasons best known to themselves. For a brief period — say 15 minutes — this may even enhance their attraction but beyond this the practice becomes a pain in the butt.



FRENCH LETTER — The most difficult purchase of your entire adolescence. Also has more names (frog, franger, frenchie) than uses.

FUN BAGS — Voluptuous women are usually very proud of these appendages, and tend to emphasise their dimensions through the use of whalebone under-garments and other antiquities. The Italian Renaissance painter Botticelli revered heavy set ladies and did as much as any man to popularise the big tit. Since then the bulging boob has enjoyed a unique place in the history of sex, particularly so since the introduction of magazines which essentially worship the nork. Why do men call them fun bags? First, find a chubby lady. . .

GANG BANG — A very rough contact sport sometimes played by footballers on end-of-season rorts.

GROPE, TO GO THE — At the wrong end of the office party, after the consumption of some light, liquid refreshment, the hard-working faithful hubby may be forgiven if, brushing past her between the shredder and the loo, he is tempted to go the grope on Miss Jones from the typing pool. If Miss Jones has had a drink or three (*See also* **Leg Opener**) he may live to tell about it, or even get a little encouragement before she draws away in disgust. If, on the other hand, she is a teetotalling wowser with a black belt in karate, he may not even get compo.

HANG-UPS — Any woman who says "no" is riddled with hang-ups. Any man who takes offence at her refusal is riddled with hang-ups. If man and woman bump, as they say, like sexual ships in the night but don't wish to continue the relationship, a quick termination can be arranged by reference to hang-ups. "Harry, you're a nice guy but since the divorce I've had so many hang-ups about being with a guy that I really don't think we should see each other again." Or: "Look, Marlene, I like you a lot, but I got very badly hurt in a relationship and I've got terrible hang-ups."

IMPOTENCE — Like sexual inadequacy, impotence is something which doesn't happen in Australia, or if it does there's a good reason for it which is none of your business.

INCEST — Sex with your immediate family. A practice frowned upon in mainland Australia.

INDUCEMENT — This can take many forms. Flowers, dinner at a ritzy restaurant, a good movie, a roll of tens, new car. Unless she's an absolute stunner, start low and work up. If six red roses will do the trick, why buy 12?

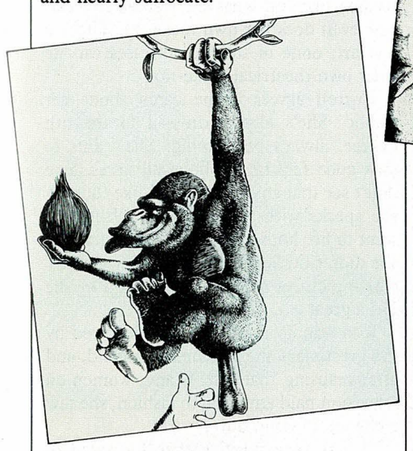
JAIL BAIT — Girls who are under the age of consent. No man ever knowingly goes after a mere child, but what with clever make-up and early puberty, mistakes can be made.

KINKY — All kinds of sex except the missionary position can be considered kinky. It just depends who you ask. Save yourself the heartbreak. Don't ask.

KNEE TREMBLER — An innovation you won't find in the *Kamasutra*. Designed for people in a hurry, this form of sex can be practised anywhere there is standing room. First popularised in the motion picture *The Godfather*, when Sonny (James Caan) gave a lightning fast performance at the top of the stairs.

LEG-OPENER — Most alcoholic beverages will work, but some work better than others. A bottle of vintage French champagne, for example, will usually work better than a bottle of beer. And quantity is important — just enough and not too much. In the history of sex this has long been recognized. Note this extract from a London erotic magazine of the 1880s: ". . .seating myself by her, (I) endeavored to put her at her ease by not proceeding to any liberties at first, till I had plied her with some half-dozen glasses of wine." In Australia, cocktail drinks with little umbrellas and cherries in them are favored by some, while others stick rigidly to the belief that blue should be the color of a girl's drink.

MUFF DIVER — Like abalone divers, these brave fellows run huge risks in their pursuit of a true delicacy. While the abalone diver may have to go deeper than intended and suffer from too-rapid decompression when he finally emerges from the depths, the muff diver may lose sight of everything and nearly suffocate.



NUTS — *See* **Balls**

NYMPHOMANIAC — A woman who wants sex when you don't.

ONION — Nasty practice engaged in by bikie gangs and other undesirables. Said to involve group sex with onions and other vegetables.

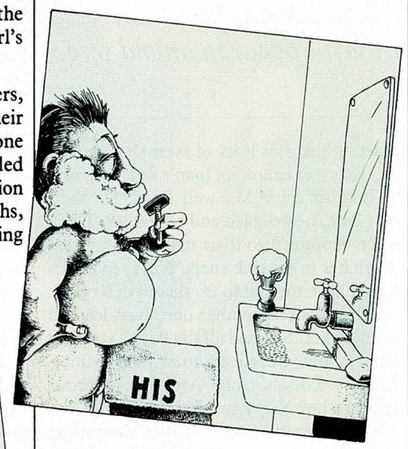
PREMATURE EJACULATION — Another indication of a busy man. He's got marginally more time on his hands than your phone sex customer, but he really has to root and run.

PRICK — A chap you don't like or an old feller you're rather fond of.

PUSSY — A small cat or a twat of any size.

QUEEN — In old England simply a whore, but in the land of Oz this is very definitely a bloke who dresses funny and to whom you should never show your back.

QUIVERING WITH ANTICIPATION — The state women get themselves into when they hear the sound of an unzipping fly, which is why they aren't allowed into men's toilets.



RAGING ROGER — Horizontal displacement between the knees and the waist.

ROOT — At last we've got to it. The great Australian euphemism and the *double entendre* behind Australia's oldest dirty joke. Two blokes in a bar, one says he's going to Queensland for his holidays. "What route are you taking?" asks the other. "Have to take the missus," comes the answer, "we're staying with her parents."

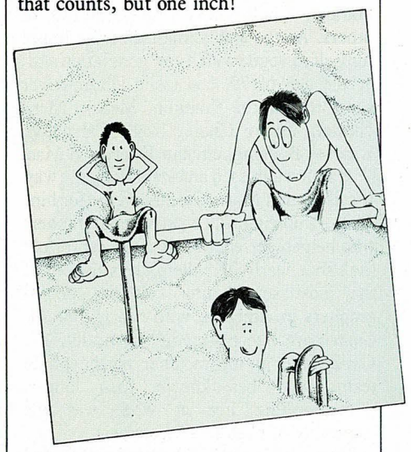
STREAK — The streak was, for a brief moment in history, almost an art form in Australia. There were streaks across cricket pitches, on to football fields, along highways, group streaks through shopping centres, you name it, someone would consider it worthy of dropping their dacks. The truly worthwhile streakers ended up on the front page, then in court. The rest just ended up with colds, and in court.

TITILLATE, TO — This can be achieved by a number of means, ranging from the fairly straightforward (girl drops all her clothes in front of you) to the downright bizarre (girl eats ham sandwich in front of you, spitting out crusts). Whatever turns you on, titillation is something which cannot be ignored, otherwise it wouldn't be titillation. Got it?

UNNATURAL ACT — An act which cannot be done. Anything else is okay.

VASECTOMY — An extremely dangerous and unnecessary operation undertaken by brave men to make the lot of women even easier. Since female suffrage, women have taken a lot of liberties but their championing of this cause is the deepest cut of all.

WELL-HUNG — Ask any Aussie man to describe his genitalia and he'll tell you he's well-hung, but what exactly is "well-hung"? Kinsey looked at a lot of cocks and claimed the largest he'd seen was 10 inches, which gives the lie to porn star John Holmes' legendary 12-inch schlong. But Dr David Ruben in *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex* claimed to have seen a 14-inch full erection. When you extend further than the ruler, who's counting? The smallest trouser snake on record, according to Kinsey, is slightly under one inch. Of course, it's not the size that counts, but one inch!



WOMEN — Half the point of this whole exercise. Wonderful creatures when correctly trained.

XAVIERA HOLLANDER — A former hooker who realized she was better at writing about sex than she was at doing it. Ms Hollander is full of great ideas, such as Great Danes for lonely women.

YACHT — The ultimate sex aid. If you've got one of these, you can throw away the manuals and the expensive aftershave. You've got it made.

ZIPPER — A piece of clothing machinery of which it is vital to have a working knowledge, such as how to pull it up and down very quickly.

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JOAN COLLINS (continued from page 51)

"I'm not Glenda Jackson. I can't just appear in an old serge skirt and a blouse."

Collins agreed to pose for PLAYBOY, it was obvious that she deserved not one but two of America's best photographers.

George Hurrell, perhaps the most famous name in Hollywood glamor photography, was the choice for the black-and-white series. He took his first photo of a film star, Ramon Novarro, in 1927 and, under contract to various movie studios, shot all the greats — Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Bette Davis, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable and hundreds of others. As the star system died, he found himself in vogue with a new generation and, at the age of 79, has taken album-cover shots for Aretha Franklin, Melissa Manchester, Chevy Chase, Keith Carradine, Lindsey Buckingham and Fleetwood Mac.

If Hurrell missed any stars along the way, it's likely that Mario Casilli covered for him. One of the original PLAYBOY photographers who helped perfect the art of the centrefold (he's shot nearly 70 of them), he's also one of the most sought-after celebrity photographers in America, with nearly 100 *TV Guide* covers to his credit. Ironically, it is Casilli, the junior member of the photo team, who has known Joan longer, photographing her at what was the beginning of both of their careers.

"It was 1956 or '57," he recalls. "She had just come over from Britain as something of a Liz Taylor look-alike. She was much more quiet at the time and was nowhere near the lady she is now. She's grown in confidence and has really become her own person. I was impressed with her then, but I would have never guessed that she'd become such a star."

For Joan, becoming a star was a long, bumpy ride. She entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts when she was only 15 and quickly made her movie debut in *I Believe in You* with Laurence Harvey. Numerous films, most of them forgettable, followed. Of course, the quality of her work hardly mattered, since she managed, by dint of her colorful personal life and her penchant for speaking her mind, to become a star in spite of her career. Few saw or remembered her movies; no one forgot her well-publicised affairs. And if people did, Joan was quick to remind them by writing her autobiography, *Past Imperfect*, in 1978. Even for a woman long known as "Britain's Bad Girl," the book was so shocking and the uproar so loud that she demurely returned a $100,000 advance to her American publisher to keep the book from being released there. She's since reworked it, toned some of it down and has agreed to let it be published early this year.

To read *Past Imperfect* is to realise how anaemic the plot lines of even *Dynasty* can be. Take, for example, Joan's first marriage to English actor Maxwell Reed. On their first date, he drugged and raped her. Then, seven months into their marriage, he tried to sell her to an Arab sheik. Not even Alexis would have the gall to try that with Krystal.

After divorce number one, Joan learned to enjoy life. She had affairs with a string of famous sons: Charlie Chaplin's son Sydney, Arthur Loew's son Art Jnr, Conrad Hilton's boy Nicky and Rafael Trujillo, son of the then-dictator of the Dominican Republic. Terence Stamp and Harry Belafonte got their turns at bat, according to the book, while Richard Burton tried and struck out. Warren Beatty asked Joan to marry him — he even slipped her an engagement ring in a carton of chopped liver — and their ill-fated engagement was the talk of Hollywood.

Her second marriage, to singer-songwriter-director Anthony Newley, was an improvement over her first but was still stormy enough to be charted by the Bureau of Meteorology. Seven years and two children later, they split, and Joan fell into the waiting arms of Ryan O'Neal. A third marriage, to Ron Kass, who at one time headed the Beatles Apple Corporation, was marked with tragedy when their youngest daughter, Katy, was hit by a car and suffered what doctors said was permanent brain damage. Joan and Ron dedicated their lives to helping her recover, and after years of both professional and home-grown therapy, Katy was able to resume a normal life. In fact, it was her recovery that allowed Joan the chance to work full time as Alexis, the only role in her career that has overshadowed her private life.

Veteran star watcher Hurrell is surprised that Joan had never before reached superstar status through her work. "She has everything — the face, the figure, the talent, the enthusiasm, the tenacity," he says. "The only thing I can figure out is that she probably had a lousy agent."

Casilli, on the other hand, thinks the public was just slow to catch on. "Sometimes, it takes the public a while to realise how exciting a certain character is," he maintains. "Now Alexis is a fantasy figure — rich, rough, sexy." After all, it says something about America and Australia that Alexis — who gleefully grinds her spiked heels into the little people on her climb to the top — has been accepted as a sexual fantasy rather than a threat.

Of course, there's one other important element of Joan's current success. She has put in years of hard work and has thrown herself into the role of Alexis — and of Joan Collins the star — with enthusiasm and professionalism. The lessons of other actors and actresses who turned out to be flashes in the pan have been noted and filed, as the longevity of her career attests. It's a career she runs singlehandedly, often without the help of a manager, business manager or a press agent.

"She follows in the tradition of the stars of yesteryear," says Casilli. "She has an image and she knows how to exploit it. It's almost as if she's a product. During our session, she knew exactly what she wanted to look like and what she wanted to wear. She even does her own make-up. That's a lost art; none of today's actresses can do their own theatrical make-up."

Hurrell agrees. "She cares about her public. She's always dressed to the nth degree, always performing. She wants to look good for the public at all times. You don't see that anymore. And I like the way she speaks with such certainty. When we went to her house to show her the pictures, she didn't fiddle around. She knew exactly which pictures made her look good — she has a great eye for photography."

Joan admits that she's been inspired by the great stars she watched as a child, and after realising that few, if any, women on television paid attention to fashion, she saw a chance to stand out.

"I was very positive that I wanted to make a statement with clothes," she explains. "I'm not Glenda Jackson. I can't just appear in an old serge skirt and a blouse."

"It's fun to see that glamor come back," says Casilli. "Joan has been so successful with it that I think we'll see a lot more of it from others in the future."

That doesn't mean that glamor has replaced controversy as a Collins trademark. Like Alexis, she seems to be able to have them both — and her photos in PLAYBOY are proof positive that elegance can be scintillating.

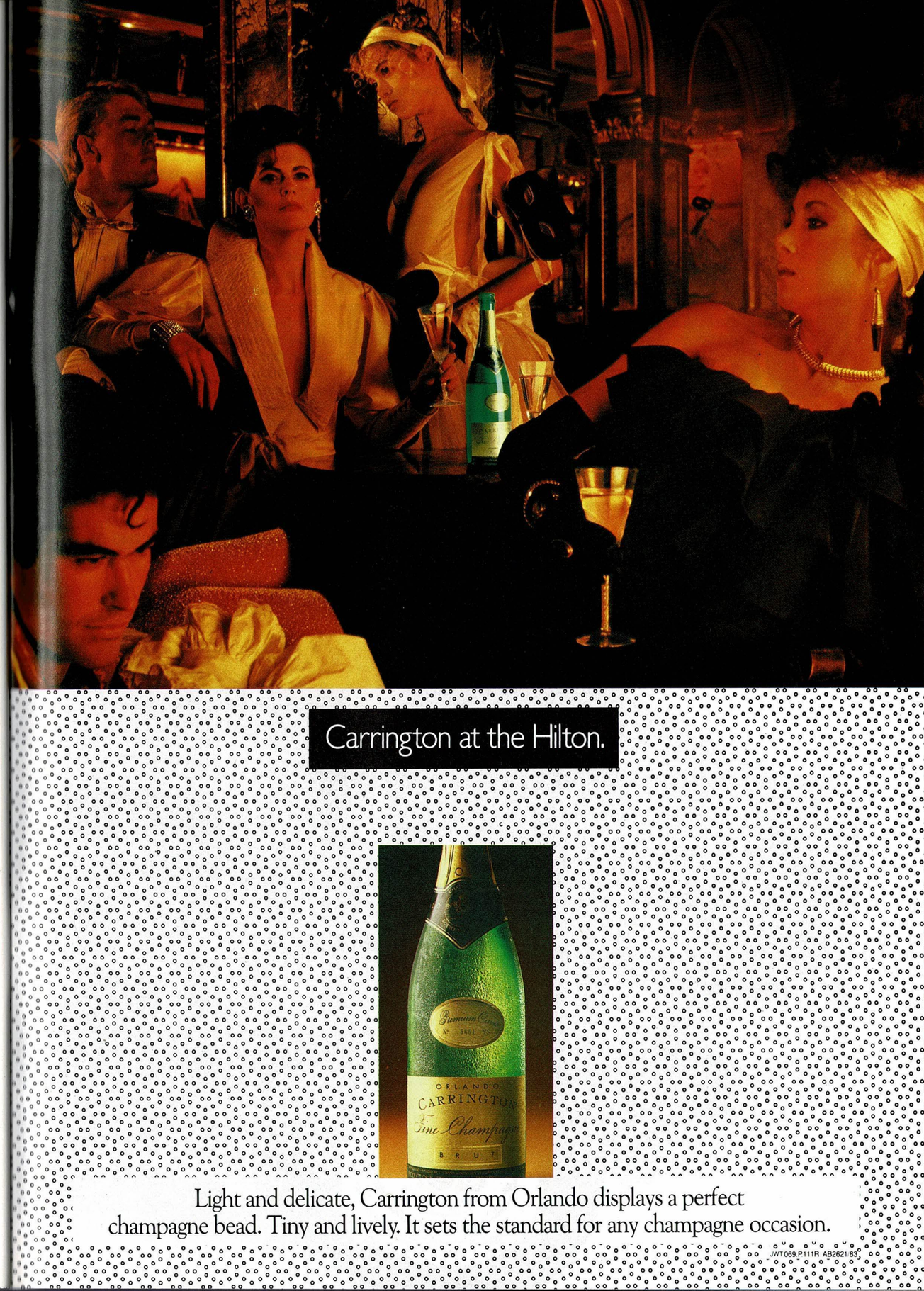
"The things I did in the PLAYBOY layout are unrevealing rather than revealing, because that's more interesting," she explains. "I can project sex by my face and my bodily attitude. I can switch it on."

Sex isn't the only thing that gets switched on. People expect the outrageous from Joan, and she expects criticism from them.

"Everybody says, 'Oh, Joan, shocking girl. There she goes again, always doing the wrong thing, always shocking everybody and being controversial.' Everybody else rallies around saying, 'Oh, God, she's so terrible.'"

Is this pictorial the wrong thing? Is it terrible? That's not what Joan told us.

"I can do what I want, and what I do is not shocking and is not bad," she insists. "In my own mind it's okay. I've got a good body. I'd only do it if I knew I could do it. The instant I know I can't do it, I won't do it."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CLASSIC CAT

motoring editor rob luck unharnesses the animal-like power of the luxton d-type jaguar

FROM THE TOP of the hill it looked ideal. A line of twisting bitumen coursing around the sloping sides of the deep, grassy bowl. There were some factory sites below but they looked almost deserted. The sun boomed in and filled the bowl with soft yellow light.

I nudged the D-Type over the rim of the crest and tweaked its tail into the first turn. The exhaust cracked as I feathered the engine for the next wrenching twist in the tarmac. By the time I wound the little green car down the snaking tar to the valley floor, there was a backwash of sound waves rolling in from the hill sides. I kicked the tail out wide in the last turn and pointed the nose down between the factory walls. It was unbelievable — the doors and windows of the grimy buildings were bulging with waving people. The car boomed between them, exhaust snarling and crackling as the engine rapped angrily through the down-shifts for the stop-turn at the end. In the mirror, I saw a girl with both hands over her ears.

•

If there is a nebulous outline of automotive sensuality in the mind's eye, then the D-Type is what causes it to materialise. It is truly an animal of a car, sculpted in sheet metal out of the likeness of its namesake. It crouches, powerful shoulders and haunches pre-flexed, ready to spring. When it is fired up, it twitches like a jungle beast poised to pounce. As it moves, it becomes grace in flight.

None of this is by accident. The first Jaguar cars came from the pens of the men who fantasised about a re-creation of animal sensuality in sheet metal. They believed that an efficient and functional machine could also look graceful and evocative.

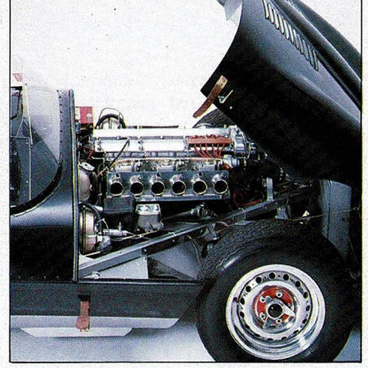
The first attempts were extraordinarily successful — the XK series sports cars had journals of the day hustling for hyperbole. The D-Type was a derivative of those cars. The first one, built by Malcolm Sayer, who came from Bristol Aircraft, was called an XK120C Mk 11, so it was not only aircraft-styled but based on both the XK120 and the C-type.

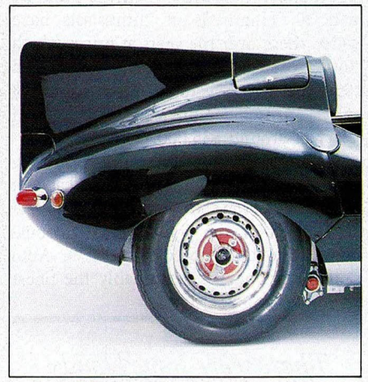
It was aerodynamics (in those days completely borrowed from aircraft), which produced the D-Type's rounded lines. It was considered the way to go but from an aerodynamic efficiency viewpoint, the D-Type was a dismal failure, being considerably blunter in its approach to the airstream than, say, a current Ford Laser.

Statistics may be fondly regarded as third-degree lies in this instance, since relative aerodynamic efficiency was more than offset by an extremely small frontal area and a power-to-weight ratio that put the thing more in the class of a guided missile. In other words, it punched air faster than anything else on earth.

Getting the bulk and weight down to a minimum was the main exercise with the D-Type. The Sayer gang at Coventry tried some completely new automotive tricks to do this. First they built the cockpit area in one piece. This might sound a bit silly these days when monocoque is the accepted procedure but back then, road cars had railway lines for chassis with body bits attached. Racing cars were Meccano sets of tubes with bodies wrapped around like papier-mache. A strong, rigid cockpit enabled the end bits to be made much lighter and then bolted to the middle. On the D-Type, this took shape as a space frame sticking out each end to hold up the engine and suspension. The centre section of the body was moulded in one shape, and the front and rear parts could also be formed in one or two large panels that bolted in place. The front one could even be lifted off.

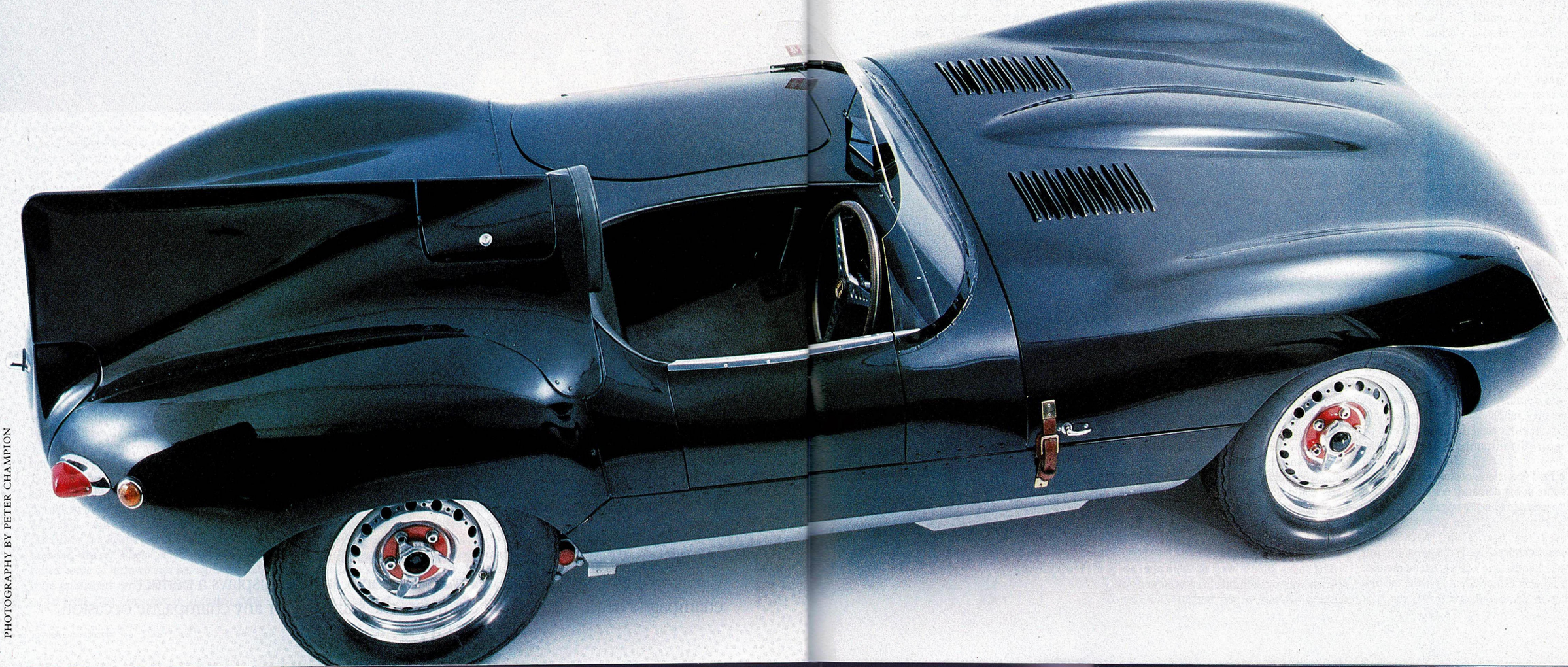
When it was, the observer could readily see that the front space frame cradled a massive engine in its outstretched arms. One of the most powerful engines of the day, the 3.4 litre Jaguar XK engine had a sophisticated breathing apparatus. This involved twin overhead camshafts feeding fuel from triple dual-throat Weber carburettors into hemispherical combustion chambers which provided fuel burning power that was about as efficient as you could get in those days.





It must have been a reasonable sort of engine, because in similar form (but without the big Weber jugs), it powers the Jaguar XJ6 sedan you can now buy, some 30 years later. But there was one problem: it was a bit on the lofty side. So, the Jaguar boys tilted it over about eight degrees to make more room for it, then chopped the sump in half so the engine could be dropped closer to the ground. Since you still need sump oil to keep the engine running, the sump was located in a special tank up on the side of the engine where it didn't contribute to height problems. The scheme is known as "dry sumping" and is the basis for all racing engines today, even those used by Australian Touring Car Championship sedans.

What it did for the D-Type was to get its profile unbelievably close to the ground.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CHAMPION

Ignoring the windscreen and tailfin, the uppermost part of the body was less than 950mm (3ft) above the ground. Even allowing for the height of the full stabilising fin, the thing stands only 1150mm (45in) tall. This explains why even in pictures it looks like it could pass under semi-trailers. But absolutely nothing prepares one for the car's real-life stature: it seems about knee height, emphasised by the fact that you have to crouch down to get in. The tailfin emphasises the appearance of a fighter aircraft lying on its belly on the tarmac.

This is a piece of functional one-upmanship which capped off a demoralisingly complete mechanical specification. The D-Type was aimed straight at Le Mans, and the Jaguar engineers correctly assessed that in the mid '50s, the secret to success was unbelievable squirt down the long Mulsanne Straight.

Having equipped the car with an engine that would suit an attack-fighter aircraft, they decided that unscheduled flights could best be eliminated by stabilising the flight-path. At 280km/h down the Mulsanne, lap after fearful lap, the stabiliser fins apparently did precisely that. And in 1955, when the D-Types were among the new generation of low-flying automobiles at the Sarthe Circuit, it was the silver Teutons, not the British racing greens, that were involved in the scandal of the worst crash in motor racing history. While Mercedes withdrew the remnants of its team and retired, the D-Types went on to win.

It wasn't just rocket-sled power and aerodynamically-stable bodies that did it, either. The cars could stop on their snubby noses, courtesy of giant disc brakes recently grafted from aircraft by Dunlop. They dug into the turns like slot cars, utilising independent front suspension (double wishbones) and link-located rear ends. They steered positively in the wet and dry because of the accurate rack and pinion steering. And when they hit the pits, they took on enough fuel (165 litres) to run for hours. Their wheels could be changed in seconds, thanks to the "knock-off" or single-shaft locating hubs.

There were some bloody fine cars produced by Aston Martin, Ferrari and Mercedes in the middle of the glorious 1950s but the D-Type demolished them all. Le Mans came and went three years in a row with these cars winning, culminating in a 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 domination of the 1957 event. It was all too much for the French, who changed the rules cleverly enough to outlaw the Jaguar. Significantly, it also killed the car off.

The D-Type is one of the rarest historic sports cars in big demand. A total of 87 cars were produced from the original factory up until February 12, 1957, when a fire destroyed the last of the XKSS road versions (which were D-Types with full screens, hoods and other refinements). Every car ever built was either a race car or a production car based exactly on the race cars. This was necessary to meet Le Mans rules, which required manufacturers to show they intended to build 100 identical cars.

But almost every car built was different from the next, including the 54 "production cars" built in 1955-56. Of all the cars built, many were butchered, ran off the island, lost battles to unseen lorries or were left to crumble in sheds. Some were ignominiously allotted the role of "spares" for the purpose of rebuilding other cars.

In 1983, a handful of pure originals live on around the world — perhaps no more than 30. Hundreds of enthusiasts have traded them over the years at prices which now have reached $160,000 and more. Yet in 1955, many cars were unsold at a mark of only £3878, the equivalent of a current salary of around $35,000.

Australia has some of the finest examples. They include the Keith Berryman car that recently had even show-hardened observers slack-jawed at the Sydney International Motor Show. Restored by Classic Auto Craft of Sydney, it is arguably the finest example in the world and has been valued between $250,000 and $300,000.

There were some bloody fine cars produced by Aston Martin, Ferrari and Mercedes in the 1950s but the D-Type demolished them all.

A similar car restored by the same experts was auctioned by its owner, Ian Cummins, at the 1982 Sydney Show and brought $230,000. Former Australian racing champion Bib Stilwell bought it and took it to the US.

This car is what is euphemistically called a "New D-Type". Since production ceased in 1956, this is clearly stretching the facts but it highlights a trend in reconstructions surrounding D-Type Jaguars that far surpasses the modern phenomenon of Replicars.

The movement was commenced by Lynx Cars in England, a firm which specialised in rebuilding and restoring the "really truly" D-Types that were found scattered around the countryside. This work was elevated to art form by the bottomless-pit purses of the owners, and the demand to fabricate many parts from scratch, by hand, where existing parts could not be found. This is precisely the same way in which many genuine restorations of vintage and veteran vehicles must be handled, so it is not far removed from the original product.

The next phase was to fabricate absolutely identical, faithful reproductions of the original cars, a task which Lynx Cars and Deetype Cars started as an industry. Some 27 cars have been faithfully reproduced at prices up to $160,000.

And the disease has spread here. First into the local re-creation field was Classic Auto Craft, a company which took a number of orders several years ago, and is now close to completing two "perfect" D-Type reproductions. Their potential owners, who have fronted funds on a term-payment basis, may not expect to get change from $180,000 at the end. The cars may not be above criticism: some experts who have viewed them under construction believe them to be vastly superior to the original.

A broader-based demand further down the market has led the creator of the D-Type featured on the preceding pages into the fray. His name is Tom Luxton, a Melbourne-based motor enthusiast of considerable standing and means, and he has entirely funded the project to develop this prototype at an affordable level for moderately wealthy enthusiasts.

The Luxton D-Type will sell for something less than $60,000 completely ready to drive away on registration, with local design rule compliance and pollution restrictions. Like its forebears, it is faithful in every respect to the construction of the chassis, the space frames, the suspension, steering and brakes. It is immaculately conceived in pure hand-beaten aluminium like the original long-nose D-Types that ran to victory at Le Mans from 1956 onwards. It even wears the 1956-57 full-width windscreen that Jaguar was forced to fit to the later Le Mans cars. It makes certain concessions to modern day driving, including neat cut-out doors, proper driving seats, instruments and other facilities.

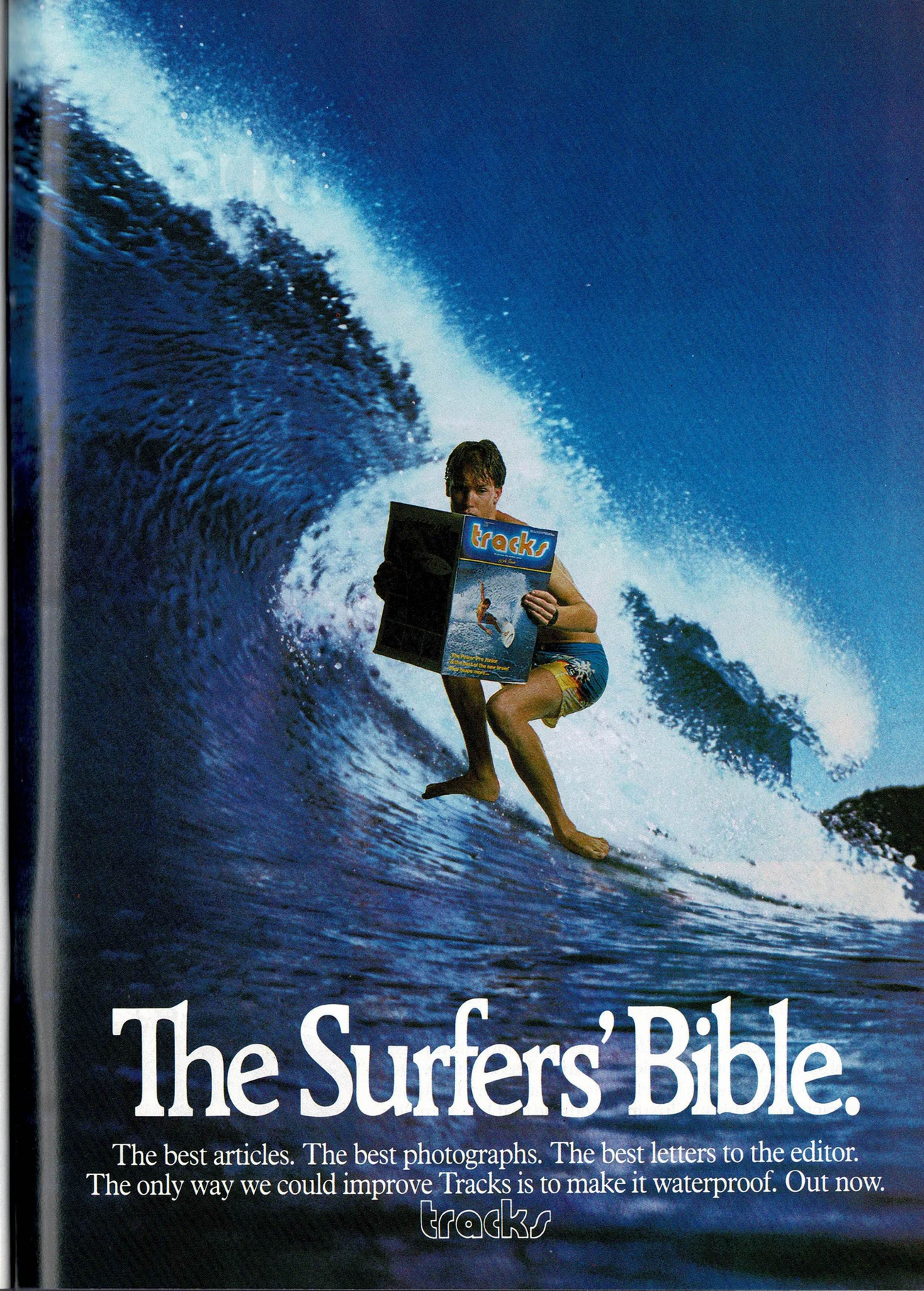
It makes no concessions in terms of power. The 280bhp engine, like the original factory racers, sends this little green rocket to 100km/h in less than five seconds. It eats superbikes for breakfast and can demolish any other production car on the road.

I wasn't brave enough to try for the triple-ton (Le Mans cars with the right gearing could pull 300km/h), but I can tell you it was still accelerating like a freight train downhill at 240km/h and I'd guess that would sound impressive to anyone.

First gear alone was good enough to break the Australian outright speed limit, and the car stopped the clocks over the standing quarter at less than 12 seconds, which is about 20 percent faster than the Lamborghini Countach.

It is immaculate in its construction, finish and fit and faithful in its equipment — including flip-up fuel-filler in the fin (with huge racing lock-down cap), Windgate knock-off wheels and so on.

It is not as pedantically perfect as the Classic Auto Craft cars but I suspect you'd have to be an employee of that company to pick the flaws. And even more importantly, it's readily available.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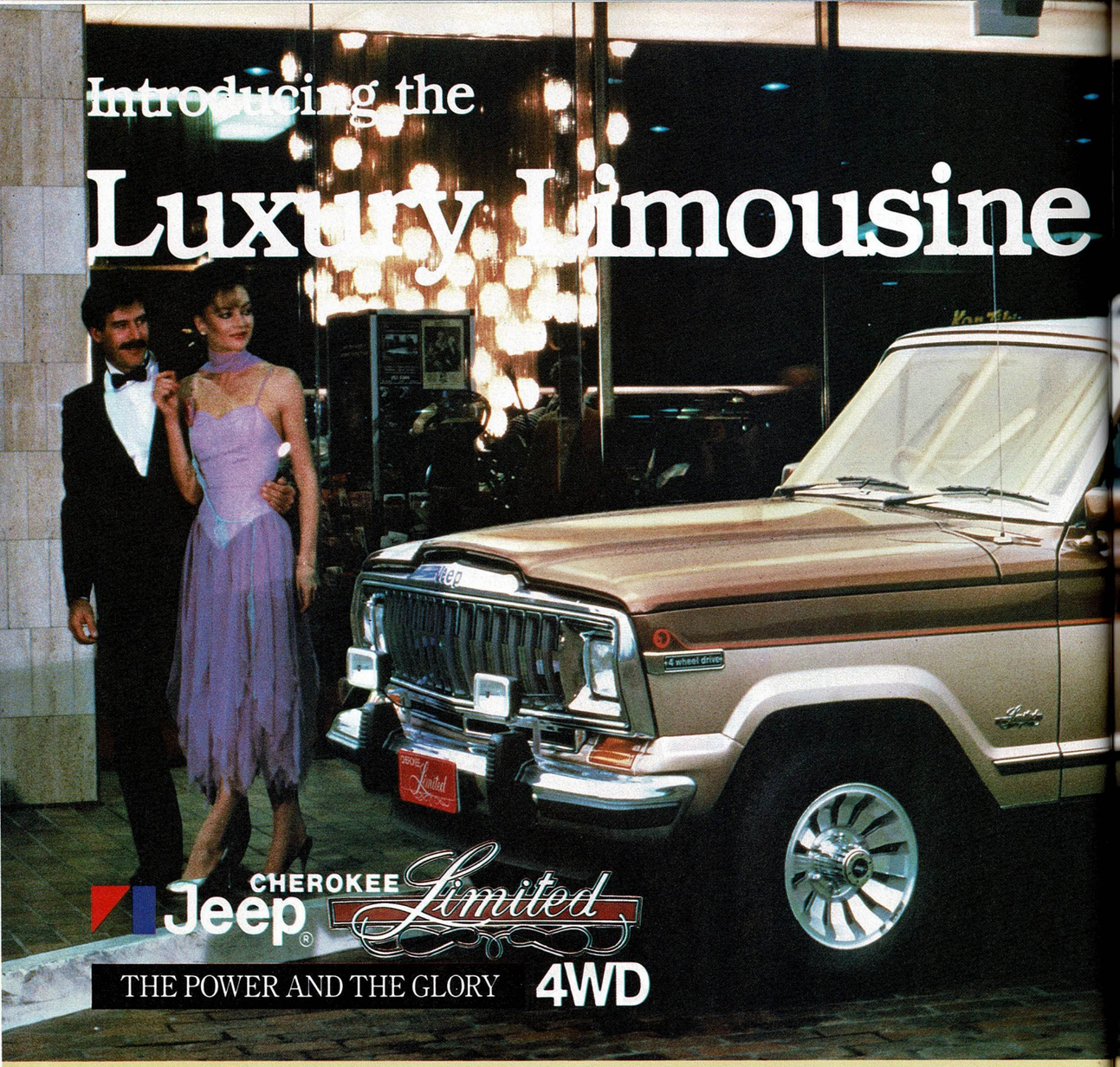

The Jeep Cherokee Limited wagon is unlike any other wagon you have ever seen — its standard features rival those of chauffeur driven limousines while giving you much more —

With Jeep Cherokee Limited you get the added advantages of station wagon convenience, a huge chassis for strength and safety plus the benefit of four wheel drive for added traction, all this in a luxury limousine that has a smaller turning circle than many ordinary cars.

Jeep Cherokee Limited - an elegant statement of success.

STANDARD FEATURES — Power Transmission
5.9 liter V8 petrol engine driving the part time 4WD system through a silky smooth 3 speed automatic transmission.

SPECIAL FEATURES AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT

Exterior
Shadowtone metallic paint in 3 colour combinations with colour keyed exterior mirrors.

Paint	Seat Facing
Nutmeg/Stardust	Chocolate
Red/Silver	Burgundy
Green/Sea Mist	Emerald

Alloy 'turbo style' spoke wheels
Chrome grille and headlight surrounds
Twin rally-type driving lights
Rear window dust deflector (colour keyed)
Exclusive badges
Unique protection mould

Interior
Colour keyed leather faced lo-profile hi-back reclining bucket seats front/contoured rear seat
Central console containing leather armrest, storage compartments, ash tray, air conditioning controls, rear compartment air conditioning 'eye ball' outlets, rear seat ash tray and T bar transmission selector
Electrically operated 'moon roof'
Electrically operated side and rear windows
Central locking
Cruise control
Colour keyed padded leather dash board inserts
Pioneer AM/FM stereo cassette with electronic pre-select and station search plus power booster and co-axial speakers
Woodgrain door garnish moulds
Locking petrol cap
Rear compartment grab handles
Air conditioning with electronic pre-cool high velocity fan with Sanden* rotary compressor
Leather wrapped steering wheel

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SELLERS

(continued from page 96)

Even after 18 years on television, Franco Cozzo's accent is a caricature of an Italian immigrant.

tremendous trifles — cleanliness, friendliness and enthusiasm."

Butler was able to prove to a television current affairs team that 20 randomly selected items were markedly cheaper than elsewhere, and his flair for publicity just kept improving. Blistering rows developed over whether Butler could legally wholesale to the public.

When, after a fight with local authorities, a Slasher barn opened in Darwin, Butler's cheeky face appeared in a full-page newspaper advertisement above the caption: "Meet the man who caused the biggest flap in Darwin since Cyclone Tracy. . . "

Now 64, Butler was once a top cricketer in his home town of Adelaide. His staff (all 1350 of them) remain fiercely loyal, and no wonder. "JB", as they know him, has continued his system of profit-sharing and dispenses bonuses of swimming pools and overseas trips.

Butler loves a self-starter — "you fix it, mate" — and spends a lot of his own time lurking discreetly around suburban food barns spotting any flaws in the system.

Nowadays, although the barns were originally aimed at large families and battlers, Butler's spying around food barn carparks has confirmed the existence of "plenty of Mercedes, Jaguars, BMWs and even the odd Rolls-Royce".

In his latest television ads, Butler is visited by a little devil (played by himself) who sits on one shoulder and urges him to put his prices up. An angel occupies the other shoulder (it, too, has Butler's face) and advises him to put prices down even lower.

As in all good fairy tales, the angel wins. Which means, dear consumers, that as long as The Flea has an angel in his ear, we'll all live cheaply ever after. . .

●

Steve Ackerie, tonsorial entrepreneur, is locked in the curl of an enormous blow-wave called success. But don't think for a moment that Stefan — as the millionaire hairdresser is known in the market-place — would approve of such infantile punning as this.

He is a man with an earnest approach to life; a short and well-muscled business dynamo who foresaw — at the age of 12 — how he would one day become a giant among hairdressers.

The vision was reinforced by an American who came to Ackerie's home village near Beirut and became known as the man with seven salons. "I knew by then," says Ackerie, "that one day I would have more than that." Sure enough, Stefan (his Lebanese name) now owns 52 salons in Queensland and, more recently, in New South Wales. They have an annual turnover of $20 million, which, as Mr Hair puts it, represents an awful lot "of snip-snips".

Apart from a clear mastery of the nuts and bolts of big business, Ackerie's flair has been for establishing, and carefully maintaining, an extraordinarily high public profile.

His television commercials have a peculiar quality of striving to convey *absolute* sincerity, and the phrases Stefan uses suggest he has struggled, with the instincts of a poet, to hit absolutely and perfectly the right note about. . . YOUR HAIR.

The same intriguing flavor permeates his splashy advertisements for staff, and in his Brisbane office is a framed quotation by le Duc de la Rochefoucauld: "Few men are wise enough to prefer useful criticism to treacherous praise." The quote is read to all new staff before training begins.

At the Stefan staff training school, Ackerie tells the new blood: "Barriers are only man-made." Each employee has a personal card to which points are added for efficiency. . . an incentive scheme under which at least two of his managers now drive $50,000 Porsches and 20 others drive Mazda sports cars.

The commercial, which made Stefan a byword, even among non-customers, is an advertising stroke of genius. Well-known public faces are seen cutting along the streets until asked a one-word question about their immaculate hair. The word is: STEFAN?

The public face nods and says: STEFAN! And that's it. Within weeks of the ad first appearing, everyone was playing the game: schoolkids, housewives, public bar boozers, all pointing at one another's heads and saying STEFAN? Even now, when what scant amusement value it contained has been exhausted, the ad remains a masterpiece. . . of irritation, and thus of course product identification.

The ad could never have worked in Stefan's home village where, he explains, almost everyone worships Saint Stefan and names male children after him to guarantee the boys' wisdom and prosperity.

Ackerie opened his first salon in Adelaide 25 years ago, but sold out and later set off in his MGA to explore the Australian outback. At Longreach in central Queensland he paid the owner of a hairdressing saloon £25 a week to let him take over and worked 17-hour days making it succeed.

He opened shops in other country areas and was rapidly on the path towards eclipsing the fortunes of that long-ago man with seven salons.

A pilot, kung-fu buff, friend to politicians and celebrated member of Queensland's burgeoning nouveau riche, Ackerie once told a reporter: "I'm a millionaire only in my brain. I'm fairly normal really. When I have a barbecue I have tomato sauce on meat on rolls. . . just like you."

On the other hand, not many barbecue-goers drive silver Porsches and open, almost monthly, new $500,000 hair-dressing salons with gold doors and the reputation of being "the most opulent this side of Paris". Restaurants are Stefan's latest preoccupation. He owns six — all called Jo-Jo's after his sister, Josephine, and all promoting themselves in the same self-proliferating style of his hairdressing salons. A bachelor, Ackerie has a penthouse in Brisbane and a home on the Gold Coast, his own aeroplane and boat.

In numerous newspaper articles (usually written by women) the wistful, yearning sincerity of Stefan's TV ads is miraculously reproduced — even when he is not being quoted. For example in a recent issue of the Brisbane *Sunday Mail,* columnist Sylvia Da Costa-Roque wrote of Stefan's new riverside pad: "The penthouse, with its cleverly arranged space and feeling of openness, is an extension of Steve himself. . . "

STEFAN?

STEFAN!

— FRANK ROBSON

●

"I comma from Sicily — the heart of Italia. I leava school atta 16. I comma to Australia atta 20. Why? Because there was no future for me in Italia! My brains were so brilliant atta that time!"

Modesty is not a trait that is evident in the ebullient Franco Cozzo personality. Self-belief and self-promotion are more his style. Perfectly groomed, immaculately tailored in the European style with a diamond ring that flashes through the air as a passenger to his inspired gesticulations, he tells his story with passion.

"I comma to Australia in 1956 with £2 inna my pocket and very nice alookit. And I was so enthusiasm inna this wonderful country. But it was very, very hard. I knock door by door to sell electrical appliances for a company in Richmond which belong to the Catholica church. So many doors slappa in my fice by the older generation of Australia. I speaka no English. Even today I no speak English properly."

This is true. Even after 18 years on television, Franco Cozzo's accent and speech pattern are a vaudeville caricature of an Italian immigrant. But it is precisely this idiosyncrasy, along with his unbridled enthusiasm, that has created the Franco Cozzo image and made him as much a part of the Melbourne scene as a Grand Final roar.

From showrooms in Norda-Melbin, Footiscrai and Brunswick, Franco Cozzo sells imported Italian furniture of the rococo-baroque and over-the-top vernacular.

He's come a long way since those door-knocking days when he worked out that a pink and blue house with broccoli growing in the front garden was an odds-on prospect for his sales pitch.

"In the morning I getta up myself and I sigh look we gone to go ahead, we done no belief whatta we doin. Because if you not belief yourself, what you doin' you not go nowhere! I getta intuition on my brains. I knock on the door and I say, missus I am here. My name is Franco Cozzo. Do you have a refrigerator? And she say, no we gotta ice box. I say, missus how much you pay for ice every week? She say we take five times a week, four shillings every times, will be one pounds every week!

"I say, senora, I will do refrigerator, wachine machine and radiogram for £4 a month. And I did good business, I accumulate good money and I started in business myself and I am success."

Franco Cozzo started a television promotion in 1965 with his own program — *Carousela, presented by Franco Cozzo* — a half hour bilingual daytime variety show that eventually screened Channels 0 (now 10) and 7. Those shows were the vehicle for his personal touch. He established a music theme and always did his own ads. In 1969 he started to import his furniture and his business doubled.

"We hadda somethin' exclusive of the other people — especially the baroque lounge. We are the king of baroque. We number one."

Carousela finished after four years but Franco continued to produce his own inimitable style of television commercial, spoken half in Italian and half in heavily-accented English. Any kid who spent the mandatory hours in front of the box could do a perfect Franco Cozzo imitation: "The besta furniture you want to buy, Franco Cozzo is not far awhy. It's inna Brunsawick Norda-Melbin and Footiscrai, comprare da Franco Cozzo!"

Why did it work? Franco says because it was a spontaneous, genuine commercial straight from the heart which he wrote and presented himself. The people believed in him — a case of the naive triumphing over the slick, the folksy over the far-out— and it transformed him from private person into public property and business boomed accordingly.

If an appearance on *The Don Lane Show* is a measure of success, then Franco has made it as a personality in his own right. There was no stopping him. He recorded a song that finished up with the lines: "I sell the best furniture and I never tell you lies; and even Bette Davis, she's got Franco Cozzo eyes."

Now he's recorded a new anthem to express his love of Australia — Australia Mia, Australia Bella. It's a sugary sentimental accolade in which he tells us Australia is the mother of everybody.

"Yes," he announces, "Australia made Franco Cozzo, not Italia." On the wall of his small, simple office is a shield from the City of Footscray, an award in recognition for his services in promoting Footscray.

"Australia is the future of everybody," he enthuses. "If you believe to yourself to do somethink, then there is bread in Australia — a lot for everybody. I am born happiness. I am a gloria man. And this is my country!"

●

His name is Brian Davies, but that wouldn't mean a thing to Melbourne's TV viewers. Say Brian of Brian's Speed Shops and they will give an immediate grimace of recognition. Yes, he's the bloke who's been flogging auto accessories on TV for years.

Kids have moved from trikes to bikes to four on the floor while Brian's visage has gracefully aged on the box. We have watched him mature from a young, gauche ventriloquist's doll to a middle-aged, grey-headed ventriloquist's doll. If there was a Logie for the least animated talking head on TV, then Brian would be the undisputed winner every year. Devoid of expression,

If there was a Logie for the least animated talking head on TV, then Brian would be the undisputed winner every year.

his lips just moving enough to let you know he's alive, Brian has offered everything from graphic equalisers to Pierre Cardin seat covers, from fog lights to mufflers.

And in the process, from the late '60s to the early '80s, he has built an extremely successful business, expanded too fast and gone down the drain and then, like the phoenix, has risen from the ashes and flourished once more.

The real Brian Davies, as distinct from this TV image, is a surprisingly articulate, astute marketing tactician with a g'day mate, grass-roots Aussie personality and a genuine, no bullshit openness about himself and his achievements. In 1982 he won the Australian Automotive After-Market Association Retailer of the Year Award and he is a board member of the Small Business Development Corporation of Victoria.

He started his working life as an apprentice french polisher but he aspired to much bigger things. "From the time I was a kid of 18 I always knew I'd have my name up in lights. I'd seen Coca-Cola. The neon signs revved me on!"

He became a car cleaner at Le Mans Motors and moved into spare parts and accessories selling. "I got my chances because I was a worker, always have been."

Brian was never a true car buff but at Le Mans he first learnt that he was a marketing man. "I realised that's where my true talents lay," he opines. He had a stint at selling life assurance and then cars.

He started his first Brian's Speed Shop on Nepean Highway, at Brighton. The rent was £6 and he borrowed his stock from a friend. In 1968 he did his first TV commercials.

"Wherever Channel 0 (now 10) did an outside broadcast, I was there doing live commercials to air — country race meetings, the Templestowe Hill Climb, you name it. It was very successful and I started expanding."

Within eight years he had 10 Brian's Speed Shops around Melbourne's suburbs and his ads had made him a household face. He was riding high. His name was in lights. Trouble was he couldn't go anywhere without being recognised. Personal privacy was a nonevent and in the end this drove him off television.

So, he went into press advertising. He bought a wholesale business, he expanded too fast and he paid the price. He sold all his stores to pay off his debts. "In hindsight it was one of the greatest lessons I had in my life. Today I rate myself as a pretty astute business guy because of these problems."

Talking to Brian Davies you can't but be impressed. He enthuses about meeting the challenges and changes of modern retailing, about consumer awareness and rapport and understanding how fashion is now a part of the auto accessories market.

He now has two Brian's Super Auto Stores open seven days a week (as he constantly reminds us in his ads) and markets a wide range of quality products under his own Rough Country label, a name he invented himself. He has a licence from a Japanese company to develop their technology and market their products packaged as Rough Country. He is having products made in Italy and he is planning a Rough Country assault for the US market.

On top of this, he is opening a chain of Rough Country stores around Australia which he hopes will be franchise operations run by families looking for job security. And he is back on TV doing his poker-face ads which, as mundane and colorless as they are, seem to work incredibly well. He has no advertising agency.

"If someone else wrote them, I probably couldn't read them," he confesses. "I just understand what I write and what I say. If anybody thinks I'm good, then they're bloody mistaken. I think what the public reponds to. . . they see a battler get up there and have a go. And I'm a battler, a bit of a goer. I'm older now and much better adjusted to my image, and I think the public is too. It's no big deal. The other day I got into a lift and five young guys said, how are the ads going, and I said, seven days a week. And they pissed themselves laughing!"

— RENNIE ELLIS

TURNING UP THE STARS

it's a different brand of fame on the road with an aboriginal rock band

WE WERE FLAT OUT in the middle of *Route 66*, three girls were tugging at Sammy's leg as he fought to remain upright, and I'd just swung into the lead break when George, our singer, fell off the stage again. I didn't see him surface among the dancers, but when I pulled off into the chorus I could hear him yelling, right on time:

Well, goin' to Hall's Creek, down to Balgo Mission, Fitzroy Crossing looks all so pretty. . . you'll see Lajamanu and gallop through Yuendumu, flag stop Areyonga, don't forget Papunya, Kintore, Jay Creek, and Docker River. Get hip to this kind of trip, go take that Western Desert trip, get your kicks on Route 66. . .

We were the Warumpi Band from Papunya in the Northern Territory. Four Aboriginals and one whitefella (me), together with a dozen or more Aboriginal supporters, we were touring the small towns and settlements, the names of which, in celebration of the region, we'd substituted in the aforementioned Bobby Troup standard.

Warumpi is the name of a Honey Ant dreaming site near Papunya Settlement. Papunya, 150 miles west of Alice Springs, is the residence of approximately 1000 Pintupi, Luritja and Walpiri tribal people. I'd been working there, at various jobs, for three years. In that time I'd been playing regularly with the band at local concerts and in the frequent whirlwind tours of Central and North-western Australia.

Tonight we were big in the small town of Fitzroy Crossing in Western Australia. It was hot and humid with mobs of people in town for the weekend from outlying stations. Earlier in the evening, the local pub had overflowed, spilling its patrons out on to the road. In various stages of drunkenness they'd laughed, cried, embraced and fought their way along, crossing the National Highway near the roadhouse, and entering the reserve which echoed to the sound of guitars and amplified voices. A tin shed on the reserve was the only place we'd found to play and it had quickly become packed out, so we shifted all the equipment outside and on to the back of someone's truck. It was bouncy but at least it kept us out of the dust.

We could never afford to be fussy about venues or instruments. We played anywhere and travelled any way to get there. Sometimes we landed the pub or community hall gig, but mostly we played outdoors on verandahs or basketball courts or more often just on the ground with extension cords running 50 metres to a kitchen power point with barely enough capacity to drive the amps.

One night at Hermannsburg, we played in a tin-fenced enclosure with no roof and a loose dirt floor which rose in clouds to impregnate guitars, amplifiers, hair and clothes. Then, a woman who'd been dancing right in front of us, blew something at me which went right up my nose and had me gasping and rubbing my eyes. All I could think of was caterpillar fur that can kill a man and leave no trace.

Turning to our drummer, I said: "Did you see that? Wind or something she hit me with?"

"Wind?" he said, not knowing what the hell I was talking about. "Might be mingkulpa," he said, knowing full well what was wrong with me. I'd caught a charge of native tobacco fair up the nose.

By playing in places like this and travelling on unbelievably rough and corrugated roads, it's no

article by neil murray

ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL VAVOI

wonder we had frequent equipment failures. One night, playing in the Papunya hall, I noticed the front row of people gesturing wildly at me; I turned to see flames erupting from the PA speaker box. I laughed to myself as I realised that big name acts pay big money for the same kind of effect, and it was happening for nix.

George, with dust and grass clinging to his shock of Jimi Hendrix-style hair, was climbing back on the truck by now, and Sammy had finally broken free from his admirers. Both flashed mile-wide grins when a flock of girls yelled out: SOLID AGAIN OR WHAAAT!!!

The dancing crowd was all black, but as I sculled half a can of beer, I noticed a prime mover edging in at the side of the park just five feet from the stage. A thin, white dude in shorts and singlet climbed out and came over to me. Apparently he'd heard our racket from the roadhouse.

"Hey," he said, "you blokes aren't bad. This is the first time I've heard these fellas (meaning blacks) play this sort of stuff (meaning rock)."

He was right, in a way. Most Aboriginals, at least in outback areas, had adopted the country music idiom in their contact with "western" music. This was because the white pastoralists patronised this kind of music and it was all the Aboriginal ever heard. Rock was scarcely played, and if it was, it was usually some monotonous and poorly-executed rendition of a Status Quo or Chuck Berry standard.

We were one of the few settlement bands that was actually playing a variety of rock music while still incorporating country music in our act.

Over the past five years, films, cassettes, recorders, TV, videos and the musical tastes of urban whites, have all become commonplace on the settlements. Rock music thus became popular among young Aboriginals, and rock 'n' roll concerts were spectacular amusements whereby some bold individual would spring to the beat and under a hail of whistles would either flop in giggling embarrassment or press on to spark hundreds of others to dance. Then, the instant the song was about to stop, the crowd would drop, en masse, to a sitting position on the floor.

A product of this generation was now to make his nightly appearance. Held back in the shadows, no one could see him yet; he was the band's secret weapon. His name was Edgar and he could *move*. George was announcing him as "Shakin' Stevens" but he was better known as "The Black Elvis".

We kicked into something fast and he launched himself on the patch of dirt. People stepped back; it was wild, it was hot. Whip-thin and pumping in tight jeans and a torn T-shirt, no one could touch him, he held that patch of dirt. Above all, as everyone agreed, he was SOLID! The girls moved in, and the rest of our Papunya extras moved in with him.

Some of these called out for *Jaila Ngura pakaru,* an original song of ours sung in Luritja, which is the language spoken at Papunya. Sammy started the opening guitar run and Gordon's drums threw the rest of us into its bright, bouncy rhythm. George clapped boomerangs as I sang with him about getting out of jail and hurrying home to wife and family.

Just about all the blokes in the band have spent some time in jail, yet this is not considered a disgrace. It's an experience that everyone is familiar with, and it often provides the opportunity to learn new skills. Many had first learned the rudiments of guitar while in jail, others caught up on the popular tunes of other inmates. However, no one was keen to enrol off their own bat, especially in Western Australia where the police frequently made clear the availability of accommodation in the lock-up.

By no means were we alone in writing and singing songs in Aboriginal language. Other Aboriginal groups, of gospel and country and western styles, also had overcome the constriction of "playing whiteman's music and singing it in English", and were now finding their own voice. I remember Hillary, our bass player, enthusiastically introducing one of our songs in the Stuart Arms Hotel (Alice Springs) one day. "This is not any whitefella song," he said. "This is our own rock 'n' roll song; we sing it in *our* language."

Down front, groups of girls danced together while drunken blokes weaved between them or crawled on stage after the microphone.

Issac Yama, who writes and sings country-style songs in Pitjantjatjarra, was also there that day. Someone had jokingly called out to him: "Hey, Slim Dusty!" Issac sung around: "Don't call me Slim Dusty. My name's Issac Yama. I'm me, myself! Issac Yama! I sing my own songs." This kind of pride reflects the extent to which contemporary Aboriginal music has come to occupy people's lives, alongside their more traditional pursuits.

Down front, groups of girls danced together while drunken blokes weaved between them or crawled on stage after the microphone: "I wanna sing one song."

The microphone was lost in the crowd and you could hear snatches of disjointed dialogue. Meanwhile, our money collector had been slipping me wads of the dirtiest torn notes I'd ever seen, telling me not to give it to anyone. Of course he was back himself in five minutes for a draw, to run down to the pub for "just one more carton for the band" of which maybe four or five cans would make it through the ranks to the stage. So I handed out all night, trying to balance the desire to rage with the necessity to hold in my socks enough money for petrol and tucker to get us to the next gig.

Sheer weight of numbers always ate up the bread quickly (on this trip there were at least 10 extras to support, as well as the immediate band), or else the gigs flopped financially. We were never short of an audience, it's just that the audience was often short of money. Whereas wages, pensions, and the dole arrived regularly on designated days, the people would have little notice when and where we'd be playing. There was never any promotion or advance publicity for our gigs — at best, a telegram sent the day before, followed by a few photo-copied posters handed out or pinned up on our arrival. It was hit or miss whether or not our concerts coincided with the cash flow of the community, so touring was an organisational shambles, but driven by such a rash of inspired enthusiasm that it didn't seem to matter.

Take for example, the start of this trip. We'd hoped to leave on a specified Saturday, only to find that when the day arrived there was no car, apart from mine, in running order. (Forget about road-worthiness; such considerations don't apply in the desert. Most Aboriginals, despite a remarkable knack at bush mechanics, still go through cars at the rate of Kleenex.) Finally, having brooded about it all weekend, one bloke scored a big win in cards. He went straight into town and returned the same day with a second-hand bomb. Ten o'clock Sunday night, the band turned up at my house: "You right? We're goin' now."

Having thrown the amps and guitars in, we were off, tearing through darkness up the Tanami track, dodging cattle and potholes (but not 'roos — they could provide a bonus feed), and with more bodies on board than we'd bargained for. Sure enough, after catching up to the car ahead, I could see that it had about four extras crammed into it. Now that we were underway the rest of the band was not likely to complain about their brothers, in-laws and other male relatives being hungry for "action".

Nevertheless, I made my usual appeal. "What do you think this is?" I said. "A bloody footy trip? You got money? No! Well who's gonna look out for you? This is a band trip! You got nothing to do! You gotta get off in Rabbit Flat!" I knew it wasn't the case. We were always laughing about that last remark; besides, you wouldn't want to be left in "Bit Flat" — it was the remotest roadhouse in Australia!

As well as the extra "mechanics", drivers, roadies, bouncers and "spares" that had come with us from Papunya, another two car-loads had left two days before us and were waiting in Hall's Creek. The numbers were to prove handy, as it was the wet season.

Second day out from Papunya and we checked out of the roadside accommodation early, to beat the heat. Soon after, I'd broadsided to a halt as the first of many sand goannas was spotted on the side of the road. We all bailed out with tyre levers and rocks. I missed by a mile, but Dennis nailed it with a rock from 15 feet. Off and motoring again, we skittled another and hit two more in the next half hour. At that rate we were soon to have enough lunch for all of us, as long as Hillary (who was built like a bullock and inhaled tins of the same) could be kept from scoffing the lot.

A bit later, I noticed Robin next to me with a shifter trying to hit one of the goannas that had been left on the dashboard. The other guys in the car were trying to climb up on the seat and abandon ship. Apparently the thing had come alive again, and was now running around on the floor somewhere. We didn't wait to find out. Doors opened and guys were jumping out before I could stop the car. Last out, I watched from the roof while the others were still bent double with laughter.

Finally the humor caught up with me and the gags went on for miles as the event was re-told and outrageously exaggerated with goannas thrown on shoulders and bare necks.

That afternoon we made it to Hall's Creek and immediately set out hustling for a gig. We managed to get the outdoor picture theatre where we'd played in the past but this time it looked like rain. Some of the locals told us about recent concerts at the shire hall which I agreed would be the perfect venue. I approached the shire offices (I was always expected to negotiate on the band's behalf with "white" institutions). But the shire clerk snickered and said: "No, no, no, I think you'll be much better off down at the picture theatre," and added, as if realising the abruptness of himself, "Ah, we don't have bands in the hall, anyway." Outside, I threw up my hands, and we all met down at the pub.

We'd scraped up enough money for about one beer each when the cops walked in, unfolding their black books. Without a word they went around and took our names. Then they folded up their books and before leaving, the larger one declared: "Right. Two days will be enough for you lot in this town. Wanna see you gone after that. If there's any trouble you'll find yourself in the lock-up quick 'n' lively. All right?"

Some of the guys were immediately annoyed.

"Police don't own this town!" they retorted. "'Fraid so," I shrugged.

That night four inches of rain pissed down. It was bloody torrential. We scrambled to get the equipment under shelter, stacking drums and amps in the dunnies.

A handful of people had turned up despite the weather, so we dragged some of the gear out under the small pavilion near the ticket booth and played for a while, watching the rain cascade off the corrugated iron roof and bore holes in the ground.

The cops summoned me again during the day to put me straight on the local laws about no grog, finish at 11pm etc. That night, the rain held off and everyone pulled their weight in keeping out drunks and in making sure that everyone paid to get in. Even the cops said it was successful.

Next day, we hit the road early: three Holdens and a Valiant sliding toward Fitzroy Crossing. I'd balked at the sight of the first flooded creek but by all of us pushing through each vehicle, it didn't present too much of a problem.

Later in the afternoon, we topped a rise to see a Range Rover coupled to an 18 foot caravan stuck hopelessly in the middle of a swirling stream, while on the opposite bank an F100 was spinning wheels all over the place trying to pull them out. The owner poked his head out behind the caravan and looked a shade more apprehensive to see the doors jerk open on four beat-up cars, and 20 blackfellas pile out and race each other for the drink. I got out last, for effect.

Twelve months ago, I realised the extent of excitement we were generating when six girls followed us 70 miles on foot.

In the water, it was full-on horseplay, whooping, yelling, wrestling. Finally, after two attempts were aborted due to laughter, we unhooked the Rover and pitched it up the bank, followed by the caravan. A bit of tinkering on the other side and we were soon popping and banging our way to Fitzroy Crossing.

We had the numbers, all right, both in songs and personnel, and in Fitzroy we were overwhelmed by old faces and new. They bought us drinks and offered us places to stay, and I made damned sure I never missed a handshake, for the guys had warned me that to refuse someone's hand, especially in a strange place, is to invite sickness upon yourself.

"JUST ONE MORE!!" "ONLY TWO!", people and fingers called from the crowd. George announced hoarsely: "This is our *last* number!" — just like he'd said before each of the previous four songs. Sweat-soaked and staggering, we lurched into one more. George would go until he dropped, so this time Sammy nodded, and together we wound up to the usual cacophony of feedback and crashing cymbals, then killed it — dropping drumsticks, guitars, and pulling the power from the amps.

Relaxing in the humid night air, I recovered with a last can of beer while others drifted off or jumped in cars with new-found partners to go cruising for a place to camp, down the river. Thunder growled somewhere off in the north, accompanied by flashes of sheet lightning. My ears were starting to hear again. Nearby, a car was whirring, refusing to start. The occupants tried pushing, then abandoned it, walking off with their blankets. Some last minute flirts were calling out on the road: "WHAT YOUR SKIN?" "SHE'S NAKAMARRA!"; WELL I'M TJAPALTJARRI!"; "YOU ONLY JUST SPUNKY, THAT'S ALL!"

●

Looking back on the past three years with the band, I can see the many adjustments I've had to make to accommodate the Aboriginal way of doing things. I remember, in particular, being continually frustrated in practice when guys would persist in swapping instruments around. It was virtually a different drummer or bass player for each song and not necessarily in the same combinations. I gave up on standards and just played; it seemed like everyone's skills improved together. The line-up has settled a lot since then, and like a good football team, we have a depth of reserves to draw from.

"The Aboriginal way" also ensured that an otherwise disorganised band with limited resources could still travel and find gigs. We often played to "our" countrymen for free, and they, in turn, would carry us until the cheque day, whereby we'd either play again or they'd give us money to reach the next settlement or town. It seemed like every place we ever played there was always someone who was related to a member of the band.

If our car broke down, and this was a regular event, we made the most of the occasion. While some worked on the troubled vehicle, the rest walked into the scrub to find something to eat. Sometimes we lived fat on kangaroo, bush turkey or goanna, but more often we had to be content sharing a few tins of camp pie and bread, dipped in billies of lukewarm tea.

The audience response made it all worth it. We'd never played to people before that had welcomed and responded to us so readily. Twelve months ago, I realised the extent of excitement we were generating when six girls followed us from Yuendumu (a distance of 70 miles) on foot. It took them two days, but there they were, at the Papunya Town Hall, waiting for that night's gig.

And then there was the woman in the Alice Springs music shop who'd said: "Warumpi Band? Well . . . you never know, you might be famous one day."

And George, in his inimitable way, had replied: "We're famous already. All the people in the bush . . . they know us! You can ask *anyone!*"

PERFECT FORM

It's pretty rare to find a woman in such great shape as Terry Nihan. This 23-year-old lovely is heavily involved in exercise, sport and, well, in life itself. "I used to teach a jazzercise class three times a night," she explains. "We had people who run marathons come in and drop half-way through a class. I got shin splits and had to cut down, but I'm still pretty active."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Terry has moved around quite a bit and certainly has shed her adolescent modesty. Her appearance in PLAYBOY *stems from winning a bikini contest at a disco. "It had never crossed my mind that I could be one of the women in* PLAYBOY," *she smiles. "I can't remember a time when the magazine wasn't in my house. My brother brought it home and each copy passed from sister to sister. But I don't know when I first thought of modelling as a career. . . I knew it was a clothes-on, clothes-off proposition. But I do know I couldn't have done this when I was only 18. . . I was too impressionable. Now I know myself inside* and *out."*

up in kashmir, reports susan kurosawa, life on a houseboat is definitely

ALL THE RAJ

India does funny things to my feet. On my first visit, an unrelenting shoeshine boy at Udaipur airport insisted upon polishing my open sandals. An equally stubborn government guide then propelled me straight to a civic reception to meet the local tourism bigwigs. My gleaming mahogany toes became the official talk of the town.

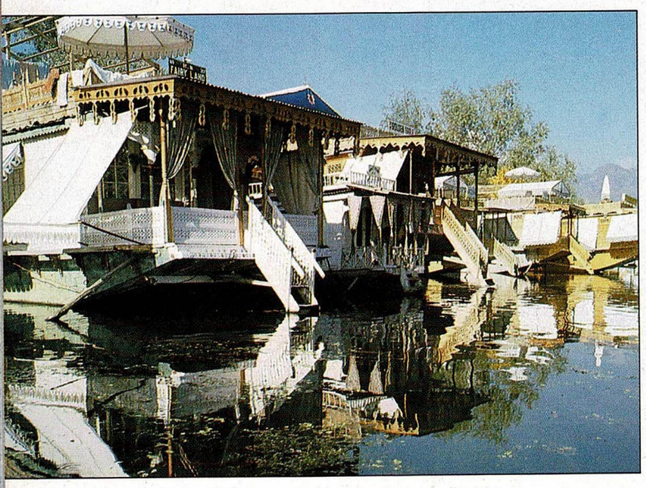
The second time, I opted for a lower profile and left all my sandals at home. Everything went well until we reached Kashmir. Low temperatures, snow in the air and ice on the ground. Forget the Italian leather pumps, dust off the pink Super Sports joggers. Failing to be convinced that temperatures in India ever dropped below sauna level, I'd neglected to pack any socks. But one corner of my case yielded a forgotten pair of red, woolly bedsocks and my footwear ensemble was complete.

My pink shoes sifted through the snow and giddy-upped a mountain pony at Gulmarg, hopped in and out of shikara boats on Dal Lake, squelched through the markets of Srinagar and presented themselves for dinner on the Director of Tourism's antique carpets. Luckily, Mr Shah was new to the job and too few precedents had been set for him to query the eccentric foot garb of visiting journalists. I'd like to think, however, that I made an impression.

•

Kashmir does funny things to my senses. In the scenery stakes, it earns maximum marks; on the serenity scale, it offers a full-strength tonic to combat the Roman candle effects of kaleidoscopic, chaotic, mainstream India.

This northernmost Indian State is best reached by plane from Delhi to the capital, Srinagar. The aerial panoramas during the 70-minute flight provide the first indicators of sweeping changes. At first, the vast, dun-colored plains of the north stretch seemingly to infinity, the humdrum pattern of little square plots broken only by



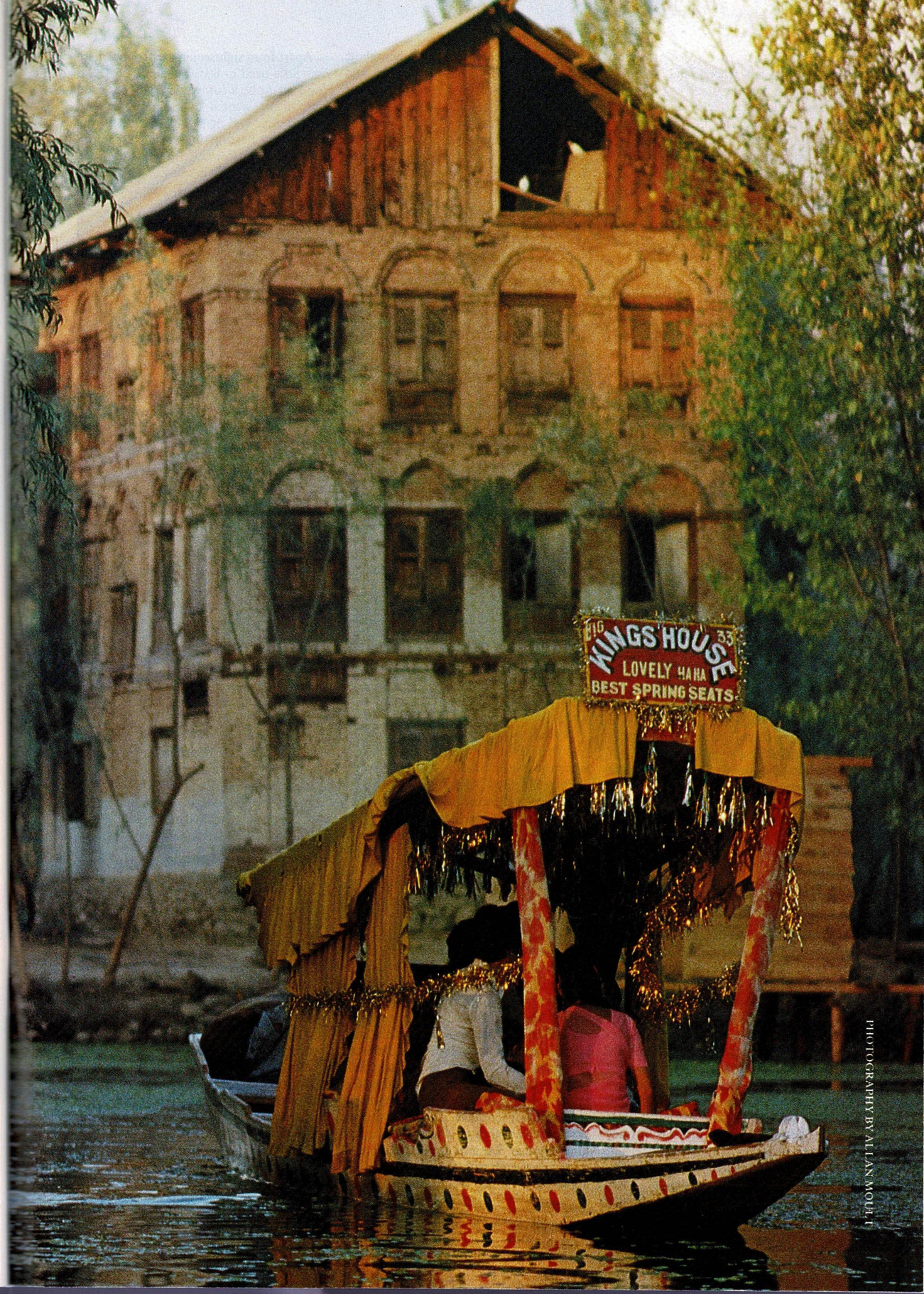
raggle-taggle villages basking in the brassy sun. Then, magically, the Pir Panjal mountain range looms into view: snow-canopied peaks thrusting to 5000m, mighty fir trees spiking the sky, icy mists swirling around the plummeting gorges.

The aircraft side slips into the Vale of Kashmir: that fabled dell where Moghul rulers once built extravagant gardens, poets penned enticing verses and colorful caravans found a lush and inviting place to linger. Today, the first bird's-eye glimpse reveals a green and gold tapestry of symmetrically terraced hillsides, avenues of ramrod poplars, glossy waterways and several-storeyed little wood and mud-brick villas. It's a picture postcard scene of alpine orderliness that's completely out of step with the muddle of Mother India sprawling behind the Pir Panjal.

Touchdown at Srinagar, seat of local government and pivot point for the valley's transport network. The airport is some 13km from town; rattletrap taxis command the equivalent of $3.50 for the ride; the crowded airport bus costs 45 cents.

The city stands on Dal Lake and Jhelum River and provides visitors with both bustling downtown atmosphere and the tranquillity of a houseboat sojourn on the lake. Srinagar is also an ideal base for trips to the ski slopes of Gulmarg, the mountain resort of Pahalgam, and further afield to the popular trekking routes of the Himalayas.

Orientation in Srinagar can pose a problem as Dal Lake is divided into three sections separated by expanses of floating gardens. These waterways provide the most sensible means of communication and commerce. Phalanxes of houseboats on Jhelum River, the southern end of Dal and north on Nagin Lake, create



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALLAN MOLL

further boundaries that make it almost impossible to tell where land and lake actually meet. Jhelum River loops around the main section of Srinagar and connects by canal to Dal Lake; this area thus becomes an island and is the site of the local tourist office, handicrafts emporiums, post office and The Bund (an Indian version of a waterfront promenade).

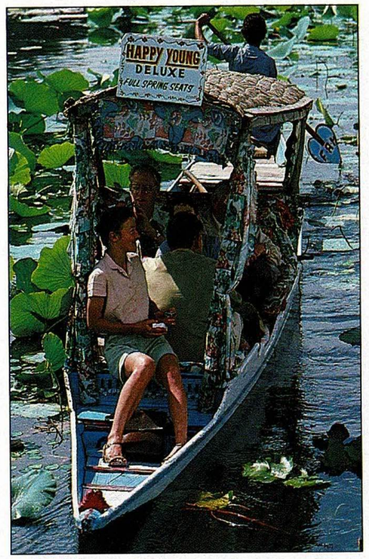
My sojourn at Srinagar was spent afloat; I can see no reason to visit this houseboat haven and stay in a conventional hotel. There's an Oberoi, if you must, but although this hotel was once a maharajah's palace, it retains little of the suggested opulence and the new wing embodies all the charm of a military barracks. To be fair, I was in Srinagar at the end of winter and The Oberoi Palace looked particularly bleak. In summer, I am told, there are buffet dinners twice a week on the lawns overlooking Dal Lake. I made do with an expensive Honeymoon Dew cocktail in the hotel's ferociously heated Harlequin Bar. My foot attire blended in beautifully with the surrounding carnival colors.

If visiting Srinagar in peak season (May to November), it's wise to book a houseboat ahead, either before you leave Australia or from Delhi. During these months, the place is thronged with rupee-ridden, corpulent out-of-towners escaping the heat of the plains, seeking amusement, not alms, their very existence a maddening anomaly in this country of sleeping dogs and status quo.

At other times of the year, it's easy enough to arrange accommodation on the spot and this method has the added advantages of allowing some "negotiating" of prices and choosing the best houseboat available. If arranging things in person, go to one of the shikara ghats (landings) along the lakeside. Hire a small shikara boat and oarsman to take you for a mini-tour around the houseboats and step ashore at those which look suitable. There are five official categories ranging from Deluxe or Five Star down to D Class. Please insist on Deluxe: despite the fancy tag, the daily tariff is very reasonable and the standard far superior to even most A Class boats.

We stayed aboard *New Alexandra Palace,* one of a fleet of 10 deluxe houseboats operated by Khalika Karnai and moored along Jhelum River near the entrance to Dal Lake. The daily rate for two people in a double room is $38 including four meals and unlimited shikara crossings to the shore; single tariff is $26. This rate is based on full occupancy of the three-bedroom houseboat, but often the other rooms are unoccupied and no surcharge applies. If you absolutely insist on a houseboat for two, there are smaller ones available but you'll be asked to pay one and a half times the daily double tariff for this privacy privilege.

Our houseboat conformed to the more-or-less standard deluxe design: three bedrooms with twin beds and private bathrooms leading off a narrow corridor; galley-style kitchen for the houseboy; dining room with seating for six and spacious lounge-room opening on to the front deck. The exteriors of all the best boats feature intricate wooden carving, cushioned benches on the covered poop deck and a flat roof with deckchairs and canvas canopy. The interiors also are embellished with carved decorations, the cedar ceilings and walls featuring geometrical motifs formed by piecing together and dovetailing slivers of wood. The heavy walnut furniture, richly patterned carpets



and curtains, and old brass pots bursting with rust-colored crown lilies impart a faded Raj-like air.

In fact, it was members of the British Raj who first developed the houseboat phenomenon at Srinagar. In the 19th century, the then maharajah of Kashmir issued an edict prohibiting the British from owning immovable property. Anxious to flee the summer heat of the lowlands and to escape the pukka protocol of such existing hill stations as Simla and Ooty, the British sought alternatives. In 1888, a certain Mr Kennard had the *Victory* built and moored on Dal Lake. Houseboats had arrived in Kashmir.

From the deck of *New Alexandra Palace,* we would gaze on full-frontal views of the Pir Panjal, the timeless peaks dolloped with doilies of fresh snow. Aziz, the houseboy, would bring cups of steaming kahwa — Kashmiri tea flavored with cinnamon, cardamom, saffron and slivered almonds. When the chilly breezes of late afternoon began coiling off the lake, we would retreat inside the acorn-like shell of our houseboat to sit by the wood stove. The most pressing problem was always what to order for dinner: either Western style (fresh tomato soup, roast lamb with three veg and baked apples) or Indian style (chicken curry, vegetable samosa, lamb biryani and saffron rice).

Apart from sightseeing excursions, there was little need to leave the houseboat. We found it to be a completely self-contained unit: if we wanted to buy anything, we alerted Aziz and he would arrange for the appropriate floating shikara shop to come to us. Rashid, the flower-seller, called by each morning, his boat brimming with daffodils, jonquils, hyacinth and tulips. "Good morning, madam, I am sure you will be buying my groovy daffodils today," was his standard greeting. After 10 minutes of good-humored haggling, we would buy enough far-out flowers to fill the houseboat for the equivalent of $5.

The carpet vendor was another regular visitor: he was undaunted by the fact we'd already bought our quota of hand-loomed wool and silk Kashmir rugs at the government emporium. His selection was less dazzling than that store but prices were comparable: around $400 for a five-by-three-foot busily-patterned wool and silk blend. No matter where you buy a carpet, ask for it to be packed in a stitched cotton bag (very protective for travelling) and demand a Certificate of Origin and detailed receipt (for Customs purposes at this end). If you're buying a large carpet to be shipped home as unaccompanied baggage, make sure you're dealing with a company registered with the local Tourism Department and the Chamber of Commerce.

Our most memorable door-to-door sales encounter was with the man from Simson's, a busy little man with a jack-in-the-box head whose printed sales docket carried no less than six spelling errors. A noticeably strong gust of icy wind catapulted him through our door one evening, his selection of leather and chamois jackets tumbling every which-way from his big cotton swag. We all blinked in astonishment, he eyed my shoes and the bargaining began. Men's chamois blouson jackets, lined in silk and trimmed with ribbed bands at waists and cuffs, were ours, finally, for $46.50. Leather jackets — the full bikie bit with chunky zippers and big pockets — were around the same price. Double Bay and Toorak boutique owners please take note.

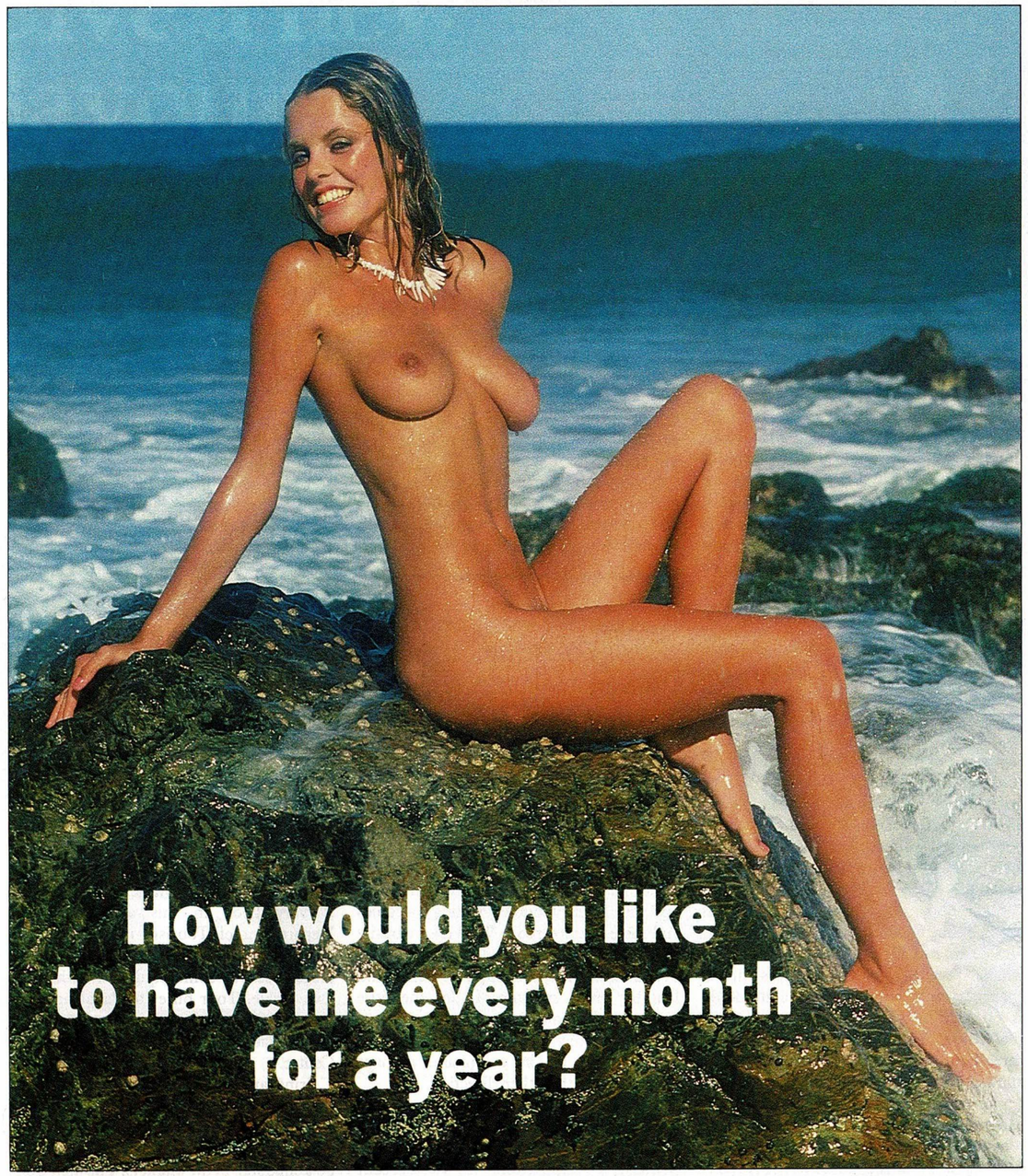
Time to pay and the fun started when my credit card was produced. I was immediately threatened with a special 10 percent surcharge — a ruse common with shopkeepers all over India. Don't be fooled: simply refuse to pay or ask for a separate charge slip for the 10 percent. Either move will work as they won't risk losing the sale, nor alerting the credit card company of this practice.

The man from Simson's was invited to stay an extra 10 minutes in front of our fire in lieu of his 10 percent. He readily agreed, took tea with us and sneaked sympathetic looks at my socks and shoes.

"Such tracking shoes are popular on your side?" he ventured, finally.

"Very," I confirmed.

"And both ladies and gentlemen are wearing such things commonly?"



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"Well yes, but not always in this color. . ."

"This is what I am wondering, madam. I think perhaps madam will be requiring a trade-in. . ."

He was still muttering something about non-slip soles as he bounded out into the night.

Other inexpensive and readily available purchases are hand-made multi-colored papier mache bowls and boxes; big boldly-patterned natural wool jumpers; semi-precious stones (either loose or in simple strands: moonstones and garnets are superb value); pashmina shawls spun from the gossamer-thin wool of mountain goats, and brass or silver wares.

Shopping is a delight in Srinagar proper: narrow little shops are strung like miniature stage sets along the backstreets, their doorways festooned with big brass pots, bundles of clothing and sides of mutton. If strolling around, keep an eye out for runaway taxis: the traffic is chaotic, cacophonous. Drivers honk their horns at every opportunity and this raucous symphony is guaranteed by a law which supposedly states that, in a collision, the driver who has failed to honk his horn is to blame.

For a saner shopping experience, take a shikara ride around Dal Lake. The floating vendors will cruise by, opening their battered tin trunks to reveal everything from mango pickles and Vicks Vaporub to sapphire nose-studs and blocks of hashish ready for the ubiquitous hookah pipes. The last-mentioned commodity sells at around $3.50 for a hunk the size of a matchbox. Ask your houseboy to procure you a hookah on loan if you're planning a high-flying evening.

Such a boat ride is a must: the shikaras are like mini-gondolas with floral curtains and cushioned "full spring" seats for two people to recline. The oarsman uses a heart-shaped paddle to propel the craft deftly through the busy parade of water traffic and the many tangles of lotus leaves. We took a three-hour morning tour, but if time allows, you could easily spend a full day exploring the lakes in this fashion. The Moghul Gardens — terraced legacies of the pleasure-loving emperors — are accessible by shikara. Even the names of the gardens — Nishat, Chashma, Shahi and Shalimar — fairly ripple of the sensual and the serene. Nagin, Wular and Manasbal lakes are also a shikara ride away from Dal Lake proper.

•

On our shikara sortie, friend Pamela and I float like transplanted Cleopatras on our elegant barge: the oarsman standing behind our canopy with Aziz who shouts at the more zealous hawker boats. We're wrapped in a big blanket and the cold breeze bites at our ears and noses. My request for some tissues precipitates a near-riot. Aziz sends out a signal and half-a-dozen shikara vendors converge. I'm offered everything from toilet paper to tampons, price-undercutting is brisk and I finally settle for a Jumbo pack of Julies. Fully absorbent, super sanitised, guaranteed to pop up one at a time and packaged Indian-fashion in a grubby, instant antique box (paper recycling is practised but not quite perfected). The price is bargained down to 10 rupees. When we remove the crumpled cellophane coating and colored portrait of Julie (India's own Gossamer Girl, circa 1960), we discover the maximum retail price printed as six rupees.

The boat rocks as our giggling mounts. Having convinced ourselves we're expert bargainers, we're once again the novelties in the cultural cracker. When shopping in India, always haggle at least a third off the asking price: the vendor will still be making a tidy profit. Needless to say, despite desperate prompting, the Julies didn't pop up, either.

Noses duly wiped, we continue along narrow canals, shaded by sentinel poplars and graceful willows; yellow mustard flowers straggle down the banks. Crumbling houses crowd the shores: architectural curiosities featuring Tudor-style timbering and mullioned windows, jutting balconies and rusted gabled roofs. Workers are busily storing branches in the lofts, ducks waddle in and out of open doorways, women pound laundry on stone steps under the little arched bridges and old men lazily puff their hookahs. A few honest-to-Buddha ageing hippies pass by in a shikara: perhaps Nirvana is in the other direction.

Old men lazily smoke their hookahs. A few honest-to-Buddha ageing hippies pass by in a shikara: perhaps Nirvana is in the other direction.

In the distance we can hear the continuous murmur of the Muslim chant, officially chorused five times a day. Srinagar's population is 95 percent Muslim; at the time of Independence, because of its religious majority, the State should rightfully have gone to Pakistan.

But the ruler of this princely State was given a choice and opted for Hindu-dominated India. His decision was prompted by a Pakistani invasion and the State still stands as a sensitive border zone.

But there is no sign of conflict today: the only disturbance on the tranquil lake is the "deweeding machine" noisily coping with the more obstinate lotus and bulrushes. We make mental notes of the more whimsical houseboat names as our shikara spears back to the Jhelum River. *Pleasure Palace, Soul Kiss, Miss America, Hunky Dory* and *Gate of Heaven* are ones that particularly appeal.

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The best day-trips from Srinagar are to the hill resorts of Gulmarg and Pahalgam. The former is 52 km away and, in spring, it lives up to its name as "meadow of flowers". In winter (mid-December to mid-April), there's good skiing and, for an extended stay, Hotel Highlands Park offers chalet-style accommodation and breath-taking views of the Vale of Kashmir.

Snow had just fallen when we visited Gulmarg and workers were busily clearing the roller-coaster road up from Tangmarg. Our skilful but hardly patient driver steadfastly ignored the prominently positioned signs newly erected by the inimitable Indian Public Works Department: "If married to speed, divorce her!", "Don't nag darling while I'm driving" and "Liquor licks the driver". We took sleds down a slippery path for part of the journey and pony-wallahs led us on sturdy mounts for a further stretch. In spring and summer, the area is popular for day walks through the pine forests and across the flower-filled meadows. The world's highest 18-hole natural golf course is perched up here, too. A day trip by deluxe coach from Srinagar costs $2.50 return; the coaches leave at 9am daily from the Tourist Reception Centre.

Once a hamlet for shepherds, Pahalgam nestles in the Lidder Valley some 96km from Srinagar. The road journey there is a particularly interesting one conducted against a spectacular backdrop of silver-topped mountains, spreading fields bulging with saffron flowers and girdled by fast-running streams. Pahalgam is the starting point for a myriad of treks including a popular three-day trip to Lidderwat and the soaring Kolahai Glacier. Trout fishing is very good in this area: the local Department of Tourism in Srinagar can assist with a fishing permit but keen anglers are advised to come equipped with their own tackle. Tour buses to Pahalgam cost around $2.30 return and departure details are available from the Tourist Reception Centre.

Srinagar's not an easy place to leave. Forgive the guidebook gush, but this really is one of the most beautiful spots I've yet discovered. And I'll go back, if only to set up a shoe stall in the markets. The man from Simson's leaped out from behind a tree just as we were about to make our final shikara crossing to the shore. He offered me a trade-in of an immaculately tailored $60-plus suede jacket for my tracking shoes. Our suitcases were already on their way to the airport, it was around nine degrees and my socks had holes in the toes. I couldn't face a trifecta: I knew another gala get-together would lie in wait for me on our arrival at Bombay. I declined.

Now, a month or so later, the soles have almost rotted away on my $12.99-ers. India does funny things to my equilibrium, too.

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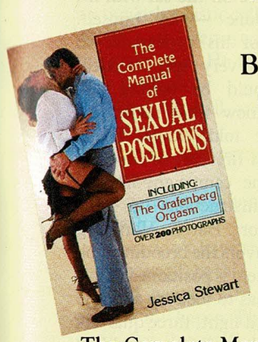

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WELLES (continued from page 42)

There was no audience for The Dreamers, *they told him it was too poetic, too fanciful, not pragmatic.*

Davies' genitalia: *Rosebud.* To Hearst, it was bad enough that Rosebud is mentioned throughout the picture, but even worse was the idea that Kane died with Rosebud on his lips. Then there was the wild tale about the lady who took Welles to a hotel room for a fling. The radio was playing, and no sooner was she about to pounce than he heard his own recorded voice: "Who knows what evil lurks in the heart of men? *The Shadow knows*" — a character Welles played. "I went limp and stayed that way for two months," he joked to a friend.

On the day in 1979 when Henry Jaglom ran into him again, Welles was dining with Warren Beatty. Back in 1970, Jaglom had directed Welles, whom he idolises, in a movie called *A Safe Place,* after which Welles directed him in *The Other Side Of The Wind.*

"How are you?" Jaglom asked Welles, whom he hadn't seen in a while.

"I've lost my girlish enthusiasm," Welles replied.

"Why, what happened?" said Jaglom — at which Welles launched into the tale of woe surrounding *The Other Side Of The Wind.*

As had been Welles's custom over the years, he had scraped together financing however and whenever he could; with between $150,000 and $200,000 coming from an Iranian group headed by the Shah's brother-in-law. Came the revolution in Iran and Khomeini's boys declared *The Other Side Of The Wind* the property of the Iranian people. When the Shah's brother-in-law insisted the picture was his, the revolutionaries said he'd stolen from the people and had no claim to the film. Welles was caught in the middle. The negative was impounded and deposited in a Parisian vault until the French courts could resolve the matter of its ownership (which they later did, in Welles's favor).

Hearing of Welles's grotesque plight, Jaglom decided to take it upon himself to pitch a Welles script directly to the Hollywood baby moguls who, like Jaglom, had long revered the man who made *Citizen Kane.* Now in their thirties and forties, those guys were Jaglom's contemporaries, and he figured that if only they knew that *Orson Welles* was available and willing to work *for them,* they'd jump at the chance. In that, Jaglom demonstrated both courage and commonsense — as well as a certain naivete. Wouldn't anyone who knew anything about the movies want to back Hollywood's most brilliant director?

Welles gave Jaglom a script he had written based on a Danish Gothic tale entitled *The Dreamers,* and Jaglom thought the adaptation a "masterwork". But when Jaglom went to his powerful friends, they were resistant to the very idea of Welles. Jaglom would remind them of how much Welles had once meant to them, to which they would respond with phrases about separating youthful feelings from business pragmatism. Welles, they claimed, simply wasn't commercial. His movies had never made money — not even *Kane* — so how could they justify bank-rolling him now?

Shifting gears, Jaglom tried appeals to the baby moguls' moral and aesthetic conscience: since they were probably going to be fired eventually, anyway — a likelihood in Hollywood, where *no one* has job security — didn't they want to do something honorable for a change? That worked with some of the money men who agreed at least to look at what Jaglom was peddling. The script, however, was exactly what they'd feared. There was no audience for *The Dreamers,* they consistently told him that it was too poetic, too fanciful, not pragmatic.

Jaglom remained adamant — he wanted to see Welles direct a Hollywood picture *now,* and asked his friends how precisely to bring that about. Pressed to the wall, the executives said the only way was for Welles to come up with a more conventional, less poetic script — something to which mass audiences would respond. Also, the project would need a big star. These were the ground rules for Welles to work in Hollywood again. Jaglom understood.

Lunching with Welles, Jaglom explained the uniform response to *The Dreamers,* script. Then, eyeing his monumental hero, he said, "Orson, I want you to write an original movie."

"I, I can't do that anymore," Welles replied. "I don't. . . really, I have this one I want to do. . ."

Jaglom cut off his protests, saying: "Please, I want you to write an original movie."

"What about?" Welles asked.

"I don't know," Jaglom said. "Tell me some stories — just tell me."

Several lunches — and many stories — later, Welles reeled off something about a presidential candidate and his adviser. Jaglom asked for more, and Welles kept going — *this* was it.

"Would you give me just four or five pages?" Jaglom asked.

"No," said Welles, "I can't do that anymore."

"Please," said Jaglom, "just try it."

"No, no, I can't," Welles demurred.

Next morning, he called Jaglom to say he'd been up all night and had 12 pages for him, though he wasn't sure they were any good. Jaglom, however, found them "just spectacularly wonderful" and asked for eight more — and so on, until, eight months later, Welles finished an original script titled *The Big Brass Ring.*

With *The Big Brass Ring,* the idea was for Welles to direct *and* act, the kind of set-up he's always favored. The story concerns a young senator — a Vietnam veteran — on the very brink of attaining the presidency — and the former Roosevelt aide whom he discovers in Africa advising a despot.

The script includes an element of homosexuality, with the old-timer, played by Welles himself, becoming increasingly involved with the senator, for which role Welles had Jack Nicholson in mind. Jaglom says that after considerable discussion, Nicholson finally agreed in principle.

Day after day, month after month, Jaglom set Welles up for lunches with an endless array of producers, all of whom were most anxious to see and be seen with a living legend. But in the end, nobody in Hollywood would touch *The Big Brass Ring.* One money man *was* willing to talk business but wanted to reserve for himself the right to final cuts. That is, the producer would be able to re-edit the film as he pleased — something the artist in Welles just couldn't tolerate.

Clearly, Welles was going to have to raise money his own way — he'd have to *earn* it.

●

In 1978, when US winemaker Paul Masson hired Welles to do TV commercials, it was to reassure people that Masson wines were the *right* choice. "People have this incredible feeling of insecurity that they're going to serve wine to their friends, and they're going to start laughing at them," says John Buckingham, the winery's account executive at Doyle, Dane, Bernbach. "Or they're going to order wine in a restaurant and the maitre d' is going to laugh at their choice." Welles, says Buckingham, "obviously has the image of a person who likes food, and so people find it very believable and find him very credible when he talks about wine."

Welles would arrive on the set with his make-up already done — by himself. Acutely conscious of his appearance in commercials, he has very specific ideas about how he should be lighted and photographed. "I know what makes me look the best," he told Doyle, Dane, Bernbach. Before his first day of shooting on the Masson wine campaign, he dispatched written instructions to the cameraman. Director Harry Hamburg reports that Welles favors the brooding look he gets when the camera is positioned above his eyes so that he has to look up slightly. Also, he likes the hard light, three quarters on the left side. Hamburg says he would set up everything to Welles's specifications, so that he wouldn't balk the minute he showed up on the set; then, once he was satisfied, the director quietly altered the lighting and the camera angle to his own liking. Hamburg insists Welles never noticed.

Welles is agreeable to doing extra takes during shoots, but he insists upon each one's being justified.

"Why do you want it different?" he asked Hamburg who had just ordered another take. "If you say it faster, you can't use it, and if you say it slower, you can't fit it."

"We're getting a hum from a refrigerator," said the director, who didn't want to tell Welles the client wanted him to speak louder. "If you talk a little louder, you'll talk above it, and we can drown it out."

When Welles did the take, Hamburg decided upon yet another.

"Orson, you sound like you're really selling," said Hamburg. "Well, Jesus," Welles replied, "I don't want *that.*"

Another day, when Welles took 60 seconds to do a 30-second bit, Hamburg protested.

"It's too long," he told him.

Welles disagreed, "It can't be cut any shorter," he said.

"Well, we can't cut any copy," said the worried director. "That's what we need."

"I'll give it a try," said Welles, "But it's not going to work."

He launched into action, taking 45 seconds to say the lines. He tried again and took 40 seconds. Again, and he'd reduced them to 30. The astonishing thing was that each time, he sounded exactly the same, *seeming* to speak as slowly and with the identical phrasing.

To maintain his credibility, Welles has been known to balk at saying things or appearing in situations that would be entirely out of character for him. Presented with the line "Stradivarius took three years to make one of his violins; Paul Masson took. . ." Welles was dismayed.

"Come on, gentlemen, now, *really!*" he admonished. "You have a nice, pleasant little cheap wine here. You haven't got the presumption to compare it to a Stradivarius violin. It's odious."

Another time, while shooting a champagne commercial, Welles found himself posed in a living room with a particularly plastic collection of extras, all of whom were overjoyed to be working with the great man. He looked disconcerted by their presence.

"Who the hell are these people?" he asked Hamburg.

"They're at a party, Orson," Hamburg explained.

"A party at *my* house?" Welles said.

"Yeah."

"*I* wouldn't have these people at a party at my house," he said. "I mean, this is really lousy. I wouldn't have these people at a party at my house. These people look like a party that Robert Young would have."

When he's making a commercial, Welles doesn't like anyone besides the director to talk directly to him. Even the clients have to communicate with him through the

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director, or through the cameraman who refers them to the director.

Once, when he was working on a commercial in England, a production assistant made the mistake of violating that cardinal rule.

"Peas grow there," Welles had said, monitoring the commercial, for which he was doing a voice-over. He and the director were disagreeing about its timing.

"I'd start half a second later," interrupted the director.

"Don't you think you really want to say 'July' over the snow?" Welles asked. "I think it's so nice that you see a snow-covered field and say, 'Every July, peas grow there.'"

Without transition, Welles launched into the commercial copy as if it were a Shakespearean soliloquy: "We know a remote farm in Lincolnshire where Mrs. Buckley lives. Every July, peas grow there." Breaking again, he addressed his director, "We aren't even in the fields, you see. We're talking about 'em growing and she's picked 'em."

Welles cleared his throat.

Then: "Can you emphasise a bit *in — in* July?" asked the unknowing production person.

"Why?" snapped Welles. "That doesn't make any sense! Sorry, there's no *known* way of saying an English sentence in which you begin a sentence with 'in' and emphasise it! Get me a jury and show me how you can say *'in* July' and *I'll go down on you!* That's just idiotic! If you'll forgive my saying so. That's just stupid! *'In* July!' I'd love to know how you emphasise 'in' in 'in July'! *Impossible! Meaningless!"*

Anxious about having lost control, the director sputtered, "I think all they were thinking about was that they didn't want to. . ." *"He isn't thinking!"* Welles said.

"Orson," the director pleased, "Can we just do one last. . ."

"Yes," Welles agreed, shifting gears.

"It was *my* fault," assured the director. "I said 'in July'. If you can leave 'every July'. . ."

"You didn't say it!" Welles exclaimed. *"He* said it — your *friend"*, making friend sound like a dirty word. "'Every July'. No, you don't really mean 'every July.' But that's bad copy! *There's too much directing around here!"*

Even with a director such as Hamburg, with whom he has worked often and well, Welles can have a bad day. Making a Masson commercial in Los Angeles, he was sitting on the edge of his chair, as is his custom, so that Hamburg had to get down on hands and knees to instruct him — a position Hamburg compares to taking communion.

"I want to feel piqued in this thing," said Welles. "You know, 'As old Paul Masson said many years ago. . .'"

"What do you mean, *piqued?"* Hamburg asked.

"Piqued," Welles replied, speaking down. "You know what I mean. Now, you're the director, I'm the talent. You *create* this emotion. Now do something. Do some directing with me. Get me in the mood."

Hamburg looked up at the bearded Buddha for a moment, then asked, "Orson, what are you doing?"

Welles wasn't smiling. "This is your job," he said. "You get me in the mood now. This is your art, and I want to feel it. Now you tell me how I can feel this thing."

By now, all the crew and clients were crowding around them for the showdown.

"Why are you doing this?" Hamburg asked.

"Because this is *your* art," Welles replied, "and this is *my* art, and we're going to combine our arts now. Come on, do it. Do it. Tell me. . ."

"Well, you're a fat slob," Hamburg said.

"No," Welles shot back, "that doesn't do it. You're just going to make me laugh."

"You're a has-been," Hamburg continued.

"Nah, nah," Welles complained, "that doesn't do it either. You have some pretty weak acid you're throwing in my face."

Despite the box-office potential of an Orson Welles/Jack Nicholson cast, Welles was an idea whose time had not quite rearrived in Tinseltown.

Really furious now, Hamburg didn't care whether or not he ever worked with Welles again.

Welles kept going: "Say something to me that will make me piqued," he urged.

"Well," said Hamburg, alluding to a rumor about the authorship of one of Welles's classics, "how come you screwed Herman Mankiewicz out of the credit on *Citizen Kane* when he actually wrote it?"

Welles went blood red.

"Obviously," he said, "you can't differentiate between making someone angry and making him piqued. Forget it. I'll do it myself!"

Finally, like all good things, Welles's association with Paul Masson came to an end. After three years, he was replaced by John Gielgud. As for the reason Welles got the boot, the introduction of Masson's *light* wines is among the factors mentioned. "Obviously," says account executive Buckingham, "that would not be appropriate." More pointedly, one insider mentions a Welles appearance on a TV talk show. The host inquired about Welles's recent weight loss, to which he replied that he'd stopped snacking and *drinking wine.*

But despite all the jokes, Welles's obesity poses a serious health problem to a 68-year-old man. It apparently poses financial problems as well. For while Jaglom insists that Welles's health is tiptop except for some trouble walking due to arthritis, he admits that his size and physical condition are among the first things Tinseltown investors inquire about.

●

But, this is a Hollywood story, and Hollywood likes happy endings. Or, at least, surprise twists.

At his regular table for four at Ma Maison restaurant, concealed behind a lattice-work screen, Welles is dining beside his constant evening companion, a black toy poodle named Kiki.

Mostly Kiki snoozes in her regular chair at his left, awakening only to sip from a water dish on the table or to growl and snap her tiny teeth at anyone she suspects of ill will toward her master.

Her master isn't growling. In fact, an air of unabashed optimism hangs about him, since he has lately concocted a movie project that actually looks as if it may work out.

"For two years," he says, "I shopped around a very marketable commercial product," (he means *The Big Brass Ring*) "and no one would touch it. Now, I'm going to do *King Lear!"*

King Lear? Orson Welles? In Hollywood? Well, maybe.

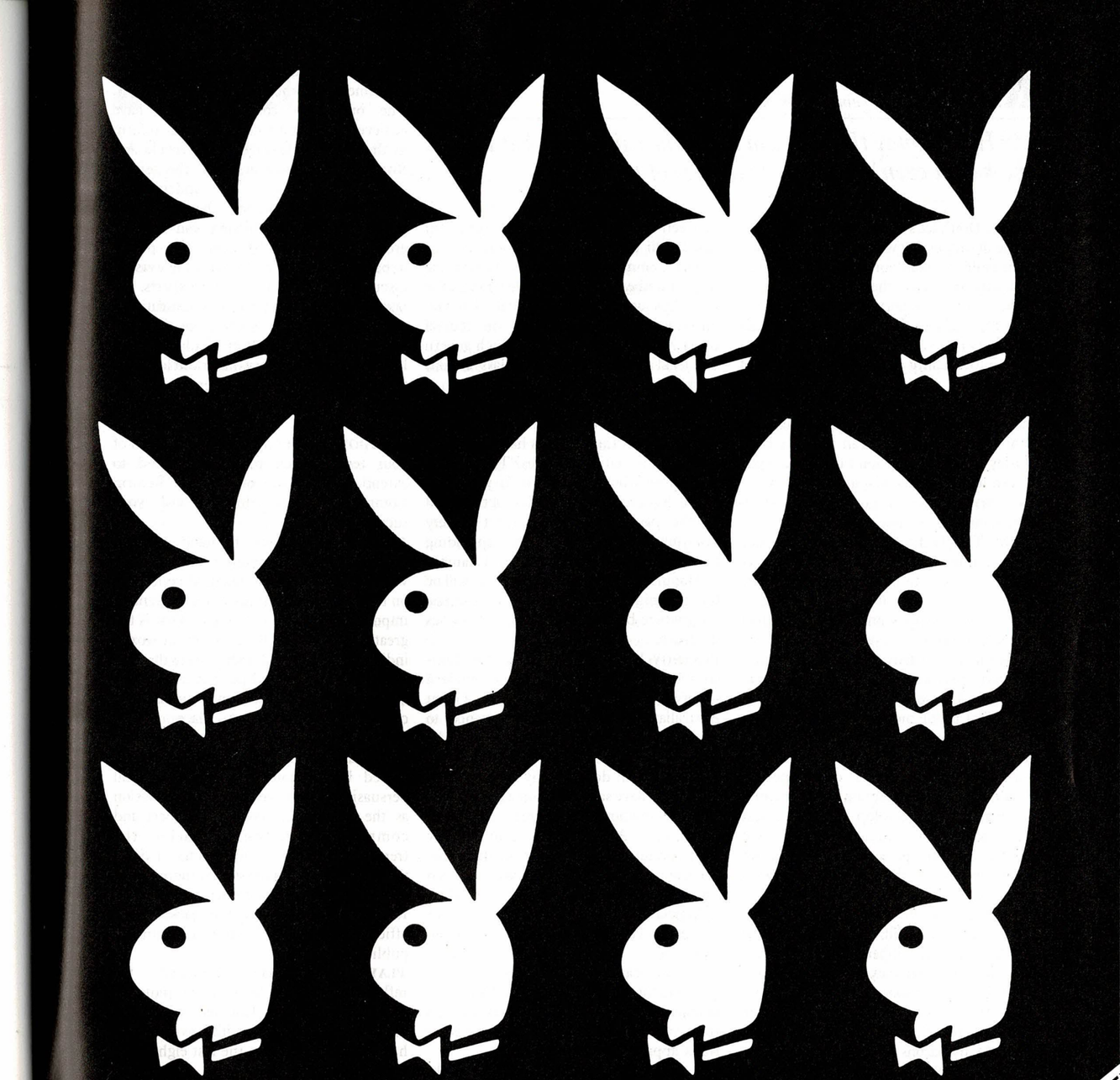
Despite the commercial possibilities of *The Big Brass Ring,* and despite the box-office potential of an Orson Welles/Jack Nicholson cast, and despite Henry Jaglom's diligent saleswork, Welles was apparently an idea whose time had not quite rearrived in Tinseltown. Jaglom did manage to attract the serious interest of a major Israeli investor, but details were never finished, and a stoic Welles — who in the past has been responsible for some of the most eloquent Shakespearean pictures ever made — returned to an old pet project.

Now, though, as a result of the unanticipated box-office success of such films as *La Traviata,* there's a sudden swell of excitement among the money men about the notion of putting "classics" on film. If the excitement continues, Welles may find himself artistic *enough* to be bankable.

"Can you imagine it!" he chuckles, savoring the irony. "Orson Welles's *King Lear* is a *commercial* project!"

Asked if he'd like a taste of the chocolate cake, he refuses. He's been scrupulously watching his diet at Ma Maison, forgoing wine and dessert and, at home, even trying to get some regular exercise in his backyard pool, all in hopes of being in peak condition for the mammoth task of directing a film again.

"I'm in training for *King Lear!"* bellows America's greatest film maker, as Kiki opens her eyes to survey the Hollywood crowd and see how they're treating her master *now.*



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KIRBY (continued from page 38)

Mr Hawke may think he can make the rains come but I don't think that even he *can lower the age of puberty.*

KIRBY: Don't let's stereotype parents. A lot wrote in supporting what we said. They said their children had doors on their bedrooms and they respected their right to privacy. That privacy normally accompanies puberty because it is about that time of self-discovery that young people begin to realise their individuality and to desire a degree of privacy.

However, Mr Hawke may think he can make the rains come and perhaps, like Mr Whitlam, he thinks he can walk on Lake Burley Griffin, but I don't think that even *he* can lower the age of puberty.

PLAYBOY: Is there a move towards internationalism in the law?

KIRBY: Yes. Technology is forcing the pace in a number of areas. With computers chattering away to one another across the world, moves are on to develop international conventions and rules to protect privacy, to protect the vulnerability of the community from disruption if the computer is interrupted and from computer crime. Similarly, I believe we are going to see the equivalent in the bio-tech area because the human body is the same all over the world. After so many millennia, our generation must face up to the issues of whether we should divorce conception from natural procreation and develop people in test tubes, whether we should develop cloning for the human species and whether we should permit the development of a foetus by a process of cloning and *in vitro* fertilisation in order to grow an organ needed by an adult. The international developments are happening slowly. We are roughly at the stage they were in England in 1260. The institutions of the kings' courts were there, the central actors in the development of the Common Law were there. Many barons were still making their own laws, but the process was about to happen. One can only hope that it won't take 700 years to occur in the international framework.

PLAYBOY: The frustrations of Vietnam War veterans to have their day in court has focussed attention on whether class actions should be heard in Australian courts. Do you believe there is a place for class actions in our legal system?

KIRBY: Certainly I believe there is a need for a representative action of some kind. It is needed to permit the aggregation of similar claims so that they can be brought to court in one claim in which you equalise the battle, say, between a large chemical manufacturer and the government on one hand and a group of Vietnam veterans on the other.

Otherwise you have a very unequal battle between one veteran and the government allied with the great corporations.

The Commission, however, is grappling with a number of questions. Do you take the US class action as the model? Do you introduce class actions only in federal courts? Given the cost rules which govern the legal profession, would class actions work without changing those rules to compensate lawyers for the greater work load involved? Do you permit lawyers to take a share of the action as happens in the US through contingency fees? The answers depend on whom you go to. If you go to Ralph Nader, he says the class actions will be the panacea for the activist society asserting its rights in court and upholding the rule of the law. If you go to the Chamber of Manufactures, it says class actions will be the final nightmare of Australian business. Somewhere between the two assertions lies the truth.

PLAYBOY: You have described the Constitution as haunting facets of modern society "like Banquo's ghost". Given Australians' demonstrated reluctance to tamper with the Constitution, how can it be modified to meet present social needs?

KIRBY: We can do it frankly by referenda, but, as you have said, the people have shown a disinclination to agree to frank amendment. An alternative is to do it by reinterpretation in the courts of the vague language of the Constitution. We have seen a bit of that lately in the decision of the High Court clarifying the external affairs power which was very relevant to the Tasmanian dam case.

Or we can do it by the executive government of the day stretching the language and hoping that nobody will test the proposition. My own preference is the frank approach.

I refuse to constantly denigrate the community, to make the paternalistic, condescending approach and say we'll leave amendment to the experts. Far better that we take the community into our confidence through governments and law-makers informing the people of the problems posed by the authors of the Constitution. As the Governor-General has pointed out, the Constitution is a charter enacted in 1901 by gentlemen who developed it in the 1890s and whose own political philosophy was forged in the 1870s. We are captives of an instrument of government that is 100 years old.

PLAYBOY: And what is your solution?

KIRBY: After the apparent failure of the Constitutional Convention in Adelaide, I suggested there ought to be a constitutional commission to help a convention of politicians reform the Constitution much in the same way as the LRC helps Parliament. The only two countries which have achieved significant constitutional reform in the last decade have been Canada and Sweden. Both have achieved the reform through a process of independent commissions. Politicians should be involved, but a commission can lay the groundwork by exhausting the public debate through radio and television discussion, by calling in the experts. By taking such an approach, constitutional change wouldn't be such a big thing. It would be simply a matter of adapting one law — admittedly a very important law — to the needs of 1983. I think there is evidence that Australians are more willing to change the Constitution.

PLAYBOY: You are now nearing the end of your term, which you don't intend to extend, as chairman of the Law Reform Commission. What do you wish your successor?

KIRBY: I simply seek to hand over an institution which is running in good form with highly dedicated, talented colleagues on the staff. The Commission is much more important than any individual. That is the great lesson that the British offer the world: individuals, with all their strengths and weaknesses, come and go, but institutions remain. I believe the Commission has now cut itself a permanent place in the Australian political and legal setting. I am certain the Commission will be increasingly valued by all politicians of all political persuasions. They will see the Commission as the vehicle for mobilising expert and community opinion to tackle the tremendous pressures for change. I don't think I'll give my successor any more advice than a Lord Chancellor once gave a judge: Remember to wear a dinner jacket at all official functions and don't get drunk in public.

PLAYBOY: You have occupied the influential territory between the judiciary and the executive. Coupled with your earlier close association with Neville Wran, has your experience in the last eight years fired any political ambition?

KIRBY: No, I've put that aside. You have to be very young to go into politics these days. Malcolm Fraser started the vogue at 23, Mr Keating at a similar age. I might have had a political ambition at one stage, but a very hard-bitten member of the Canberra press gallery dampened that when he said: "Oh, put it out of your mind — you are far too old."

I was 37 at the time. Since then, of course, Mr Hawke has shown that people can come to politics at a later age. He, however, is a phenomenon. His whole life was a preparation for political office and, as well as that, he can bring the rains. Despite all my skills, that is something I have not yet been able to manage.

DINNER? (continued from page 59)

I leaned on the agency. I insisted I wanted someone absolutely stunning. The girl had to be just perfect.

mercantile resolve, not forgetting the naked lust that must have been building up in me by now considering men are such animals and all.

She hung up and not having heard a peep out of me, gave a final toss of her steel halo and flounced to the door, turning to fix me with a look of pure spite.

"It's your money," she said. "But I don't think you impressed your friend much tonight either."

The next morning I wrestled with a vicious hangover to phone Trev, own up to the error of my ways and, should he so desire, grovel at his feet.

"You were awful," he muttered.

I offered to bring some dirt down to his office and grovel in it for him.

"An absolute nightmare," he added.

I offered to grovel in mud.

"I'll never have dinner with you again!" he said.

I offered to grovel in mud and broken beer bottles.

That seemed to weaken him. But I still don't know when he'll go out to dinner with me again.

Two nights later I was staying at The Boulevard and decided I should give the agencies another chance. After all, I could hardly blame them because I got drunk and surely not every escort girl in Sydney could be a Terese.

I leaned on the agency. I wanted someone absolutely stunning, I insisted, this was an extremely important dinner date and the girl had to be just perfect. Preferably with dark hair, too.

Once again the same business of waiting for the ring back.

"We have just the girl for you," said Wendy. "Her name is Melanie. She is in her mid-20s, she's tall, slim, a lovely sense of humor and she'll be dressed very nicely for dinner."

That bit about the sense of humor worried me. That's what the last agency said about Terese. She had about as much of a sense of humor as a Polish newsreader.

Still Wendy sounded very encouraging. She seemed to know precisely what I was after and this girl did sound more promising.

"That will be $250 for three hours," she added. "Plus cab fare, plus $60 for every hour over."

Christ, I thought, I hope this girl's a fast eater. Otherwise we'll just be getting to the dessert when she looks at her watch and says: "Excuse me but that'll be another $60 please."

I had booked a table for four in The Loft, The Boulevard's 25th-floor restaurant. We would be eating at 8 pm and I wanted the girl in my room for a briefing by 7.30.

This dinner was a bit more demanding than the meal with Trev. I had known young Roger only a short time and he could mean a lot of work for me. If my female companion couldn't exactly expound on the virtues of post-Renaissance French literature as opposed to the Spanish classics, I at least expected a few drolleries about the weather.

It was a very sober chap who waited for the tap on the door at 7.30. It didn't come till about 7.50. Melanie was tall with straight, shoulder-length hair and a face that reminded me of Jon English in drag. Not that I have anything against Jon English mind you, but I'm not sure it works in a female version.

She wore a knee-length fur coat. I had often wondered what sort of people wear fur coats in Sydney in summer. Now I knew. Underneath was a rather simple black dress. She wore only a couple of strands of gold chain.

She may not have been ravishing but at

If you want a really mild cigarette...

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least she dressed better than Terese. She declined my offer of an alcoholic drink and said she would prefer straight orange juice. We cooked up a story between us and at least she showed more initiative than Terese. She grew up in Albury, she said, where she worked in a factory which made jeans. When she came to Sydney four years earlier she worked as a shop assistant at David Jones.

"I got tired of working for a lousy $200 a week and paying $60 to the government," she said. "Now I make $1000 on a good week and pay no tax."

There's a lesson there for Paul Keating.

Yes, she said, she was a whore. The agency was in fact a brothel and she usually charged gentlemen $90 for an hour of horizontal recreation. I nodded my head. Then I shook my head. Then I sighed.

"We won't talk about that over dinner?" I asked hopefully.

She smiled. I was going to a business dinner with the happy hooker, who would pose as a counter assistant from David Jones. Naturally we had met through the ubiquitous "friend".

I gave her $260 in cash and she called the agency.

"If this dinner runs over three hours you won't get up and phone the agency will you?" I asked.

"I can pretend I'm going to the toilet," she said. "But they're very strict. If we go over the time you have to pay the $60 extra, even if it's just for part of the hour."

Would she trust me for the money until after dinner? Of course, she smiled.

We took the lift to the 25th floor and were seated before young Roger and his wife arrived. I had noticed in the savage glare of the lift she had bowed her head so her hair fell forward to conceal a complexion that was beginning to register the mileage. But in the subdued lighting of The Loft she didn't look too bad at all. At the worst, plain.

Roger and his wife duly arrived and we got through the introductions with minimum fuss. The waiter buzzed around while Melanie took a long time to make up her mind about the food but finally settled for the smoked salmon and seafood brochette. She decided to drink mineral water. I ordered a bottle of chablis for Roger and myself and we were off and running.

Yes the view was lovely, and wasn't that ship down there, the one with the pretty lights, a visiting American warship, and from this height the trains looked like models.

"And how long have you worked at David Jones?" asked Roger's wife.

"Oh about a year," said Melanie, smiling.

"Which store do you work in?"

"The Bondi store."

"And which department?"

"Oh, ah,". . . long pause. I sipped my wine through gritted teeth.

"Fabrics," she said, eventually.

"And what sort of things have you got in for summer?" Mrs Roger persisted brightly.

Bloody hell, I found myself thinking. Are all wives psychic?

"Lots of bright colors, pinks and mauves this year," Melanie soldiered on.

"And who are those ladies who wear a white carnation on their dresses?" continued Mrs Roger.

"Oh they're supervisors," Melanie replied. "I'm not a supervisor, just an assistant."

Mrs Roger seemed satisfied. I breathed an inward sigh.

Well, we rambled on through dinner, talked a little about politics, the America's Cup and Australian film.

"Do you see many Australian films?" asked Mrs Roger.

"I don't go out much at nights," said Melanie sweetly.

And then she started talking about the gay clubs she'd known.

"When I first came to Sydney I shared a flat with this guy who was gay," she said.

"He was incredible. He would go out every night and have sex with nine or 10 different men. The gay clubs are amaaazing. The men walk around with the backside ripped out of their trousers so they can have quick sex and there was this one club with a room called the black room and it was full of bodies, piles of men having sex in the dark and some nights they would have contests where men would stand in line and see how far they could urinate and worse than that there were. . ."

"Good grief," I said noticing that Roger's wife had turned slightly pale. "Isn't that, as they say, amaaazing!"

Roger looked quite interested but Mrs Roger was ominously quiet.

"Doesn't do much for the old Anzac legend, eh?" I tried.

Somehow we steered the conversation in the direction of a safer topic, such as male-female relations and how important honesty is in a relationship.

And bugger me if Roger didn't want to hear Melanie's profound observations on that subject, too.

"Well um, it's hard to say," she said. "I, um, well, I think, what can I say, um, how shall I put it, a lot of guys are, you know, well, I'm not quite sure how. . ."

"You mean a lot of men find it difficult to reveal sensitivity to woman?" I offered.

"Ah. . . yes" she said. And smiled.

Mr and Mrs Roger didn't look too impressed.

It was very soon afterwards that Mrs Roger complained that she had this terrible headache and they were awfully sorry but they really would have to go.

I glanced at my watch and saw we had already crossed into overtime. . . by mere minutes.

Melanie dutifully went off to phone the agency and say she'd be another $60 longer.

Seeing as I had the pleasure of her company for another 45 to 50 minutes, I thought I might as well get my money's worth. And what an interesting girl she turned out to be. Not exactly the material formal dinner conversations are made of, but riveting stuff all the same.

She serviced six or seven guys a night on a good night, she said. Some were young and spunky and she often had an orgasm with them, but some were old, wrinkled and smelly and she would think of other things.

"But the agency says you can't refuse anybody unless they have a disease," she said with great sincerity. "You check them out under a special light and give it a bit of a squeeze. It's embarrassing but you have to do it. We get checked by a doctor every week to make sure we're clean. Sometimes you get tired, but I'm buying a nice car and I want nice furniture and then I want to buy a house.

"No, you don't get sore. Most guys don't last very long, it's only a few minutes in the hour really. Some blokes just want a shoulder to cry on but there was this one bloke who was incredible. He just kept doing it for the whole hour, I couldn't believe it. And in the same position all the time, bang, bang, bang. I was getting pins and needles in my legs, my back was aching. When he was finished I said, 'You certainly got your money's worth,' and he said, 'Oh yeah, you got to get your money's worth.'

"Some of them make me laugh, they want you to worship their cock you know, well, it's hard to keep a straight face."

It was vintage stuff. You wouldn't want to be trapped in a lift for 18 hours with somebody like Melanie.

Of the $250 initial fee, Melanie said she keeps about $150. Out of every subsequent $60 she keeps $30.

"But last week I put in a really long shift. Had about eight guys and that night, we were robbed at gunpoint. And the boss won't reimburse us, you know, and the only reason you stay with an agency is for the protection."

Yes indeed, I remarked, business certainly is tough all over. Still, she admitted, getting all coy and girlish (have you ever seen Jon English get coy and girlish?), seeing as we had enjoyed such a nice dinner and she was feeling quite horny and we had some time left was I sure I wouldn't like, um you know. . .

●

The next morning I phoned Roger. There was no point in telling lies and I knew I'd only be stating the obvious.

"Yes," he said after a long pause, "I didn't think she was a candidate for Mensa."

I didn't dare tell him he'd missed all the best bits.

"By the way, Roger," I said, trying to sound nonchalant, "about your sister. . ."

...there's nothing milder than Ransom

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...the mildest of them all

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I read so much about men blaming women for not being interested in sex so I decided to write in to tell you why it is that we get turned off.

I was first married at 21. We were both virgins but we had 13 years of a terrific sexual relationship. We could turn each other on and really heard the bells ring. Unfortunately he passed away. After two and a half years as a widow, I remarried. I was ready, willing and able but he was so crude and rough, with not a word of love or affection. I turned into a log of wood (his words) and even though my body screamed to be loved, I couldn't turn on for him. After years we parted but 12 months later we came together for one session and I really gave him a night he'll never forget. Then I said to him: "Now you can see I have never been a log of wood and had you shown me just a little affection, that's what you could have been having for years." I've now been divorced for three years and believe me; I'm still interested in a man even though I haven't had one for a while. Unfortunately, I don't fancy one-night stands, so I just keep hoping. Maybe some men reading this will get the message about how to get their women interested.

J. McL., NSW.

Thank you for your timely comments. I'm sure many women reading this will agree with the point you're making, but we mustn't forget there are also many men who hunger for affection. A little bit of love, a few cuddles here and there, would mean a lot fewer lumps of wood of both sexes!

Perhaps I should not be writing this letter but I must confess sex is important to me, and more importantly the affection which normally goes with it. My marriage, a happy one with very little difficulty sexually, ended with the death of my wife more than six years ago.

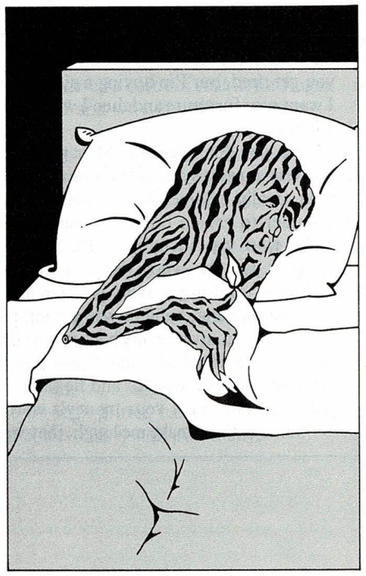
In a nutshell, my problem is that some women find me physically attractive but I am inadequate for their sexual needs. My wife had no difficulty attaining an orgasm and as she was the only woman I had ever made love to, I was surprised how much difficulty other women found in reaching orgasm with me. In fact, it apparently only happened once and as a result, I have had to look for a new partner despite loving and caring a great deal for the one who left me. Very upsetting, of course, together with a further loss of confidence. Apart from that, my main problem appears to be that intercourse only lasts a few minutes (probably five). Foreplay doesn't seem to have helped my partner very much.

Another factor is my libido, once very strong, is now somewhat reduced and varies a good deal. A significant thing is that when I'm alone, spontaneous erections are fairly common and sometimes last more than half an hour. This is not the case when I'm with a partner.

I wonder if you could advise me about restoring confidence and prolonging intercourse and particularly in giving my partner an orgasm. I so much want to be loved and think this is all that's lacking.

B.Y., SA.

Your letter makes me very sad. You sound like a nice man and I can imagine how



a bit more romance could mean fewer lumps of wood

difficult it must be to start again after many years of a happy and sexually fulfilling marriage. It is a great pity that the events which have occurred since the death of your wife have so undermined your confidence.

It seems to me that you are being unduly hard on yourself in blaming your own sexual skills for your partners' lack of response. You were lucky enough to be married to a woman who was sexually responsive but unfortunately it's not always so easy for women to be orgasmic, particularly with a new partner. You may not know, for instance, that only about a third of women in our society are orgasmic during intercourse without additional clitoral stimulation. If your wife was responsive during intercourse, it is not fair to expect all other women to be the same. It is likely that most other women you will meet will need prolonged direct clitoral stimulation in order to climax but you can't be expected to know what a woman wants unless she is prepared to tell you.

It sounds very much as if your present partners are just lying there expecting you to know what to do without telling you about their specific needs. This simply isn't fair and in these circumstances they can only blame themselves if they don't respond. You were obviously a very good lover for your wife and you learnt to make love to one woman. Now other women have to teach you if they want you to learn how to please them.

I also think you are being rather tough on yourself expecting your libido to be quite unaffected by all the emotional events you have lived through in recent years. The death of your wife must have had a profound effect on you and even after six years, you should not expect yourself to be totally immune from an emotional reaction to such a loss. You obviously can still respond well — you have spontaneous erections, you feel normal desire on occasions. Having to start new relationships must be nerve-racking, particularly as, so far, your women friends don't seem to have been enormously understanding.

In these circumstances it is perfectly normal to experience some problems with libido and with ejaculation control. You are pushing yourself too hard. Your body is telling you to slow down a little and wait until you are emotionally more comfortable and able to establish a loving relationship with the right woman. And that's the real key. I'm sure all your present problems will sort themselves out when you find the loving, considerate partner you deserve.

Best of luck — I hope you will find her soon.

I noticed your comments a few months ago about women thinking their genitals are odd or different because they never have the opportunity to see what another woman looks like. I have always felt that much of the layman's literature is too clinical and too verbal. Are you and your colleagues over-estimating the knowledge level of your readers? Most men have seen a hooded fold of skin in their wife's pubic area, but how many have seen a rampant fullblooded clitoris? How many teenage girls appreciate the difference between a flaccid and erect penis? (After all these years, my wife still gasps in wonderment at the speed and end result of the change that gets me from a floppy inch or so to a gnarled and pulsing erection.) How many young women appreciate the (visual) differences in circumcised as opposed to uncircumcised penises? How many women appreciate that their nipple erections are natural and can extend for half an inch or more?

My plea is simply to make more use of true life photographs in sex education. Without going into the details, together with two other couples, we have produced a set of Polaroid pictures to help explain and *illustrate some of the technical matters to our teenage offspring. The models are anonymous, but the detail is right here. My wife* contributed *a good view of her clitoris and surrounding territory and mine was a simple before/after comparison of the erection process. And so on.*

There are massive ignorances and individual differences about sex anatomy and practice. Good pictures, maturely presented, can ease worry about these, eg one testicle hanging lower than the other; vaginal labia protruding or uneven; angle of dangle of erect penis; size and shape of clitoris; before/after of clitoris and nipple erections.

Finally my main point that men's penises may be long, short, thin, fat, hard, soft, gnarled, smooth, etc and women's vaginas may be high up, low down, narrow, wide, etc. Let's try to show people in a private and convenient way that "normality" in anatomy and behavior covers a wide range, not some single, specific standard.

K.B., Vic.

I am in total agreement with the point you are making. In fact, many years ago when I was publishing *Forum* magazine, we wrote an article on genital variations describing in detail all the normal differences you mention and including many photographs of genitals of all shapes and sizes. Alas, this article ended up getting us into no end of trouble — culminating in a legal battle lasting two years and costing more than $25,000. So unfortunately it's not so easy in such a conservative country to do as you suggest and publish nice, reassuring photographs showing all the thousands of ways to be normal.

I have what I feel is a terrible problem which needs to be solved very quickly before I go out of my mind. I am 22 and I have never had a girlfriend! Now the reason is not because I am ugly or anything, but because I have never had much girl contact. I went to a boys' boarding school and upon leaving at 16, my family came to Australia. I didn't know anyone here and never got to mix in the same way I would have done with all my friends.

Now I am at an age where I should be very experienced but I know nothing! I have recently moved out with a mate of mine into a flat and when we have gone out to the pub, we often see girls to talk to. He is a bit of a playboy and very good-looking and so often is able to pick up a girl and bring her back to the flat to have sex. More times than not, girls go out in pairs and so inevitably there is going to be a stage when he will meet a girl and her friend will be expected to come with me and I know nothing! Can you imagine the sheer embarrassment? I can't get erections just by thinking but can do so by masturbation although they won't stay. I have even joined a matchmaker club but haven't the nerve to phone the ladies. But this doesn't really solve the problem as I need to learn how to have sex. I don't even know how to kiss! I have thought of going to a prostitute but realise that she is unlikely to understand my problem.

yes, virgins, there are still lots of you left

S.E., NSW.

One of the terrible things about being a virgin — male or female — in our society is you live with the horrible suspicion that you are the only one left! But rest assured that you are in good company. There are many, many young men of your age who have not yet had the opportunity to establish a sexual relationship. For many years now I have taught medical students at Sydney University, and anonymous surveys we have carried out among the students show that about half of these young adults are still virgins. I'm sure this doesn't just apply to eggheads — virgins by choice or by circumstance are still in plentiful supply everywhere.

So there's no reason to think you *ought* to be experienced at your age, although I can understand how nervous you must feel at the prospect of your first sexual encounter, particularly when you're surrounded by other males boasting of their exploits. I'll let you in on a secret: despite the stories you hear from other men, most of them are still nervous the first time they are with a girl and what's more, the girl usually knows it. We females are not stupid: we know that under that veneer of confidence there hides a beating heart and trembling knees.

Hence we get painfully embarrassed when our noses bump when we try to kiss, our glasses get caught in his ear or we inadvertently knee him in the groin. It's not a disaster provided you can laugh about it: the problems come when you get so concerned about making the right impression that you forget to tune in on your partner's reaction.

Take kissing for example, there's no right way, no perfect technique, it's just a matter of putting your lips on hers and trying to relax (don't grit your teeth and remember to keep breathing!). By all means try a few variations — open-mouthed, vary the movement a little but *feel* how she's responding. If she doesn't seem keen on French kissing (and not all women like tongues tickling their tonsils), don't try to force your tongue between her teeth. Be gentle, enjoy yourself and you can't go wrong.

Much the same applies to all other lovemaking techniques. It's a question of trial and error, working out what you enjoy, asking her what she likes, *talking* to the girl. It's not a game of hide and seek. Come out into the open and admit you're a little nervous. I'm sure she'll feel the same and it's a great relief to be able to stop pretending. Keep a sense of humor about the whole business. Sex can be deadly dull if it's taken too seriously. It sounds very much as if you're building up far too many expectations about your first time, and it might help if you were to read an excellent book called *Will I Like It* by Peter Mayle (Hutchinson, 1978). This book deals with many of the anxieties both males and females have about sex before their first experiences. For heaven's sake, don't start worrying about erections now. Use masturbation as a nice healthy means of enjoying your body and learning about your responses. You can even practise delaying ejaculation by slow sensuous masturbation sessions and learning to accept the fact that erections can come and go and still feel terrific.

Having said all that, I don't feel your problem has much to do with sex. Before you have any chance of putting any of these ideas into practice, you first have to learn to make friends with females and stop thinking

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of them as creatures from outer space. Instead of accompanying your playboy mate to pubs, why not find some activity where you can meet females in a *non*-social context and learn to feel relaxed with them? Perhaps you could do an adult education course at night. You've missed out on the joys of sharing a desk with female schoolmates so how about making up for it now? It may help to choose something which attracts women — a cookery course perhaps. Show how liberated you are by becoming a superb cook — women will love you for it. There are sporting clubs, photography and art courses, an endless variety of activities in which you will meet women, learn to talk to them and perhaps then you will develop friendships which grow into something more intimate. You'll find it far easier to chat up a woman while you're poring over negatives together in a dark room than putting yourself through the horrors of a matchmakers' club. We're really quite nice when you get to know us! Concentrate on doing just that and the rest will follow.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

Finally, here is an amazing but true story I stumbled across while researching an article on vaginismus, a sexual problem which accounts for the majority of unconsummated marriages still existing in our supposedly sexually-liberated society.

A woman suffering from vaginismus is unable to have intercourse due to an involuntary spasm of the vagina in response to a fear of penetration. The muscles surrounding the vagina (yes, those pelvic floor muscles I keep talking about) clamp shut, protecting the vagina from hurt just as the eyes blink to protect the eyes from damage.

Without going into too much detail here, the treatment for this problem sometimes involves teaching the woman to insert a series of glass dilators, rather like small test tubes, increasing in size up to normal penis size.

Some time ago in a NSW country town, a doctor was treating a woman who had vaginismus. Her name was Mrs Smith. During one visit, the woman proudly showed the doctor that after much practice she was now able to insert the largest dilator. The doctor was delighted. "Does your husband know you can do this?" he asked. "No", was the reply. The doctor went to the door of the waiting room and said, "Mr Smith, come in for a moment. Here, come and look at this." He ushered the man inside and showed him Mrs Smith lying on the surgical couch, legs apart, beaming happily, dilator inserted. But it was the wrong Mr Smith! Mrs Smith's husband had stepped outside the waiting room for a moment to have cigarette.

A strange tale, but true!

— BETTINA ARNDT

NEXT MONTH

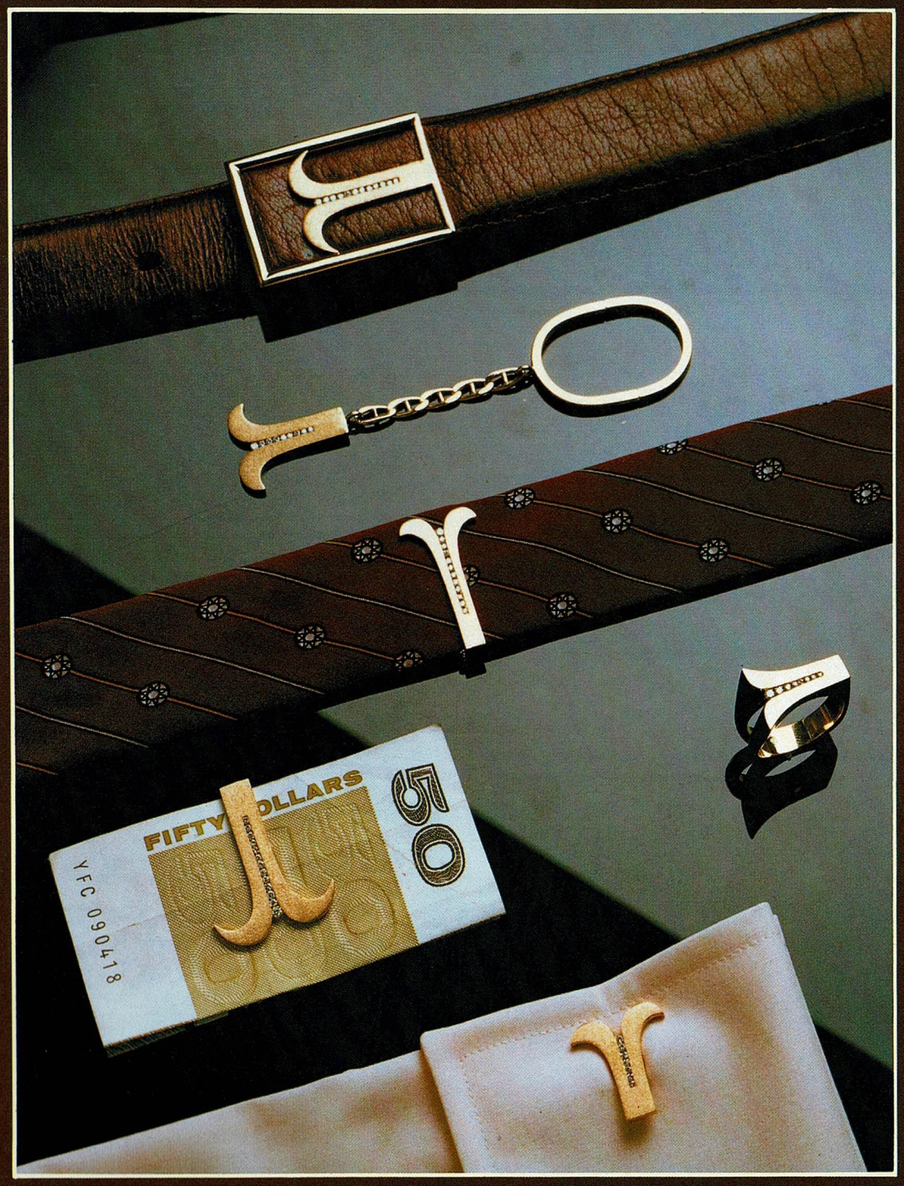
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CHAMP? TWO YEARS AFTER MUHAMMAD ALI'S RETIREMENT, SPORTS WRITER MARK KRAM DROPS IN ON "THE GREATEST" TO CHECK WHETHER THE RUMORS ARE TRUE.

SEX STRIKES BACK — DESPITE WHAT THE KILLJOYS ARE SAYING ABOUT THE GREATEST SOCIAL DIVERSION OF THEM ALL, SEX IS RALLYING AGAIN, REPORTS PHIL JARRATT.

TERESA THOMPSON IS THE TYPE OF AUSSIE GIRL WHO MAKES GUYS BELIEVE THIS IS STILL THE LUCKY COUNTRY AFTER ALL.

IAN CHAPPELL — AUSTRALIA'S FORMER TEST SKIPPER EXAMINES THE ONE-DAY PHENOMENON AND HOW IT WILL CONTINUE TO REVOLUTIONISE CRICKET.

NICOLA CERRONE



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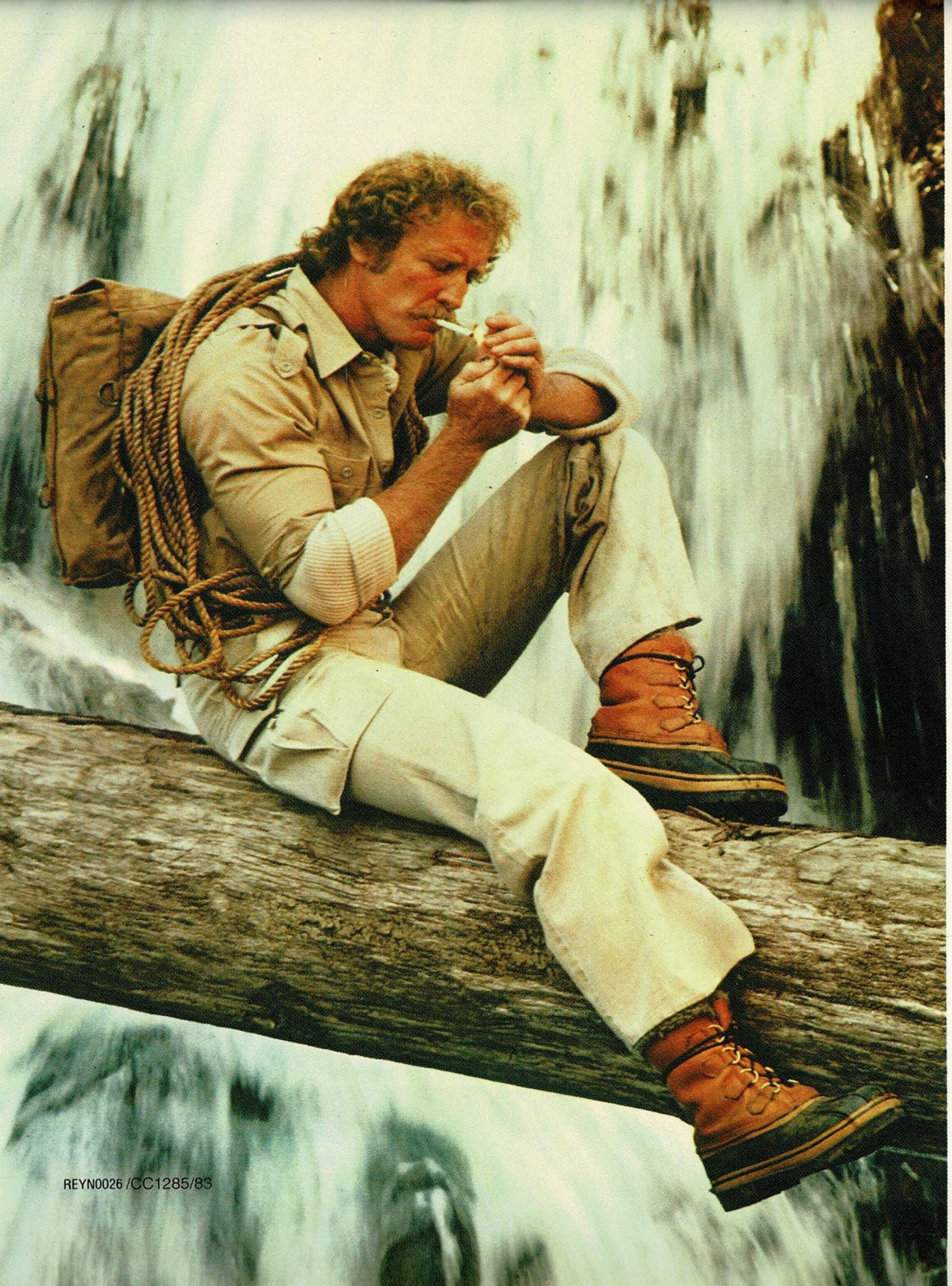

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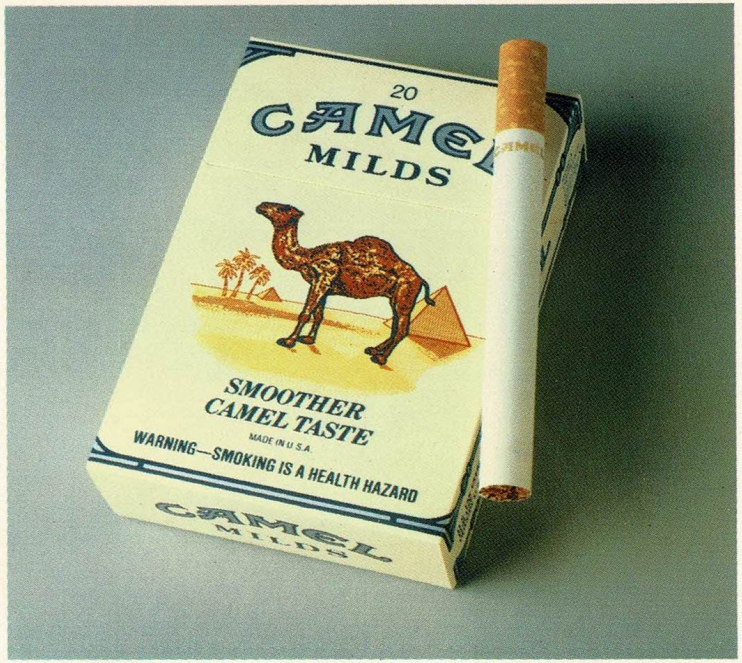

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